



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

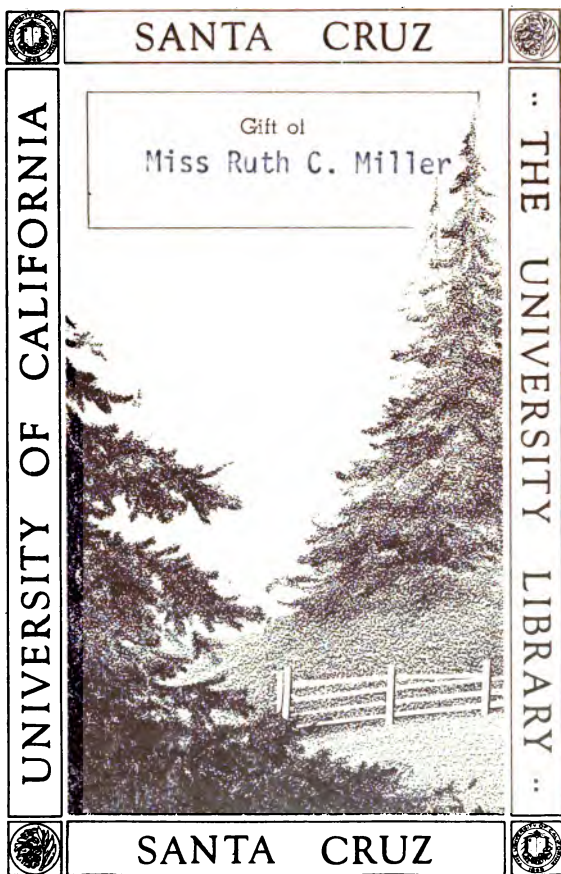
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA
SANTA CRUZ





CICERO

Orations—Vol. Two, Frontis

A LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

IN FOUR PARTS

Comprising Science, Biography, Fiction
and the Great Orations

PART THREE—ORATIONS

ROMAN ORATORS



NEW YORK
P. F. COLLIER AND SON
• M C M •

PRESS OF
P. F. COLLIER & SON

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



PN
6121
L5
v.2

BOARD OF EDITORS



SCIENCE

ANGELO HEILPRIN, author of "The Earth and Its Story," etc.;
Curator Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

JOSEPH TORREY, JR., Ph.D., Instructor in Chemistry in Harvard
University.

RAY STANNARD BAKER, A.B., author of "The New Prosperity,"
etc.; Associate Editor of McClure's Magazine.

BIOGRAPHY

MAYO W. HAZELTINE, A.M., author of "Chats About Books," etc.;
Literary Editor of the New York Sun.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE, author of "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His
Wife," "History of the United States," etc.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, A.B., A.M., author of "A History of
Canada"; late Professor of English and French Literature,
King's College.

FICTION

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, author of "The King's Bell," etc.;
Literary Editor of the New York Mail and Express.

HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D., LL.D., author of "Little Rivers," etc.;
Professor of English Literature at Princeton University.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, LL.D., Litt.D., author of "Red Rock," etc.

ORATIONS

HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE, A.B., LL.B., author of "Life of Daniel
Webster," etc.; U. S. Senator from Massachusetts.

HON. JOHN R. PROCTOR, President U. S. Civil Service Commission.

MORRIS HICKEY MORGAN, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor in Latin, Har-
vard University.

A LIBRARY OF
UNIVERSAL LITERATURE



ORATIONS

VOLUME TWO

CONTENTS

ROME

CICERO

First Oration against Catiline.....	3
Second Oration against Catiline.....	22
Third Oration against Catiline.....	38
Fourth Oration against Catiline.....	68
Speech for Archias, the Poet	83
Speech in Defence of Quintus Ligarius	100
First Oration against Verres.....	119
Fourth Book of the Second Pleading in the Prosecution of Verres.....	145
First Philippic, or First Oration against Marcus Antonius.....	237
Second Philippic.....	259
Third Philippic.....	324
Fourth Philippic.....	346
Fifth Philippic.....	354
Sixth Philippic.....	384
Tenth Philippic.....	394
Fourteenth Philippic.....	410

CÆSAR

Speech in the Roman Senate on the Treatment of the Catil- linarian Conspirators	57
--	----

CATO

Speech in the Roman Senate on the Conspirators.....	63
---	----

ROME

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO was born on January 3, B.C. 106, at Arpinum in the Volscian Territory. His family was of equestrian rank. While still a boy he was placed under the tuition of the Greek poet Archias, a teacher at Rome, with whom he read the poets and orators of Greece, learned to compose in the Greek language, and also wrote Latin verse. From Roman masters he imbibed the spirit of the national law and ritual. His aim was to prepare himself by both a liberal and a technical training for the career of an advocate. At the age of twenty-six, he pleaded a civil cause, and in the following year took part in a criminal prosecution. After these initial efforts he withdrew to Athens, and there studied under the philosopher Molo and others, with a special view to the practice of declamation. He also travelled through the Roman province of Asia, and stored up a vast amount of information. On resuming his profession at Rome, the young orator, as a rule, preferred to distinguish himself in defence rather than in prosecution. Even his impeachment of Verres may be regarded as a defence of the injured Sicilians rather than as a hostile attack upon an individual. His triumph in this famous cause (B.C. 70) raised him to the pinnacle of forensic reputation. He had already (B.C. 77) attained the quaestorship, and he now (B.C. 69) succeeded to the aedileship: in the following year he became praetor. Not long afterward he found himself a candidate for the consulship along with Catiline, a man of ruined reputation, and already under suspicion of plotting against the State. Nevertheless, Cicero did not hesitate to combine with Catiline in the canvass and to undertake the latter's defence against the charge of malversation. Cicero obtained the consulship: Catiline, on his part, was defeated, and thereupon betook himself to treasonable machinations, which will be recounted presently in connection with the four orations delivered against him by Cicero. The vigor and courage with which the latter conducted himself at this crisis won for him by popular acclamation the title of "Father of his Country." The nobles, however, ill requited the service he had done them. Feeling secure in their ascendancy, they made light of Cicero, and allowed him to be treated contumeliously by a tribune, who, under the pretence that he had condemned citizens unheard, forbade him to make the usual declaration of the services he had performed during his consulship. Cicero, in laying down his office, was only permitted to exclaim: "I swear that I have saved the State." His enemies presently becoming more emboldened, one of them, Clodius, brought against Cicero the formal charge of putting citizens to death without permitting them to appeal to the people, and

In 58 B.C. obtained a decree for his banishment four hundred miles from the city and for the destruction of his house on the Palatine Hill. Soon afterward, however, a resolution for Cicero's recall was carried in the popular assembly: the senate went forth to meet him, and the restoration of his house was undertaken by the state. The attainment of a seat in the College of Augurs (B.C. 53) placed him in a position of dignity suited to the taste of a constitutional anti-quarian. In the next year he accepted the government of Cilicia for the following twelvemonth, and his conduct in this post seems to have been highly meritorious. When the civil war between Cæsar and Pompeius broke out, Cicero naturally threw himself into the ranks of the Senatorial or Conservative party. After the rout of the Senatorial forces at Pharsalia, however, he returned to Italy, and, being soon relieved from apprehensions for his personal safety by kind assurances from the victor, he withdrew for a time from public life. During this period he abstained from making advances to Cæsar, but the latter's clemency to Marcellus at last won Cicero's heart, and caused him to declare warmly in favor of the conqueror. In the plot which culminated in Cæsar's assassination, Cicero was not an accomplice, though, after the deed was done, he took part with its perpetrators in the hope that the freedom of Rome might be restored. Against Marc Antony, who seemed desirous of reviving Cæsar's part, Cicero delivered a series of orations which he called *Philippics*. These gave great offence to Antony, and, after a triumvirate was formed by the latter, in conjunction with Octavius and Lepidus, the name of Cicero was placed on the list of the proscribed. The orator fled, but he was overtaken at the door of one of his villas, and his throat was cut by a bravo. Thus perished Cicero, in B.C. 43, at the age of sixty-three. His head and hands were cut off and sent to Rome, where Antony caused them to be affixed to the Rostra, and Fulvia, the widow of Clodius and wife of Antony, pierced with her bodkin the tongue which had declaimed against both her husbands.

THE FIRST ORATION AGAINST LUCIUS CATILINE

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE

THE ARGUMENT

LUCIUS CATILINE, a man of noble extraction, and who had already been prætor, had been a competitor of Cicero's for the consulship; the next year he again offered himself for the office, practicing such excessive and open bribery, that Cicero published a new law against it, with the additional penalty of ten years' exile; prohibiting likewise all shows of gladiators from being exhibited by a candidate within two years of the time of his suing for any magistracy, unless they were ordered by the will of a person deceased. Catiline, who knew this law to be aimed chiefly at him, formed a design to murder Cicero and some others of the chief men of the senate.

on the day of election, which was fixed for the twentieth of October. But Cicero had information of his plans, and laid them before the senate, on which the election was deferred, that they might have time to deliberate on an affair of so much importance. The day following, when the senate met, he charged Catiline with having entertained this design, and Catiline's behavior had been so violent that the senate passed the decree to which they had occasionally recourse in times of imminent danger from treason or sedition: "Let the consuls take care that the republic suffers no harm." This decree invested the consuls with absolute power, and suspended all the ordinary forms of law, till the danger was over. On this Cicero doubled his guards, introduced some additional troops into the city, and when the elections came on, he wore a breastplate under his robe for his protection; by which precaution he prevented Catiline from executing his design of murdering him and his competitors for the consulship, of whom Decius Junius Silanus and Lucius Licinius Murena were elected.

Catiline was rendered desperate by this his second defeat, and resolved without further delay to attempt the execution of all his schemes. His greatest hopes lay in Sylla's veteran soldiers, whose cause he had always espoused. They were scattered about in the different districts and colonies of Italy; but he had actually enlisted a considerable body of them in Etruria, and formed them into a little army under the command of Manlius, a centurion of considerable military experience, who was only waiting for his orders. He was joined in his conspiracy by several senators of profligate lives and desperate fortunes, of whom the chiefs were Publius Cornelius Lentulus, Caius Oethegus, Publius Autronius, Lucius Cassius Longinus, Marcus Porcius Lecca, Publius Sylla, Servilius Sylla, Quintus Curius, Lucius Vargunteus, Quintus Annius, and Lucius Bestia. These men resolved that a general insurrection should be raised throughout all Italy; that Catiline should put himself at the head of the troops in Etruria; that Rome should be set on fire in many places at once; and that a general massacre should be made of all the senate, and of all their enemies, of whom none was to be spared but the sons of Pompey, who were to be kept as hostages, and as a check upon their father, who was in command in the East. Lentulus was to be president of their councils, Cassius was to manage the firing of the city, and Oethegus the massacre. But, as the vigilance of Cicero was the greatest obstacle to their success, Catiline desired to see him slain before he left Rome; and two knights, parties to the conspiracy, undertook to visit him early on pretence of business, and to kill him in his bed. The name of one of them was Caius Cornelius.

Cicero, however, had information of all the designs of the conspirators, as by the intrigues of a woman called Fulvia, the mistress of Curius, he had gained him over, and received regularly from him an account of all their operations. He sent for some of the chief men of the city, and informed them of the plot against himself, and even of the names of the knights who

were to come to his house, and of the hour at which they were to come. When they did come they found the house carefully guarded and all admission refused to them. He was enabled also to disappoint an attempt made by Catiline to seize on the town of Præneste, which was a very strong fortress, and would have been of great use to him. The meeting of the conspirators had taken place on the evening of the sixth of November. On the eighth Cicero summoned the senate to meet in the temple of Jupiter in the Capitol, a place which was only used for this purpose on occasions of great danger. (There had been previously several debates on the subject of Catiline's treasons and design of murdering Cicero, and a public reward had actually been offered to the first discoverer of the plot. But Catiline had, nevertheless, continued to dissemble; had offered to give security for his behavior, and to deliver himself to the custody of any one whom the senate chose to name, even to that of Cicero himself.) Catiline had the boldness to attend this meeting, and all the senate, even his own most particular acquaintance, were so astonished at his impudence that none of them would salute him; the consular senators quitted that part of the house in which he sat, and left the bench empty; and Cicero himself was so provoked at his audacity, that, instead of entering on any formal business, he addressed himself directly to Catiline in the following invective.

WHEN, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now? Do not the mighty guards placed on the Palatine Hill—do not the watches posted throughout the city—does not the alarm of the people, and the union of all good men—does not the precaution taken of assembling the senate in this most defensible place—do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which every one here possesses of it? What is there that you did last night, what the night before—where is it that you were—who was there that you summoned to

meet you—what design was there which was adopted by you, with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted?

Shame on the age and on its principles! The senate is aware of these things; the consul sees them; and yet this man lives. Lives! ay, he comes even into the senate. He takes a part in the public deliberations; he is watching and marking down and checking off for slaughter every individual among us. And we, gallant men that we are, think that we are doing our duty to the republic if we keep out of the way of his frenzied attacks.

You ought, O Catiline, long ago to have been led to execution by command of the consul. That destruction which you have been long plotting against us ought to have already fallen on your own head.

What? Did not that most illustrious man, Publius Scipio, the Pontifex Maximus, in his capacity of a private citizen, put to death Tiberius Gracchus, though but slightly undermining the constitution? And shall we, who are the consuls, tolerate Catiline, openly desirous to destroy the whole world with fire and slaughter? For I pass over older instances, such as how Caius Servilius Ahala with his own hand slew Spurius Maelius when plotting a revolution in the state. There was—there was once such virtue in this republic that brave men would repress mischievous citizens with severer chastisement than the most bitter enemy. For we have a resolution of the senate, a formidable and authoritative decree against you, O Catiline; the wisdom of the republic is not at fault, nor the dignity of this senatorial body. We, we alone—I say it openly—we, the consuls, are wanting in our duty.

The senate once passed a decree that Lucius Opimius,

the consul, should take care that the republic suffered no injury. Not one night elapsed. There was put to death, on some mere suspicion of disaffection, Caius Gracchus, a man whose family had borne the most unblemished reputation for many generations. There was slain Marcus Fulvius, a man of consular rank, and all his children. By a like decree of the senate the safety of the republic was intrusted to Caius Marius and Lucius Valerius, the consuls. Did not the vengeance of the republic, did not execution overtake Lucius Saturninus, a tribune of the people, and Caius Servilius, the prætor, without the delay of one single day? But we, for these twenty days, have been allowing the edge of the senate's authority to grow blunt, as it were. For we are in possession of a similar decree of the senate, but we keep it locked up in its parchment—buried, I may say, in the sheath; and according to this decree you ought, O Catiline, to be put to death this instant. You live—and you live, not to lay aside, but to persist in your audacity.

I wish, O conscript fathers, to be merciful; I wish not to appear negligent amid such danger to the state; but I do now accuse myself of remissness and culpable inactivity. A camp is pitched in Italy, at the entrance of Etruria, in hostility to the republic; the number of the enemy increases every day; and yet the general of that camp, the leader of those enemies, we see within the walls—ay, and even in the senate—planning every day some internal injury to the republic. If, O Catiline, I should now order you to be arrested, to be put to death, I should, I suppose, have to fear lest all good men should say that I had acted tardily, rather than that any one should affirm that I acted cruelly. But yet this, which ought to have been done long since, I have good reason for not doing as yet; I will put

you to death, then, when there shall be not one person possible to be found so wicked, so abandoned, so like yourself, as not to allow that it has been rightly done. As long as one person exists who can dare to defend you, you shall live; but you shall live as you do now, surrounded by my many and trusty guards, so that you shall not be able to stir one finger against the republic: many eyes and ears shall still observe and watch you, as they have hitherto done, though you shall not perceive them.

For what is there, O Catiline, that you can still expect, if night is not able to veil your nefarious meetings in darkness, and if private houses cannot conceal the voice of your conspiracy within their walls—if everything is seen and displayed? Change your mind: trust me: forget the slaughter and conflagration you are meditating. You are hemmed in on all sides; all your plans are clearer than the day to us; let me remind you of them. Do you recollect that on the 21st of October I said in the senate, that on a certain day, which was to be the 27th of October, C. Manlius, the satellite and servant of your audacity, would be in arms? Was I mistaken, Catiline, not only in so important, so atrocious, so incredible a fact, but, what is much more remarkable, in the very day? I said also in the senate that you had fixed the massacre of the nobles for the 28th of October, when many chief men of the senate had left Rome, not so much for the sake of saving themselves as of checking your designs. Can you deny that on that very day you were so hemmed in by my guards and my vigilance, that you were unable to stir one finger against the republic; when you said that you would be content with the flight of the rest, and the slaughter of us who remained? What? when you made sure that you would be able to

seize Præneste on the 1st of November by a nocturnal attack, did you not find that that colony was fortified by my order, by my garrison, by my watchfulness and care? You do nothing, you plan nothing, think of nothing which I not only do not hear but which I do not see and know every particular of.

Listen while I speak of the night before. You shall now see that I watch far more actively for the safety than you do for the destruction of the republic. I say that you came the night before (I will say nothing obscurely) into the Scythe-dealers' street, to the house of Marcus Lecca; that many of your accomplices in the same insanity and wickedness came there, too. Do you dare to deny it? Why are you silent? I will prove it if you do deny it; for I see here in the senate some men who were there with you.

O ye immortal gods, where on earth are we? in what city are we living? what constitution is ours? There are here—here in our body, O conscript fathers, in this the most holy and dignified assembly of the whole world, men who meditate my death, and the death of all of us, and the destruction of this city, and of the whole world. I, the consul, see them; I ask them their opinion about the republic, and I do not yet attack, even by words, those who ought to be put to death by the sword. You were, then, O Catiline, at Lecca's that night; you divided Italy into sections; you settled where every one was to go; you fixed whom you were to leave at Rome, whom you were to take with you; you portioned out the divisions of the city for conflagration; you undertook that you yourself would at once leave the city, and said that there was then only this to delay you, that I was still alive. Two Roman

knights were found to deliver you from this anxiety, and to promise that very night, before daybreak, to slay me in my bed. All this I knew almost before your meeting had broken up. I strengthened and fortified my house with a stronger guard; I refused admittance, when they came, to those whom you sent in the morning to salute me, and of whom I had foretold to many eminent men that they would come to me at that time.

As, then, this is the case, O Catiline, continue as you have begun. Leave the city at last: the gates are open; depart. That Manlian camp of yours has been waiting too long for you as its general. And lead forth with you all your friends, or at least as many as you can; purge the city of your presence; you will deliver me from a great fear, when there is a wall between me and you. Among us you can dwell no longer—I will not bear it, I will not permit it, I will not tolerate it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and to this very Jupiter Stator, in whose temple we are, the most ancient protector of this city, that we have already so often escaped so foul, so horrible, and so deadly an enemy to the republic. But the safety of the commonwealth must not be too often allowed to be risked on one man. As long as you, O Catiline, plotted against me while I was the consul elect, I defended myself not with a public guard, but by my own private diligence. When, in the next consular comitia, you wished to slay me when I was actually consul, and your competitors also, in the Campus Martius, I checked your nefarious attempt by the assistance and resources of my own friends, without exciting any disturbance publicly. In short, as often as you attacked me, I by myself opposed you, and that, too, though I saw that my ruin was connected with great dis-

aster to the republic. But now you are openly attacking the entire republic.

You are summoning to destruction and devastation the temples of the immortal gods, the houses of the city, the lives of all the citizens; in short, all Italy. Wherefore, since I do not yet venture to do that which is the best thing, and which belongs to my office and to the discipline of our ancestors, I will do that which is more merciful if we regard its rigor, and more expedient for the state. For if I order you to be put to death, the rest of the conspirators will still remain in the republic; if, as I have long been exhorting you, you depart, your companions, these worthless dregs of the republic, will be drawn off from the city too. What is the matter, Catiline? Do you hesitate to do that when I order you which you were already doing of your own accord? The consul orders an enemy to depart from the city. Do you ask me, Are you to go into banishment? I do not order it; but, if you consult me, I advise it.

For what is there, O Catiline, that can now afford you any pleasure in this city? for there is no one in it, except that band of profligate conspirators of yours, who does not fear you—no one who does not hate you. What brand of domestic baseness is not stamped upon your life? What disgraceful circumstance is wanting to your infamy in your private affairs? From what licentiousness have your eyes, from what atrocity have your hands, from what iniquity has your whole body ever abstained? Is there one youth, when you have once entangled him in the temptations of your corruption, to whom you have not held out a sword for audacious crime, or a torch for licentious wickedness?

What? when lately by the death of your former wife

you had made your house empty and ready for a new bridal, did you not even add another incredible wickedness to this wickedness? But I pass that over, and willingly allow it to be buried in silence, that so horrible a crime may not be seen to have existed in this city, and not to have been chastised. I pass over the ruin of your fortune, which you know is hanging over you against the ides of the very next month; I come to those things which relate not to the infamy of your private vices, not to your domestic difficulties and baseness, but to the welfare of the republic and to the lives and safety of us all.

Can the light of this life, O Catiline, can the breath of this atmosphere be pleasant to you, when you know that there is not one man of those here present who is ignorant that you, on the last day of the year, when Lepidus and Tullus were consuls, stood in the assembly armed; that you had prepared your hand for the slaughter of the consuls and chief men of the state, and that no reason or fear of yours hindered your crime and madness, but the fortune of the republic? And I say no more of these things, for they are not unknown to every one. How often have you endeavored to slay me, both as consul-elect and as actual consul? how many shots of yours, so aimed that they seemed impossible to be escaped, have I avoided by some slight stooping aside, and some dodging, as it were, of my body? You attempt nothing, you execute nothing, you devise nothing that can be kept hid from me at the proper time; and yet you do not cease to attempt and to contrive. How often already has that dagger of yours been wrested from your hands? how often has it slipped through them by some chance, and dropped down? and yet you cannot any longer do without it; and to what sacred mysteries it

is consecrated and devoted by you I know not, that you think it necessary to plunge it in the body of the consul.

But now, what is that life of yours that you are leading? For I will speak to you not so as to seem influenced by the hatred I ought to feel, but by pity, nothing of which is due to you. You came a little while ago into the senate: in so numerous an assembly, who of so many friends and connections of yours saluted you? If this in the memory of man never happened to any one else, are you waiting for insults by word of mouth, when you are overwhelmed by the most irresistible condemnation of silence? Is it nothing that at your arrival all those seats were vacated? that all the men of consular rank, who had often been marked out by you for slaughter, the very moment you sat down, left that part of the benches bare and vacant? With what feelings do you think you ought to bear this? On my honor, if my slaves feared me as all your fellow-citizens fear you, I should think I must leave my house. Do not you think you should leave the city? If I saw that I was even undeservedly so suspected and hated by my fellow-citizens, I would rather flee from their sight than be gazed at by the hostile eyes of every one. And do you, who, from the consciousness of your wickedness, know that the hatred of all men is just and has been long due to you, hesitate to avoid the sight and presence of those men whose minds and senses you offend? If your parents feared and hated you, and if you could by no means pacify them, you would, I think, depart somewhere out of their sight. Now your country, which is the common parent of all of us, hates and fears you, and has no other opinion of you than that you are meditating parricide in her case; and will you

neither feel awe of her authority, nor deference for her judgment, nor fear of her power?

And she, O Catiline, thus pleads with you, and after a manner silently speaks to you: There has now for many years been no crime committed but by you; no atrocity has taken place without you; you alone unpunished and unquestioned have murdered the citizens, have harassed and plundered the allies; you alone have had power not only to neglect all laws and investigations, but to overthrow and break through them. Your former actions, though they ought not to have been borne, yet I did bear as well as I could; but now that I should be wholly occupied with fear of you alone, that at every sound I should dread Catiline, that no design should seem possible to be entertained against me which does not proceed from your wickedness, this is no longer endurable. Depart, then, and deliver me from this fear; that, if it be a just one, I may not be destroyed; if an imaginary one, that at least I may at last cease to fear.

If, as I have said, your country were thus to address you, ought she not to obtain her request, even if she were not able to enforce it? What shall I say of your having given yourself into custody? what of your having said, for the sake of avoiding suspicion, that you were willing to dwell in the house of Marcus Lepidus? And when you were not received by him, you dared even to come to me, and begged me to keep you in my house; and when you had received answer from me that I could not possibly be safe in the same house with you, when I considered myself in great danger as long as we were in the same city, you came to Quintus Metellus the prætor, and being rejected by him, you passed on to your associate, that most excel-

lent man, Marcus Marcellus, who would be, I suppose you thought, most diligent in guarding you, most sagacious in suspecting you, and most bold in punishing you; but how far can we think that man ought to be from bonds and imprisonment who has already judged himself deserving of being given into custody?

Since, then, this is the case, do you hesitate, O Catiline, if you cannot remain here with tranquillity, to depart to some distant land, and to trust your life, saved from just and deserved punishment, to flight and solitude? Make a motion, say you, to the senate (for that is what you demand), and if this body votes that you ought to go into banishment, you say that you will obey. I will not make such a motion, it is contrary to my principles, and yet I will let you see what these men think of you. Begone from the city, O Catiline, deliver the republic from fear; depart into banishment, if that is the word you are waiting for. What now, O Catiline? Do you not perceive, do you not see the silence of these men? they permit it, they say nothing; why wait you for the authority of their words, when you see their wishes in their silence?

But had I said the same to this worthy young man, Publius Sextius, or to that brave man, Marcus Marcellus, before this time the senate would deservedly have laid violent hands on me, consul though I be, in this very temple. But as to you, Catiline, while they are quiet they approve, while they permit me to speak they vote, while they are silent they are loud and eloquent. And not they alone, whose authority forsooth is dear to you, though their lives are unimportant, but the Roman knights, too, those most honorable and excellent men, and the other virtuous citizens who are now surrounding the senate, whose numbers you could see, whose

desires you could know, and whose voices you a few minutes ago could hear—ay, whose very hands and weapons I have for some time been scarcely able to keep off from you; but those, too, I will easily bring to attend you to the gates if you leave these places you have been long desiring to lay waste.

And yet, why am I speaking? that anything may change your purpose? that you may ever amend your life? that you may meditate flight or think of voluntary banishment? I wish the gods may give you such a mind; though I see, if alarmed at my words you bring your mind to go into banishment, what a storm of unpopularity hangs over me, if not at present, while the memory of your wickedness is fresh, at all events hereafter. But it is worth while to incur that, as long as that is but a private misfortune of my own, and is unconnected with the dangers of the republic. But we cannot expect that you should be concerned at your own vices, that you should fear the penalties of the laws, or that you should yield to the necessities of the republic, for you are not, O Catiline, one whom either shame can recall from infamy, or fear from danger, or reason from madness.

Wherefore, as I have said before, go forth, and if you wish to make me, your enemy as you call me, unpopular, go straight into banishment. I shall scarcely be able to endure all that will be said if you do so; I shall scarcely be able to support my load of unpopularity if you do go into banishment at the command of the consul; but if you wish to serve my credit and reputation, go forth with your ill-omened band of profligates; betake yourself to Manlius, rouse up the abandoned citizens, separate yourself from the good ones, wage war against your country, exult in your

impious banditti, so that you may not seem to have been driven out by me and gone to strangers, but to have gone invited to your own friends.

Though why should I invite you, by whom I know men have been already sent on to wait in arms for you at the forum Aurelium; who I know has fixed and agreed with Manlius upon a settled day; by whom I know that that silver eagle, which I trust will be ruinous and fatal to you and to all your friends, and to which there was set up in your house a shrine, as it were, of your crimes, has been already sent forward. Need I fear that you can long do without that which you used to worship when going out to murder, and from whose altars you have often transferred your impious hand to the slaughter of citizens?

You will go at last where your unbridled and mad desire has been long hurrying you. And this causes you no grief, but an incredible pleasure. Nature has formed you, desire has trained you, fortune has preserved you for this insanity. Not only did you never desire quiet, but you never even desired any war but a criminal one; you have collected a band of profligates and worthless men, abandoned not only by all fortune but even by hope.

Then what happiness will you enjoy! with what delight will you exult! in what pleasure will you revel! when in so numerous a body of friends you neither hear nor see one good man. All the toils you have gone through have always pointed to this sort of life; your lying on the ground not merely to lie in wait to gratify your unclean desires, but even to accomplish crimes; your vigilance, not only when plotting against the sleep of husbands, but also against the goods of your murdered victims, have all been preparations for this. Now you have an opportunity of displaying your

splendid endurance of hunger, of cold, of want of everything; by which in a short time you will find yourself worn out. All this I effected when I procured your rejection from the consulship, that you should be reduced to make attempts on your country as an exile, instead of being able to distress it as consul, and that that which had been wickedly undertaken by you should be called piracy rather than war.

Now that I may remove and avert, O conscript fathers, any in the least reasonable complaint from myself, listen, I beseech you, carefully to what I say, and lay it up in your inmost hearts and minds. In truth, if my country, which is far dearer to me than my life—if all Italy—if the whole republic were to address me, "Marcus Tullius, what are you doing? will you permit that man to depart whom you have ascertained to be an enemy? whom you see ready to become the general of the war? whom you know to be expected in the camp of the enemy as their chief, the author of all this wickedness, the head of the conspiracy, the instigator of the slaves and abandoned citizens, so that he shall seem not driven out of the city by you, but let loose by you against the city? Will you not order him to be thrown into prison, to be hurried off to execution, to be put to death with the most prompt severity? What hinders you? is it the customs of our ancestors? But even private men have often in this republic slain mischievous citizens. Is it the laws which have been passed about the punishment of Roman citizens? But in this city those who have rebelled against the republic have never had the rights of citizens. Do you fear odium with posterity? You are showing fine gratitude to the Roman people which has raised you, a man known only by your own actions, of no

ancestral renown, through all the degrees of honor at so early an age to the very highest office, if from fear of unpopularity or of any danger you neglect the safety of your fellow-citizens. But if you have a fear of unpopularity, is that arising from the imputation of vigor and boldness, or that arising from that of inactivity and indecision most to be feared? When Italy is laid waste by war, when cities are attacked and houses in flames, do you not think that you will be then consumed by a perfect conflagration of hatred?

To this holy address of the republic, and to the feelings of those men who entertain the same opinion, I will make this short answer: If, O conscript fathers, I thought it best that Catiline should be punished with death, I would not have given the space of one hour to this gladiator to live in. If, forsooth, those excellent men and most illustrious cities not only did not pollute themselves, but even glorified themselves by the blood of Saturninus, and the Gracchi, and Flaccus, and many others of old time, surely I had no cause to fear lest for slaying this parricidal murderer of the citizens any unpopularity should accrue to me with posterity. And if it did threaten me to ever so great a degree, yet I have always been of the disposition to think unpopularity earned by virtue and glory not unpopularity.

Though there are some men in this body who either do not see what threatens, or dissemble what they do see; who have fed the hope of Catiline by mild sentiments, and have strengthened the rising conspiracy by not believing it; influenced by whose authority many, and they not wicked, but only ignorant, if I punished him would say that I had acted cruelly and tyrannically. But I know that if he arrives at the camp of Manlius to which he is going, there will be no one so stupid as not to see that there has been

a conspiracy, no one so hardened as not to confess it. But if this man alone were put to death, I know that this disease of the republic would be only checked for a while, not eradicated forever. But if he banishes himself, and takes with him all his friends, and collects at one point all the ruined men from every quarter, then not only will this full-grown plague of the republic be extinguished and eradicated, but also the root and seed of all future evils.

We have now for a long time, O conscript fathers, lived among these dangers and machinations of conspiracy; but somehow or other, the ripeness of all wickedness, and of this long-standing madness and audacity, has come to a head at the time of my consulship. But if this man alone is removed from this piratical crew, we may appear, perhaps, for a short time relieved from fear and anxiety, but the danger will settle down and lie hid in the veins and bowels of the republic. As it often happens that men afflicted with a severe disease, when they are tortured with heat and fever, if they drink cold water, seem at first to be relieved, but afterward suffer more and more severely; so this disease which is in the republic, if relieved by the punishment of this man, will only get worse and worse, as the rest will be still alive.

Wherefore, O conscript fathers, let the worthless be gone—let them separate themselves from the good—let them collect in one place—let them, as I have often said before, be separated from us by a wall; let them cease to plot against the consul in his own house—to surround the tribunal of the city prætor—to besiege the senate-house with swords—to prepare brands and torches to burn the city; let it, in short, be written on the brow of every citizen what are his sentiments about the republic. I promise

you this, O conscript fathers, that there shall be so much diligence in us the consuls, so much authority in you, so much virtue in the Roman knights, so much unanimity in all good men, that you shall see everything made plain and manifest by the departure of Catiline—everything checked and punished.

With these omens, O Catiline, begone to your impious and nefarious war, to the great safety of the republic, to your own misfortune and injury, and to the destruction of those who have joined themselves to you in every wickedness and atrocity. Then do you, O Jupiter, who were consecrated by Romulus with the same auspices as this city, whom we rightly call the stay of this city and empire, repel this man and his companions from your altars and from the other temples—from the houses and walls of the city—from the lives and fortunes of all the citizens; and overwhelm all the enemies of good men, the foes of the republic, the robbers of Italy, men bound together by a treaty and infamous alliance of crimes, dead and alive, with eternal punishments.

THE SECOND ORATION AGAINST LUCIUS CATILINE

ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE

THE ARGUMENT

CATILINE did not venture to make any reply to the former speech, but he begged the senate not to be too hasty in believing everything which was said to his prejudice by one who had always been his enemy, as Cicero had; and alleged his high birth, and the stake which he had in the prosperity of the commonwealth, as arguments to make it appear improbable that he should seek to injure it; and called Cicero a stranger, and a new inhabitant of Rome. But the senate interrupted him with a general outcry, calling him traitor and parricide. Upon which, being rendered furious and desperate, he declared aloud what he had before said to Cato, that since he was circumvented and driven headlong by his enemies, he would quench the flame which his enemies were kindling around him in the common ruin. And so he rushed out of the temple. On his arrival at his own house he held a brief conference with the other conspirators, in which it was resolved that he should go at once to the camp of Manlius, and return as speedily as he could at the head of the army which was there awaiting him. Accordingly, that night he left Rome with a small retinue, and made the best of his way toward Etruria. His friends gave out that he had gone into voluntary banishment at Marseilles, and spread that report through the city the next morning, in order to excite odium against Cicero, as having driven him out without any trial or proof of his guilt. But Cicero was aware of his motions, and knew that he had previously sent a quantity of arms, and military ensigns, and especially a silver eagle which he had been used to keep in his own house with a superstitious reverence, because it had been used by the great Marius in his expedition against the Cimbri. However, he thought it desirable to counteract the story of his having gone into exile, and therefore summoned the people into the forum, and made them the following speech.

AT length, O Romans, we have dismissed from the city, or driven out, or, when he was departing of his own accord, we have pursued with words, Lucius Catiline, mad with audacity, breathing wickedness, impiously planning mischief to his country, threatening fire and sword.

to you and to this city. He is gone, he has departed, he has disappeared, he has rushed out. No injury will now be prepared against these walls within the walls themselves by that monster and prodigy of wickedness. And we have, without controversy, defeated him, the sole general of this domestic war. For now that dagger will no longer hover about our sides; we shall not be afraid in the campus, in the forum, in the senate house—ay, and within our own private walls. He was moved from his place when he was driven from the city. Now we shall openly carry on a regular war with an enemy without hindrance. Beyond all question we ruin the man; we have defeated him splendidly when we have driven him from secret treachery into open warfare. But that he has not taken with him his sword red with blood as he intended—that he has left us alive—that we wrested the weapon from his hands—that he has left the citizens safe and the city standing, what great and overwhelming grief must you think that this is to him! Now he lies prostrate, O Romans, and feels himself stricken down and abject, and often casts back his eyes toward this city, which he mourns over as snatched from his jaws, but which seems to me to rejoice at having vomited forth such a pest, and cast it out of doors.

But if there be any one of that disposition which all men should have, who yet blames me greatly for the very thing in which my speech exults and triumphs—namely, that I did not arrest so capital mortal an enemy rather than let him go—that is not my fault, O citizens, but the fault of the times. Lucius Catiline ought to have been visited with the severest punishment, and to have been put to death long since; and both the customs of our ancestors, and the rigor of my office, and the republic, demanded this of me;

but how many, think you, were there who did not believe what I reported? how many who out of stupidity did not think so? how many who even defended him? how many who, out of their own depravity, favored him? If, in truth, I had thought that, if he were removed, all danger would be removed from you, I would long since have cut off Lucius Catiline, had it been at the risk, not only of my popularity, but even of my life.

But as I saw that, since the matter was not even then proved to all of you, if I had punished him with death, as he had deserved, I should be borne down by unpopularity, and so be unable to follow up his accomplices, I brought the business on to this point that you might be able to combat openly when you saw the enemy without disguise. But how exceedingly I think the enemy to be feared now that he is out of doors, you may see from this—that I am vexed even that he has gone from the city with but a small retinue. I wish he had taken with him all his forces. He has taken with him Tongillus, with whom he had been said to have a criminal intimacy, and Publicius, and Munatius, whose debts contracted in taverns could cause no great disquietude to the republic. He has left behind him others—you all know what men they are, how overwhelmed with debt, how powerful, how noble.

Therefore, with our Gallic legions, and with the levies which Quintus Metellus has raised in the Picenian and Gallic territory, and with these troops which are every day being got ready by us, I thoroughly despise that army composed of desperate old men, of clownish profligates, and uneducated spendthrifts; of those who have preferred to desert their bail rather than that army, and which will fall to pieces if I show them not the battle array of our army,

but an edict of the prætor. I wish he had taken with him those soldiers of his, whom I see hovering about the forum, standing about the senate house, even coming into the senate, who shine with ointment, who glitter in purple; and if they remain here, remember that that army is not so much to be feared by us as these men who have deserted the army. And they are the more to be feared, because they are aware that I know what they are thinking of, and yet they are not influenced by it.

I know to whom Apulia has been allotted, who has Etruria, who the Picenian territory, who the Gallie district, who has begged for himself the office of spreading fire and sword by night through the city. They know that all the plans of the preceding night are brought to me. I laid them before the senate yesterday. Catiline himself was alarmed and fled. Why do these men wait? Verily, they are greatly mistaken if they think that former lenity of mine will last forever.

What I have been waiting for, that I have gained—namely, that you should all see that a conspiracy has been openly formed against the republic; unless, indeed, there be any one who thinks that those who are like Catiline do not agree with Catiline. There is not any longer room for lenity; the business itself demands severity. One thing, even now, I will grant—let them depart, let them begone. Let them not suffer the unhappy Catiline to pine away for want of them. I will tell them the road. He went by the Aurelian road. If they make haste, they will catch him by the evening. O happy republic, if it can cast forth these dregs of the republic! Even now, when Catiline alone is got rid of, the republic seems to me relieved and refreshed; for **what evil or wicked-**

ness can be devised or imagined which he did not conceive? What prisoner, what gladiator, what thief, what assassin, what parricide, what forger of wills, what cheat, what debauchee, what spendthrift, what adulterer, what abandoned woman, what corrupter of youth, what profligate, what scoundrel can be found in all Italy, who does not avow that he has been on terms of intimacy with Catiline? What murder has been committed for years without him? What nefarious act of infamy that has not been done by him?

But in what other man were there ever so many allurements for youth as in him, who both indulged in infamous love for others, and encouraged their infamous affections for himself, promising to some enjoyment of their lust, to others the death of their parents, and not only instigating them to iniquity, but even assisting them in it. But now, how suddenly had he collected, not only out of the city, but even out of the country, a number of abandoned men? No one, not only at Rome, but in every corner of Italy, was overwhelmed with debt whom he did not enlist in this incredible association of wickedness.

And, that you may understand the diversity of his pursuits, and the variety of his designs, there was no one in any school of gladiators, at all inclined to audacity, who does not avow himself to be an intimate friend of Catiline—no one on the stage, at all of a fickle and worthless disposition, who does not profess himself his companion. And he, trained in the practice of insult and wickedness, in enduring cold, and hunger, and thirst, and watching, was called a brave man by those fellows, while all the appliances of industry and instruments of virtue were devoted to lust and atrocity.

But if his companions follow him—if the infamous herd of desperate men depart from the city, O happy shall we be, fortunate will be the republic, illustrious will be the renown of my consulship. For theirs is no ordinary insolence—no common and endurable audacity. They think of nothing but slaughter, conflagration and rapine. They have dissipated their patrimonies, they have squandered their fortunes. Money has long failed them, and now credit begins to fail; but the same desires remain which they had in their time of abundance. But if in their drinking and gambling parties they were content with feasts and harlots, they would be in a hopeless state indeed; but yet they might be endured. But who can bear this—that indolent men should plot against the bravest; drunkards against the sober; men asleep against men awake; men lying at feasts, embracing abandoned women, languid with wine, crammed with food, crowned with chaplets, reeking with ointments, worn out with lust, belch out in their discourse the murder of all good men, and the conflagration of the city?

But I am confident that some fate is hanging over these men; and that the punishment long since due to their iniquity, and worthlessness, and wickedness, and lust, is either visibly at hand or at least rapidly approaching. And if my consulship shall have removed, since it can not cure them, it will have added, not some brief span, but many ages of existence to the republic. For there is no nation for us to fear—no king who can make war on the Roman people. All foreign affairs are tranquillized, both by land and sea, by the valor of one man. Domestic war alone remains. The only plots against us are within our own walls—the danger is within—the enemy is within.

We must war with luxury, with madness, with wickedness. For this war, O citizens, I offer myself as the general. I take on myself the enmity of profligate men. What can be cured, I will cure, by whatever means it may be possible. What must be cut away, I will not suffer to spread, to the ruin of the republic. Let them depart, or let them stay quiet; or if they remain in the city and in the same disposition as at present, let them expect what they deserve.

But there are men, O Romans, who say that Catiline has been driven by me into banishment. But if I could do so by a word, I would drive out those also who say so. Forsooth, that timid, that excessively bashful man could not bear the voice of the consul; as soon as he was ordered to go into banishment, he obeyed, he was quiet. Yesterday, when I had been all but murdered at my own house, I convoked the senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator; I related the whole affair to the conscript fathers; and when Catiline came thither, what senator addressed him? who saluted him? who looked upon him not so much even as an abandoned citizen, as an implacable enemy? Nay the chiefs of that body left that part of the benches to which he came naked and empty.

On this I, that violent consul, who drive citizens into exile by a word, asked of Catiline whether he had been at the nocturnal meeting at Marcus Lecca's, or not; when that most audacious man, convicted by his own conscience, was at first silent. I related all the other circumstances; I described what he had done that night, where he had been, what he had arranged for the next night, how the plan of the whole war had been laid down by him. When he hesitated, when he was convicted, I asked why he hesitated to go whither he had been long preparing to go; when I

knew that arms, that the axes, the fasces, and trumpets, and military standards, and that silver eagle to which he had made a shrine in his own house, had been sent on, did I drive him into exile who I knew had already entered upon war? I suppose Manlius, that centurion who has pitched his camp in the Fæsulan district, has proclaimed war against the Roman people in his own name; and that camp is not now waiting for Catiline as its general, and he, driven forsooth into exile, will go to Marseilles, as they say, and not to that camp.

Oh, the hard lot of those, not only of those who govern, but even of those who save the republic. Now, if Lucius Catiline; hemmed in and rendered powerless by my counsels, by my toils, by my dangers, should on a sudden become alarmed, should change his designs, should desert his friends, should abandon his design of making war, should change his path from this course of wickedness and war, and betake himself to flight and exile, he will not be said to have been deprived by me of the arms of his audacity, to have been astounded and terrified by my diligence, to have been driven from his hope and from his enterprise, but, uncondemned and innocent, to have been driven into banishment by the consul by threats and violence; and there will be some who will seek to have him thought not worthless but unfortunate, and me considered not a most active consul, but a most cruel tyrant. I am not unwilling, O Romans, to endure this storm of false and unjust unpopularity as long as the danger of this horrible and nefarious war is warded off from you. Let him be said to be banished by me as long as he goes into banishment; but, believe me, he will not go. I will never ask of the immortal gods, O Romans, for the sake of lightening my own

unpopularity, for you to hear that Lucius Catiline is leading an army of enemies, and is hovering about in arms; but yet in three days you will hear it. And I much more fear that it will be objected to me some day or other that I have let him escape, rather than that I have banished him. But when there are men who say he has been banished because he has gone away, what would these men say if he had been put to death?

Although those men who keep saying that Catiline is going to Marseilles do not complain of this so much as they fear it; for there is not one of them so inclined to pity, as not to prefer that he should go to Manlius rather than to Marseilles. But he, if he had never before planned what he is now doing, yet would rather be slain while living as a bandit than live as an exile; but now, when nothing has happened to him contrary to his own wish and design—except, indeed, that he has left Rome while we are alive—let us wish rather that he may go into exile than complain of it.

But why are we speaking so long about one enemy; and about that enemy who now avows that he is one; and whom I now do not fear, because, as I have always wished, a wall is between us; and are saying nothing about those who dissemble, who remain at Rome, who are among us? Whom, indeed, if it were by any means possible, I should be anxious not so much to chastise as to cure, and to make friendly to the republic; nor, if they will listen to me, do I quite know why that may not be. For I will tell you, O Romans, of what classes of men those forces are made up, and then, if I can, I will apply to each the medicine of my advice and persuasion.

There is one class of them, who, with enormous debts,

have still greater possessions, and who can by no means be detached from their affection to them. Of these men the appearance is most respectable, for they are wealthy, but their intention and their cause are most shameless. Will you be rich in lands, in houses, in money, in slaves, in all things, and yet hesitate to diminish your possessions to add to your credit? What are you expecting? War? What! in the devastation of all things, do you believe that your own possessions will be held sacred? do you expect an abolition of debts? They are mistaken who expect that from Catiline. There may be schedules made out, owing to my exertions, but they will be only catalogues of sale. Nor can these who have possessions be safe by any other means; and if they had been willing to adopt this plan earlier, and not, as is very foolish, to struggle on against usury with the profits of their farms, we should have them now richer and better citizens. But I think these men are the least of all to be dreaded, because they can either be persuaded to abandon their opinions, or if they cling to them, they seem to me more likely to form wishes against the republic than to bear arms against it.

There is another class of them, who, although they are harassed by debt, yet are expecting supreme power; they wish to become masters. They think that when the republic is in confusion they may gain those honors which they despair of when it is in tranquillity. And they must, I think, be told the same as every one else—to despair of obtaining what they are aiming at; that in the first place, I myself am watchful for, am present to, am providing for the republic. Besides that, there is a high spirit in the virtuous citizens, great unanimity, great numbers, and also a large body of troops. Above all that, the immortal gods

will stand by and bring aid to this invincible nation, this most illustrious empire, this most beautiful city, against such wicked violence. And if they had already got that which they with the greatest madness wish for, do they think that in the ashes of the city and blood of the citizens, which in their wicked and infamous hearts they desire, they will become consuls and dictators, and even kings? Do they not see that they are wishing for that which, if they were to obtain it, must be given up to some fugitive slave, or to some gladiator?

There is a third class, already touched by age, but still vigorous from constant exercise; of which class is Manlius himself, whom Catiline is now succeeding. These are men of those colonies which Sylla established at Fæsulæ, which I know to be composed, on the whole, of excellent citizens and brave men; but yet these are colonists, who, from becoming possessed of unexpected and sudden wealth, boast themselves extravagantly and insolently; these men, while they build like rich men, while they delight in farms, in litters, in vast families of slaves, in luxurious banquets, have incurred such great debts, that, if they would be saved, they must raise Sylla from the dead; and they have even excited some countrymen, poor and needy men, to entertain the same hopes of plunder as themselves. And all these men, O Romans, I place in the same class of robbers and banditti. But, I warn them, let them cease to be mad, and to think of proscriptions and dictatorships; for such a horror of these times is ingrained into the city, that not even men, but it seems to me that even the very cattle would refuse to bear them again.

There is a fourth class, various, promiscuous, and turbulent; who indeed are now overwhelmed; who will never

recover themselves; who, partly from indolence, partly from managing their affairs badly, partly from extravagance, are embarrassed by old debts; and worn out with bail-bonds, and judgments, and seizures of their goods, are said to be betaking themselves in numbers to that camp both from the city and the country. These men I think not so much active soldiers as lazy insolvents; who, if they cannot stand at first, may fall, but fall so, that not only the city but even their nearest neighbors know nothing of it. For I do not understand why, if they cannot live with honor, they should wish to die shamefully; or why they think they shall perish with less pain in a crowd, than if they perish by themselves.

There is a fifth class, of parricides, assassins, in short of all infamous characters, whom I do not wish to recall from Catiline, and indeed they cannot be separated from him. Let them perish in their wicked war, since they are so numerous that a prison cannot contain them.

There is a last class, last not only in number but in the sort of men and in their way of life; the especial body-guard of Catiline, of his levying; ay, the friends of his embraces and of his bosom; whom you see with carefully combed hair, glossy, beardless, or with well-trimmed beards; with tunics with sleeves, or reaching to the ankles; clothed with veils, not with robes; all the industry of whose life, all the labor of whose watchfulness, is expended in suppers lasting till daybreak.

In these bands are all the gamblers, all the adulterers, all the unclean and shameless citizens. These boys, so witty and delicate, have learned not only to love and to be loved, not only to sing and to dance, but also to brandish daggers and to administer poisons; and unless they are

driven out, unless they die, even should Catiline die, I warn you that the school of Catiline would exist in the republic. But what do those wretches want? Are they going to take their wives with them to the camp? How can they do without them, especially in these nights? and how will they endure the Apennines, and these frosts, and this snow? unless they think that they will bear the winter more easily because they have been in the habit of dancing naked at their feasts. O war much to be dreaded, when Catiline is going to have his bodyguard of prostitutes!

Array now, O Romans, against these splendid troops of Catiline, your guards and your armies; and first of all oppose to that worn-out and wounded gladiator your consuls and generals; then against that banished and enfeebled troop of ruined men lead out the flower and strength of all Italy: instantly the cities of the colonies and municipalities will match the rustic mounds of Catiline; and I will not condescend to compare the rest of your troops and equipments and guards with the want and destitution of that highwayman. But if, omitting all these things in which we are rich and of which he is destitute—the senate, the Roman knights, the people, the city, the treasury, the revenues, all Italy, all the provinces, foreign nations—if, I say, omitting all these things, we choose to compare the causes themselves which are opposed to one another, we may understand from that alone how thoroughly prostrate they are. For on the one side are fighting modesty, on the other wantonness; on the one chastity, on the other uncleanness; on the one honesty, on the other fraud; on the one piety, on the other wickedness; on the one consistency, on the other insanity; on the one honor, on the other base-

ness; on the one continence, on the other lust; in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, all the virtues contend against iniquity with luxury, against indolence, against rashness, against all the vices; lastly, abundance contends against destitution, good plans against baffled designs, wisdom against madness, well-founded hope against universal despair. In a contest and war of this sort, even if the zeal of men were to fail, will not the immortal gods compel such numerous and excessive vices to be defeated by these most eminent virtues?

And as this is the case, O Romans, do ye, as I have said before, defend your house with guards and vigilance. I have taken care and made arrangements that there shall be sufficient protection for the city without distressing you and without any tumult. All the colonists and citizens of your municipal towns, being informed by me of this nocturnal sally of Catiline, will easily defend their cities and territories; the gladiators which he thought would be his most numerous and most trusty band, although they are better disposed than part of the patricians, will be held in check by our power. Quintus Metellus, whom I, making provision for this, sent on to the Gallic and Picenian territory, will either overwhelm the man, or will prevent all his motions and attempts; but with respect to the arrangement of all other matters, and maturing and acting on our plans, we shall consult the senate, which, as you are aware, is convened.

Now once more I wish those who have remained in the city, and who, contrary to the safety of the city and of all of you, have been left in the city by Catiline, although they are enemies, yet because they were born citizens, to be warned again and again by me. If my lenity has ap-

peared to any one too remiss, it has been only waiting that that might break out which was lying hid. As to the future, I cannot now forget that this is my country, that I am the consul of these citizens; that I must either live with them, or die for them. There is no guard at the gate, no one plotting against their path; if any one wishes to go, he can provide for himself; but if any one stirs in the city, and if I detect not only any action, but any attempt or design against the country, he shall feel that there are in this city vigilant consuls, eminent magistrates, a brave senate, arms, and prisons; which our ancestors appointed as the avengers of nefarious and convicted crimes.

And all this shall be so done, O Romans, that affairs of the greatest importance shall be transacted with the least possible disturbance; the greatest dangers shall be avoided without any tumult; an internal civil war, the most cruel and terrible in the memory of man, shall be put an end to by me alone in the robe of peace acting as general and commander-in-chief. And this I will so arrange, O Romans, that if it can be by any means managed, even the most worthless man shall not suffer the punishment of his crimes in this city. But if the violence of open audacity, if danger impending over the republic drives me of necessity from this merciful disposition, at all events I will manage this, which seems scarcely even to be hoped for in so great and so treacherous a war, that no good man shall fall, and that you may all be saved by the punishment of a few.

And I promise you this, O Romans, relying neither on my own prudence, nor on human counsels, but on many and manifest intimations of the will of the immortal gods; under whose guidance I first entertained this hope and this opinion; who are now defending their temples and

the houses of the city, not afar off, as they were used to, from a foreign and distant enemy, but here on the spot, by their own divinity and present help. And you, O Romans, ought to pray to and implore them to defend from the nefarious wickedness of abandoned citizens, now that all the forces of all enemies are defeated by land and sea, this city which they have ordained to be the most beautiful and flourishing of all cities.

THE THIRD ORATION AGAINST LUCIUS CATILINE

ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE

THE ARGUMENT

WHILE CICERO was addressing the preceding speech to the people, a debate was going on in the senate of which we have no account. In the meanwhile Catiline, after staying a few days on the road to raise the country as he passed along, where his agents had been previously busy among the people, proceeded to Manlius's camp with the fasces and all the ensigns of military command displayed before him. Upon this news the senate immediately declared him and Manlius public enemies; they offered pardon to all his followers who should return to their duty by a certain day; and ordered the consuls to make new levies, and that Antonius should follow Catiline with his army, and Cicero remain behind to protect the city.

In the meantime Lentulus, and the other conspirators who remained behind, were proceeding with their designs. And among other steps, they decided on endeavoring to tamper with some ambassadors from the Allobroges, who were at that moment within the city, as the Allobroges were supposed not to be very well affected to the Roman power. At first these ambassadors appear to have willingly given ear to their proposals; but after a while they began to consider the difficulty of the business proposed to them, and the danger which would ensue to their state if it failed after they had become implicated in it; and accordingly they revealed the business to Quintus Fabius Sanga, the patron of their city, who communicated it to Cicero. Cicero desired the ambassadors to continue to listen to the proposals of the conspirators, till they had become fully acquainted with the extent of the plot, and till they were able to furnish him with full evidence against the actors in it; and by his suggestion they required the conspirators to furnish them with credentials to show to their countrymen. This was thought reasonable by Lentulus and his party, and they accordingly appointed a man named Vulturcius to accompany them, who was to introduce them to Catiline on their road, in order to confirm the agreement, and to exchange pledges with him, and Lentulus also furnished them with a letter to Catiline under his own hand and seal, though not signed. Cicero being privately informed of all these particulars, concerted with the ambassadors the time and manner of their leaving Rome by night, and had them arrested on the Mulvian bridge, about a mile from the city, with these letters and papers in their possession. This was all done, and they brought as prisoners to Cicero's house early in the morning.

Cicero immediately summoned the senate; and at the same time he sent for Lentulus, Cethegus, and others of the conspirators who were more es-

pecially implicated, such as Gabinius and Statilius, who all came immediately to his house, being ignorant of the discovery that had taken place. Being informed also that a quantity of arms had been provided by Cethegus for the purpose of the conspiracy, he orders Caius Sulpicius, one of the prætors, to search his house, and he did so, and found a great number of swords and daggers ready cleaned and fit for use.

He then proceeds to meet the senate in the Temple of Concord, with the ambassadors and conspirators in custody. He relates the whole affair to them, and introduces Vulturcius to be examined before them. Cicero, by the order of the senate, promises him pardon and reward if he reveals what he knew. On which he confesses everything; tells them that he had letters from Lentulus to Catiline to urge him to avail himself of the assistance of the slaves, and to lead his army with all expedition against Rome; in order, when the city had been set on fire, and the massacre commenced, that he might be able to intercept and destroy those who fled.

Then the ambassadors were examined, who declared that they had received letters to the chief men of their nation from Lentulus, Cethegus, and Statilius; and that they, and Lucius Cassius also, begged them to send a body of cavalry into Italy, and that Lentulus assured them, from the Sibylline books, that he was the third Cornelius who was destined to reign at Rome. The letters were produced and opened. On the sight of them the conspirators respectively acknowledged them to be theirs, and Lentulus was even so conscience-stricken that he confessed his whole crime.

The senate passed a vote acknowledging the services of Cicero in the most ample terms, and voted that Lentulus should be deposed from his office of prætor, and, with all the other conspirators, committed to safe custody. Cicero, after the senate adjourned, proceeded to the forum and gave an account to the people of everything which had passed, both in regard to the steps that he had taken to detect the whole conspiracy, and to convict the conspirators; and also of what had taken place in the senate, and of the votes and resolutions which that body had just passed.

While the prisoners were before the senate he had copies of their examinations and confessions taken down, and dispersed through Italy and all the provinces. This happened on the third of December.

YOU see this day, O Romans, the republic, and all your lives, your goods, your fortunes, your wives and children, this home of most illustrious empire, this most fortunate and beautiful city, by the great love of the immortal gods for you, by my labors and counsels and dangers, snatched from fire and sword, and almost

from the very jaws of fate, and preserved and restored to you.

And if those days on which we are preserved are not less pleasant to us, or less illustrious, than those on which we are born, because the joy of being saved is certain, the good fortune of being born uncertain, and because we are born without feeling it, but we are preserved with great delight; ay, since we have, by our affection and by our good report, raised to the immortal gods that Romulus who built this city, he, too, who has preserved this city, built by him, and embellished as you see it, ought to be held in honor by you and your posterity; for we have extinguished flames which were almost laid under and placed around the temples and shrines, and houses and walls of the whole city; we have turned the edge of swords drawn against the republic, and have turned aside their points from your throats. And since all this has been displayed in the senate, and made manifest, and detected by me, I will now explain it briefly, that you, O citizens, that are as yet ignorant of it, and are in suspense, may be able to see how great the danger was, how evident and by what means it was detected and arrested. First of all, since Catiline, a few days ago, burst out of the city, when he had left behind the companions of his wickedness, the active leaders of this infamous war, I have continually watched and taken care, O Romans, of the means by which we might be safe amid such great and such carefully concealed treachery.

Further, when I drove Catiline out of the city (for I do not fear the unpopularity of this expression, when that is more to be feared than I should be blamed because he has departed alive), but then when I wished him to be removed, I thought either that the rest of the band of conspirators

would depart with him, or that they who remained would be weak and powerless without him.

And I, as I saw that those whom I knew to be inflamed with the greatest madness and wickedness were among us, and had remained at Rome, spent all my nights and days in taking care to know and see what they were doing, and what they were contriving; that, since what I said would, from the incredible enormity of the wickedness, make less impression on your ears, I might so detect the whole business that you might with all your hearts provide for your safety, when you saw the crime with your own eyes. Therefore, when I found that the ambassadors of the Allobroges had been tampered with by Publius Lentulus, for the sake of exciting a Transalpine war and commotion in Gaul, and that they, on their return to Gaul, had been sent with letters and messages to Catiline on the same road, and that Vulturcius had been added to them as a companion, and that he, too, had had letters given him for Catiline, I thought that an opportunity was given me of contriving what was most difficult, and which I was always wishing the immortal gods might grant, that the whole business might be manifestly detected not by me alone, but by the senate also, and by you.

Therefore, yesterday, I summoned Lucius Flaccus and C. Pomtinus, the prætors, brave men and well affected to the republic. I explained to them the whole matter, and showed them what I wished to have done. But they, full of noble and worthy sentiments toward the republic, without hesitation, and without any delay, undertook the business, and when it was evening, went secretly to the Mulvian bridge, and there so distributed themselves in the nearest villas, that the Tiber and the bridge were between them.

And they took to the same place, without any one having the least suspicion of it, many brave men, and I had sent many picked young men of the prefecture of Reate, whose assistance I constantly employ in the protection of the republic, armed with swords. In the meantime, about the end of the third watch, when the ambassadors of the Allobroges, with a great retinue and Vulturcius with them, began to come upon the Mulvian bridge, an attack is made upon them; swords are drawn both by them and by our people; the matter was understood by the prætors alone, but was unknown to the rest.

Then, by the intervention of Pomtinus and Flaccus, the fight which had begun was put an end to; all the letters which were in the hands of the whole company are delivered to the prætors with the seals unbroken; the men themselves are arrested and brought to me at daybreak. And I immediately summoned that most worthless contriver of all this wickedness, Gabinius, as yet suspecting nothing; after him, P. Statilius is sent for, and after him Cethegus; but Lentulus was a long time in coming—I suppose, because, contrary to his custom, he had been up a long time the night before, writing letters.

But when those most noble and excellent men of the whole city, who, hearing of the matter, came in crowds to me in the morning, thought it best for me to open the letters before I related the matter to the senate, lest, if nothing were found in them, so great a disturbance might seem to have been caused to the state for nothing, I said I would never so act as shrink from referring matter of public danger to the public council. In truth, if, O Romans, these things which had been reported to me had not been found in them, yet I did not think I ought, in such a crisis of the republic,

to be afraid of the imputation of over-diligence. I quickly summoned a full senate, as you saw; and meantime, without any delay, by the advice of the Allobroges, I sent Caius Sulpicius the prætor, a brave man, to bring whatever arms he could find in the house of Cethegus, whence he did bring a great number of swords and daggers.

I introduced Vulturcius without the Gauls. By the command of the senate, I pledged him the public faith for his safety. I exhorted him fearlessly to tell all he knew. Then, when he had scarcely recovered himself from his great alarm, he said: that he had messages and letters for Catiline, from Publius Lentulus, to avail himself of the guard of the slaves, and to come toward the city with his army as quickly as possible; and that was to be done with the intention that, when they had set fire to the city on all sides, as it had been arranged and distributed, and had made a great massacre of the citizens, he might be at hand to catch those who fled, and to join himself to the leaders within the city. But the Gauls being introduced, said that an oath had been administered to them, and letters given them by Publius Lentulus, Cethegus, and Statilius, for their nation; and that they had been enjoined by them, and by Lucius Cassius, to send cavalry into Italy as early as possible; that infantry should not be wanting; and that Lentulus had assured him, from the Sibylline oracles and the answers of soothsayers, that he was that third Cornelius to whom the kingdom and sovereignty over this city was fated to come; that Cinna and Sylla had been before him; and that he had also said that was the year destined to the destruction of this city and empire, being the tenth year after the acquittal of the virgins, and the twentieth after the burning of the Capitol. But they said there had

been this dispute between Cethegus and the rest—that Lentulus and others thought it best that the massacre should take place and the city be burned at the Saturnalia, but that Cethegus thought it too long to wait.

And, not to detain you, O Romans, we ordered the letters to be brought forward which were said to have been given them by each of the men. First, I showed his seal to Cethegus; he recognized it: we cut the thread; we read the letter. It was written with his own hand: that he would do for the senate and people of the Allobroges what he had promised their ambassadors; and that he begged them also to do what their ambassadors had arranged. Then Cethegus, who a little before had made answer about the swords and daggers which had been found in his house, and had said that he had always been fond of fine arms, being stricken down and dejected at the reading of his letters, convicted by his own conscience, became suddenly silent. Statilius, being introduced, owned his handwriting and his seal. His letters were read, of nearly the same tenor: he confessed it. Then I showed Lentulus his letters, and asked him whether he recognized the seal? He nodded assent. But it is, said I, a well-known seal—the likeness of your grandfather, a most illustrious man, who greatly loved his country and his fellow-citizens; and it, even though silent, ought to have called you back from such wickedness.

Letters are read of the same tenor to the senate and people of the Allobroges. I offered him leave, if he wished to say anything of these matters: and at first he declined to speak; but a little afterward, when the whole examination had been gone through and concluded, he rose. He asked the Gauls what he had had to do with them? why

they had come to his house? and he asked Vulturcius too. And when they had answered him briefly and steadily, under whose guidance they had come to him, and how often; and when they asked him whether he had said nothing to them about the Sibylline oracles; then he on a sudden, mad with wickedness, showed how great was the power of conscience; for though he might have denied it, he suddenly, contrary to every one's expectation, confessed it: so not only did his genius and skill in oratory, for which he was always eminent, but even, through the power of his manifest and detected wickedness, that impudence, in which he surpassed all men, and audacity deserted him.

But Vulturcius on a sudden ordered the letters to be produced and opened which he said had been given to him for Catiline, by Lentulus. And though Lentulus was greatly agitated at that, yet he acknowledged his seal and his handwriting; but the letter was anonymous, and ran thus: "Who I am you will know from him whom I have sent to you: take care to behave like a man, and consider to what place you have proceeded, and provide for what is now necessary for you: take care to associate to yourself the assistance of every one, even of the powerless." Then Gabinius being introduced, when at first he had begun to answer impudently, at last denied nothing of those things which the Gauls alleged against him. And to me, indeed, O Romans, though the letters, the seals, the handwriting, and the confession of each individual seemed most certain indications and proofs of wickedness, yet their color, their eyes, their countenance, their silence, appeared more certain still; for they stood so stupefied, they kept their eyes so fixed on the ground, at times looking stealthily

at one another, that they appeared now not so much to be informed against by others as to be informing against themselves.

Having produced and divulged these proofs, O Romans, I consulted the senate what ought to be done for the interests of the republic. Vigorous and fearless opinions were delivered by the chief men, which the senate adopted without any variety; and since the decree of the senate is not yet written out, I will relate to you from memory, O citizens, what the senate has decreed. First of all, a vote of thanks to me is passed in the most honorable words, because the republic has been delivered from the greatest dangers by my valor, and wisdom, and prudence. Then Lucius Flaccus and Caius Pomtinus, the prætors, are deservedly and rightly praised, because I had availed myself of their brave and loyal assistance. And also, praise is given to that brave man, my colleague, because he had removed from his counsels, and from the counsels of the republic, those who had been accomplices in this conspiracy. And they voted that Publius Lentulus, when he had abdicated the prætorship, should be given into custody; and also, that Caius Cethegus, Lucius Statilius, Publius Gabinus, who were all present, should be given into custody: and the same decree was passed against Lucius Cassius, who begged for himself the office of burning the city; against Marcus Caparius, to whom it had been proved that Apulia had been allotted for the purpose of exciting disaffection among the shepherds; against Publius Furius, who belongs to the colonies which Lucius Sylla led to Fæsulæ; against Quintus Manlius Chilo, who was always associated with this man Furius in his tampering with the Allobroges; against Publius Umbrenus, a freedman, by

whom it was proved that the Gauls were originally brought to Gabinus.

And the senate, O citizens, acted with such lenity, that, out of so great a conspiracy, and such a number and multitude of domestic enemies, it thought that since the republic was saved, the minds of the rest might be restored to a healthy state by the punishment of nine most abandoned men. And also a supplication was decreed in my name (which is the first time since the building of the city that such an honor has ever been paid to a man in a civil capacity), to the immortal gods, for their singular kindness. And it was decreed in these words, "because I had delivered the city from conflagration, the citizens from massacre, and Italy from war." And if this supplication be compared with others, O citizens, there is this difference between them—that all others have been appointed because of the successes of the republic; this one alone for its preservation. And that which was the first thing to be done, has been done and executed; for Publius Lentulus, though, being convicted by proofs and by his own confession, by the judgment of the senate he had lost not only the rights of a prætor, but also those of a citizen, still resigned his office; so that, though Caius Marcius, that most illustrious of men, had no scruples about putting to death Caius Glaucius the prætor, against whom nothing had been decreed by name, still we are relieved from that scruple in the case of Publius Lentulus, who is now a private individual.

Now, since, O citizens, you have the nefarious leaders of this most wicked and dangerous war taken prisoners and in your grasp, you ought to think that all the resources of Catiline—all his hopes and all his power, now that these

dangers of the city are warded off, have fallen to pieces. And, indeed, when I drove him from the city, I foresaw in my mind, O citizens, that if Catiline were removed, I had no cause to fear either the drowsiness of Publius Lentulus, or the fat of Lucius Cassius, or the mad rashness of Cassius Cethegus. He alone was to be feared of all these men, and that only as long as he was within the walls of the city. He knew everything, he had access to everybody. He had the skill and the audacity to address, to tempt, and to tamper with every one. He had acuteness suited to crime; and neither tongue nor hand ever failed to support that acuteness. Already he had men he could rely on, chosen and distributed for the execution of all other business; and when he had ordered anything to be done, he did not think it was done on that account. There was nothing to which he did not personally attend and see to—for which he did not watch and toil. He was able to endure cold, thirst, and hunger.

Unless I had driven this man, so active, so ready, so audacious, so crafty, so vigilant in wickedness, so industrious in criminal exploits, from his plots within the city to the open warfare of the camp (I will express my honest opinion, O citizens), I should not easily have removed from your necks so vast a weight of evil. He would not have determined on the Saturnalia to massacre you—he would not have announced the destruction of the republic, and even the day of its doom so long beforehand—he would never have allowed his seal and his letters, the undeniable witnesses of his guilt, to be taken, which now, since he is absent, has been so done that no larceny in a private house has ever been so thoroughly and clearly detected as this vast conspiracy against the republic. But if Catiline had

remained in the city to this day, although, as long as he was so, I met all his designs and withstood them; yet, to say the least, we should have had to fight with him, and should never, while he remained as an enemy in the city, have delivered the republic from such dangers, with such ease, such tranquillity, and such silence.

Although all these things, O Romans, have been so managed by me, that they appear to have been done and provided for by the order and design of the immortal gods; and as we may conjecture this because the direction of such weighty affairs scarcely appears capable of having been carried out by human wisdom; so, too, they have at this time so brought us present aid and assistance, that we could almost behold them without eyes. For to say nothing of those things, namely, the firebrands seen in the west in the night time, and the heat of the atmosphere—to pass over the falling of thunderbolts and the earthquakes—to say nothing of all the other portents which have taken place in such numbers during my consulship, that the immortal gods themselves have been seeming to predict what is now taking place; yet, at all events, this which I am about to mention, O Romans, must be neither passed over nor omitted.

For you recollect, I suppose, when Cotta and Torquatus were consuls, that many towers in the Capitol were struck with lightning, when both the images of the immortal gods were moved, and the statues of many ancient men were thrown down, and the brazen tablets on which the laws were written were melted. Even Romulus, who built this city, was struck, which, you recollect, stood in the Capitol, a gilt statue, little and sucking, and clinging to the teats of the wolf. And when at this time the soothsayers were

assembled out of all Etruria, they said that slaughter and conflagration, and the overthrow of the laws, and civil and domestic war, and the fall of the whole city and empire was at hand, unless the immortal gods, being appeased in every possible manner, by their own power turned aside, as I may say, the very fates themselves.

Therefore, according to their answers, games were celebrated for ten days, nor was anything omitted which might tend to the appeasing of the gods. And they enjoined also that we should make a greater statue of Jupiter, and place it in a lofty situation, and (contrary to what had been done before) turn it toward the east. And they said that they hoped that if that statue which you now behold looked upon the rising of the sun, and the forum, and the senate house, then those designs which were secretly formed against the safety of the city and empire would be brought to light, so as to be able to be thoroughly seen by the senate and by the Roman people. And the consuls ordered it to be so placed; but so great was the delay in the work, that it was never set up by the former consuls, nor by us before this day.

Here who, O Romans, can there be so obstinate against the truth, so headstrong, so void of sense, as to deny that all these things which we see, and especially this city, is governed by the divine authority and power of the immortal gods? Forsooth, when this answer had been given—that massacre, and conflagration, and ruin was prepared for the republic; and that, too, by profligate citizens, which, from the enormity of the wickedness, appeared incredible to some people, you found that it had not only been planned by wicked citizens; but had even been undertaken and commenced. And is not this fact so present that it appears to have taken place by the express will of the good and mighty

Jupiter, that, when this day, early in the morning, both the conspirators and their accusers were being led by my command through the forum to the Temple of Concord, at that very time the statue was being erected? And when it was set up, and turned toward you and toward the senate, the senate and you yourselves saw everything which had been planned against the universal safety brought to light and made manifest.

And on this account they deserve even greater hatred and greater punishment, for having attempted to apply their fatal and wicked fire, not only to your houses and homes, but even to the shrines and temples of the gods. And if I were to say that it was I who resisted them, I should take too much to myself, and ought not to be borne. He—he, Jupiter, resisted them. He determined that the Capitol should be safe, he saved these temples, he saved this city, he saved all of you. It is under the guidance of the immortal gods, O Romans, that I have cherished the intention and desires which I have, and have arrived at such undeniable proofs. Surely, that tampering with the Allobroges would never have taken place, so important a matter would never have been so madly intrusted, by Lentulus and the rest of our internal enemies, to strangers and foreigners, such letters would never have been written, unless all prudence had been taken by the immortal gods from such terrible audacity. What shall I say? That Gauls, men from a state scarcely at peace with us, the only nation existing which seems both to be able to make war on the Roman people, and not to be unwilling to do so—that they should disregard the hope of empire and of the greatest success voluntarily offered to them by patricians, and should prefer your safety to their own power—do you not think that that

was caused by divine interposition? especially when they could have destroyed us, not by fighting, but by keeping silence.

Wherefore, O citizens, since a supplication has been decreed at all the altars, celebrate those days with your wives and children; for many just and deserved honors have been often paid to the immortal gods, but juster ones never. For you have been snatched from a most cruel and miserable destruction, and you have been snatched from it without slaughter, without bloodshed, without an army, without a battle. You have conquered in the garb of peace, with me in the garb of peace for your only general and commander.

Remember, O citizens, all civil dissensions, and not only those which you have heard of, but those also which you yourselves remember and have seen. Lucius Sylla crushed Publius Sulpicius; he drove from the city Caius Marius the guardian of this city; and of many other brave men some he drove from the city, and some he murdered. Cnæus Octavius, the consul, drove his colleague by force of arms out of the city; all this place was crowded with heaps of carcasses and flowed with the blood of citizens; afterward Cinna and Marius got the upper hand; and then most illustrious men were put to death, and the lights of the state were extinguished. Afterward Sylla avenged the cruelty of this victory; it is needless to say with what a diminution of the citizens, and with what disasters to the republic. Marcus Lepidus disagreed with that most eminent and brave man, Quintus Catulus. His death did not cause as much grief to the republic as that of the others.

And these dissensions, O Romans, were such as concerned not the destruction of the republic, but only a change in the constitution. They did not wish that there should be

no republic, but that they themselves should be the chief men in that which existed; nor did they desire that the city should be burned, but that they themselves should flourish in it. And yet all those dissensions, none of which aimed at the destruction of the republic, were such that they were to be terminated not by a reconciliation and concord, but only by internecine war among the citizens. But in this war alone, the greatest and most cruel in the memory of man—a war such as even the countries of the barbarians have never waged with their own tribes—a war in which this law was laid down by Lentulus, and Catiline, and Cassius, and Cethegus, that every one, who could live in safety as long as the city remained in safety, should be considered as an enemy—in this war I have so managed matters, O Romans, that you should all be preserved in safety; and though your enemies had thought that only such a number of the citizens would be left as had held out against an interminable massacre, and only so much of the city as the flames could not devour, I have preserved both the city and the citizens unhurt and undiminished.

And for these exploits, important as they are, O Romans, I ask from you no reward of virtue, no badge of honor, no monument of my glory, beyond the everlasting recollection of this day. In your minds I wish all my triumphs, all my decorations of honor, the monuments of my glory, the badges of my renown, to be stored and laid up. Nothing voiceless can delight me, nothing silent—nothing, in short, such as even those who are less worthy can obtain. In your memory, O Romans, my name shall be cherished, in your discourses it shall grow, in the monuments of your letters it shall grow old and strengthen; and I feel assured that the same day which I hope will be for everlasting, will

be remembered forever, so as to tend both to the safety of the city and the recollection of my consulship; and that it will be remembered that there existed in this city at the same time two citizens, one of whom limited the boundaries of your empire only by the regions of heaven, not by those of the earth, while the other preserved the abode and home of that same empire.

But since the fortune and condition of those exploits which I have performed is not the same with that of those men who have directed foreign wars—because I must live among those whom I have defeated and subdued, they have left their enemies either slain or crushed—it is your business, O Romans, to take care, if their good deeds are a benefit to others, that mine shall never be an injury to me. For that the wicked and profligate designs of audacious men shall not be able to injure you, I have taken care; it is your business to take care that they do not injure me. Although, O Romans, no injury can be done to me by them—for there is a great protection in the affection of all good men, which is procured for me forever; there is great dignity in the republic, which will always silently defend me; there is great power in conscience, and those who neglect it, when they desire to attack me, will destroy themselves.

There is, moreover, that disposition in me, O Romans, that I not only will yield to the audacity of no one, but that I always voluntarily attack the worthless. And if all the violence of domestic enemies being warded off from you turns itself upon me alone, you will have to take care, O Romans, in what condition you wish those men to be for the future, who for your safety have exposed themselves to unpopularity and to all sorts of dangers. As for me, my-

self, what is there which now can be gained by me for the enjoyment of life, especially when neither in credit among you, nor in the glory of virtue, do I see any higher point to which I can be desirous to climb?

That indeed I will take care of, O Romans, as a private man to uphold and embellish the exploits which I have performed in my consulship: so that, if there has been any unpopularity incurred in preserving the republic, it may injure those who envy me, and may tend to my glory. Lastly, I will so behave myself in the republic as always to remember what I have done, and to take care that they shall appear to have been done through virtue, and not by chance. Do you, O Romans, since it is now night, worship that Jupiter, the guardian of this city and of yourselves, and depart to your homes; and defend those homes, though the danger is now removed, with guard and watch as you did last night. That you shall not have to do so long, and that you shall enjoy perpetual tranquillity, shall, O Romans, be my care.

DISCUSSION OF THE FATE OF THE CONSPIRATORS BY THE SENATORS

THE NIGHT after the events mentioned in the argument to the preceding oration, Cicero's wife Terentia, with the vestal virgins, was performing at home the mystic rites of the Bona Dea, while Cicero was deliberating with his friends on the best mode of punishing the conspirators. Terentia interrupted their deliberations by coming in to inform them of a prodigy which had just happened; that after the sacrifice in which she had been engaged was over, the fire revived spontaneously; on which the vestal virgins had sent her to him, to inform him of it, and to bid him pursue what he was then thinking of and intending for the good of his country, since the goddess had given this sign that she was watching over his safety and glory.

The next day the senate ordered public rewards to the ambassadors and to Vulturcius; and showed signs of intending to proceed with extreme rigor against the conspirators; when, on a sudden, rumors arose of plots having been formed by the slaves of Lentulus and Cethegus for their masters' rescue; which obliged Cicero to double all the guards, and determined him to prevent any repetition of such attempts by bringing before the senate without delay the question of the punishment of the prisoners. On which account he summoned the senate to meet the next morning.

There were many difficulties in the matter. Capital punishments were unusual and very unpopular at Rome. And there was an old law of Porcius Lecca, a tribune of the people, which granted to all criminals who were capitally condemned an appeal to the people; and also a law had been passed, since his time, by Caius Gracchus, to prohibit the taking away the life of any citizen without a formal hearing before the people. And these considerations had so much weight with some of the senators, that they absented themselves from the senate during this debate, in order to have no share in sentencing prisoners of such high rank to death. The debate was opened by Sillanus, the consul-elect, who declared his opinion, that those in custody, and those also who should be taken subsequently, should all be put to death. Every one who followed him agreed with him, till Julius Cæsar, the prætor-elect (who has been often suspected of having been, at least to some extent, privy to the conspiracy), rose, and in an elaborate speech proposed that they should not be put to death, but that their estates should be confiscated, and they themselves kept in perpetual confinement. Cato opposed him with great earnestness. But some of Cicero's friends

appeared inclined to Cæsar's motion, thinking it a safer measure for Cicero himself; but when Cicero perceived this, he rose himself, and discussed the opinions both of Silanus and Cæsar in his fourth oration which decided the senate to vote for their condemnation. And as soon as the vote had passed, Cicero went immediately from the senate house, took Lentulus from the custody of his kinsman Lentulus Spinther, and delivered him to the executioner. The other conspirators, Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinus, etc., were in like manner conducted to execution by the prætors; and Cicero was conducted home to his house in triumph by the whole body of the senate and by the knights, the whole multitude following him, and saluting him as their deliverer.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE ROMAN SENATE ON THE TREATMENT OF THE CATILINARIAN CONSPIRATORS

IT becomes all men, conscript fathers, who deliberate on dubious matters, to be influenced neither by hatred, affection, anger, nor pity. The mind, when such feelings obstruct its view, cannot easily see what is right; nor has any human being consulted, at the same moment, his passions and his interest. When the mind is freely exerted, its reasoning is sound; but passion, if it gain possession of it, becomes its tyrant, and reason is powerless.

I could easily mention, conscript fathers, numerous examples of kings and nations, who, swayed by resentment or compassion, have adopted injudicious courses of conduct; but I had rather speak of those instances in which our ancestors, in opposition to the impulse of passion, acted with wisdom and sound policy.

In the Macedonian war, which we carried on against King Perses, the great and powerful state of Rhodes, which had risen by the aid of the Roman people, was faithless and hostile to us; yet, when the war was ended,

and the conduct of the Rhodians was taken into consideration, our forefathers left them unmolested, lest any should say that war was made upon them for the sake of seizing their wealth, rather than of punishing their faithlessness. Throughout the Punic wars, too, though the Carthaginians, both during peace and in suspensions of arms, were guilty of many acts of injustice, yet our ancestors never took occasion to retaliate, but considered rather what was worthy of themselves than what might justly be inflicted on their enemies.

Similar caution, conscript fathers, is to be observed by yourselves, that the guilt of Lentulus, and the other conspirators, may not have greater weight with you than your own dignity, and that you may not regard your indignation more than your character. If, indeed, a punishment adequate to their crimes be discovered, I consent to extraordinary measures; but if the enormity of their crime exceeds whatever can be devised, I think that we should inflict only such penalties as the laws have provided.

Most of those who have given their opinions before me have deplored, in studied and impressive language, the sad fate that threatens the republic; they have recounted the barbarities of war, and the afflictions that would fall on the vanquished; they have told us that maidens would be dishonored, and youths abused; that children would be torn from the embraces of their parents; that matrons would be subjected to the pleasure of the conquerors; that temples and dwelling-houses would be plundered; that massacres and fires would follow; and that every place would be filled with arms, corpses, blood, and lamentation. But to what end, in the name of the eternal gods! was such eloquence directed? Was it intended

to render you indignant at the conspiracy? A speech, no doubt, will inflame him whom so frightful and monstrous a reality has not provoked! Far from it: for to no man does evil, directed against himself, appear a light matter; many, on the contrary, have felt it more seriously than was right.

But to different persons, conscript fathers, different degrees of license are allowed. If those who pass a life sunk in obscurity commit any error, through excessive anger, few become aware of it, for their fame is as limited as their fortune; but of those who live invested with extensive power, and in an exalted station, the whole world knows the proceedings. Thus in the highest position there is the least liberty of action; and it becomes us to indulge neither partiality nor aversion, but least of all animosity; for what in others is called resentment is in the powerful termed violence and cruelty.

I am, indeed, of opinion, conscript fathers, that the utmost degree of torture is inadequate to punish their crime; but the generality of mankind dwell on that which happens last, and, in the case of malefactors, forget their guilt, and talk only of their punishment, should that punishment have been inordinately severe. I feel assured, too, that Decimus Silanus, a man of spirit and resolution, made the suggestions which he offered, from zeal for the state, and that he had no view, in so important a matter, to favor or to enmity; such I know to be his character, and such his discretion. Yet his proposal appears to me, I will not say cruel (for what can be cruel that is directed against such characters?), but foreign to our policy. For, assuredly, Silanus, either your fears, or their treason, must have induced you, a consul-elect, to propose this new kind of punishment. Of fear it

is unnecessary to speak, when, by the prompt activity of that distinguished man our consul, such numerous forces are under arms; and as to the punishment, we may say, what is, indeed, the truth, that in trouble and distress death is a relief from suffering, and not a torment; that it puts an end to all human woes; and that, beyond it, there is no place either for sorrow or joy.

But why, in the name of the immortal gods, did you not add to your proposal, Silanus, that, before they were put to death, they should be punished with the scourge? Was it because the Porcian law forbids it? But other laws forbid condemned citizens to be deprived of life, and allow them to go into exile. Or was it because scourging is a severer penalty than death? Yet what can be too severe, or too harsh, toward men convicted of such an offence? But if scourging be a milder punishment than death, how is it consistent to observe the law as to the smaller point, when you disregard it as to the greater?

But who, it may be asked, will blame any severity that shall be decreed against these parricides of their country? I answer that time, the course of events, and fortune, whose caprice governs nations, may blame it. Whatever shall fall on the traitors, will fall on them justly; but it is for you, conscript fathers, to consider well what you resolve to inflict on others. All precedents productive of evil effects have had their origin from what was good; but when a government passes into the hands of the ignorant or unprincipled, any new example of severity, inflicted on deserving and suitable objects, is extended to those that are improper and undeserving of it. The Lacedæmonians, when they had conquered the Athenians, appointed thirty men to govern their state. These thirty began their ad-



CÆSAR

Orations—Vol. Two, p. 57

ministration by putting to death, even without a trial, all who were notoriously wicked, or publicly detestable; acts at which the people rejoiced, and extolled their justice. But afterward, when their lawless power gradually increased, they proceeded, at their pleasure, to kill the good and bad indiscriminately, and to strike terror into all; and thus the state, overpowered and enslaved, paid a heavy penalty for its imprudent exultation.

Within our own memory, too, when the victorious Sylla ordered Damasippus, and others of similar character, who had risen by distressing their country, to be put to death, who did not commend the proceeding? All exclaimed that wicked and factious men, who had troubled the state with their seditious practices, had justly forfeited their lives. Yet this proceeding was the commencement of great bloodshed. For whenever any one coveted the mansion or villa, or even the plate or apparel of another, he exerted his influence to have him numbered among the proscribed. Thus they, to whom the death of Damasippus had been a subject of joy, were soon after dragged to death themselves; nor was there any cessation of slaughter, until Sylla had glutted all his partisans with riches.

Such excesses, indeed, I do not fear from Marcus Tullius, or in these times. But in a large state there arise many men of various dispositions. At some other period, and under another consul, who, like the present, may have an army at his command, some false accusation may be credited as true; and when, with our example for a precedent, the consul shall have drawn the sword on the authority of the senate, who shall stay its progress, or moderate its fury?

Our ancestors, conscript fathers, were never deficient in

conduct or courage; nor did pride prevent them from imitating the customs of other nations, if they appeared deserving of regard. Their armor, and weapons of war, they borrowed from the Samnites; their ensigns of authority, for the most part, from the Etrurians; and, in short, whatever appeared eligible to them, whether among allies or among enemies, they adopted at home with the greatest readiness, being more inclined to emulate merit than to be jealous of it. But at the same time, adopting a practice from Greece, they punished their citizens with the scourge, and inflicted capital punishment on such as were condemned. When the republic, however, became powerful, and faction grew strong from the vast number of citizens, men began to involve the innocent in condemnation, and other like abuses were practiced; and it was then that the Porcian and other laws were provided, by which condemned citizens were allowed to go into exile. This lenity of our ancestors, conscript fathers, I regard as a very strong reason why we should not adopt any new measures of severity. For assuredly there was greater merit and wisdom in those, who raised so mighty an empire from humble means, than in us, who can scarcely preserve what they so honorably acquired. Am I of opinion, then, you will ask, that the conspirators should be set free, and that the army of Catiline should thus be increased? Far from it; my recommendation is, that their property be confiscated, and that they themselves be kept in custody in such of the municipal towns as are best able to bear the expense; that no one hereafter bring their case before the senate, or speak on it to the people; and that the senate now give their opinion that he who shall act contrary to this, will act against the republic and the general safety.

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE ROMAN SENATE ON THE
TREATMENT OF THE CATILINARIAN CONSPIRATORS

MY feelings, conscript fathers, are extremely different, when I contemplate our circumstances and dangers, and when I revolve in my mind the sentiments of some who have spoken before me. Those speakers, as it seems to me, have considered only how to punish the traitors who have raised war against their country, their parents, their altars, and their homes; but the state of affairs warns us rather to secure ourselves against them, than to take counsel as to what sentence we should pass upon them. Other crimes you may punish after they have been committed; but as to this, unless you prevent its commission, you will, when it has once taken effect, in vain appeal to justice. When the city is taken, no power is left to the vanquished.

But, in the name of the immortal gods, I call upon you, who have always valued your mansions and villas, your statues and pictures, at a higher price than the welfare of your country; if you wish to preserve those possessions, of whatever kind they are, to which you are attached; if you wish to secure quiet for the enjoyment of your pleasures, arouse yourselves, and act in defence of your country. We are not now debating on the revenues, or on injuries done to our allies, but our liberty and our life is at stake.

Often, conscript fathers, have I spoken at great length

in this assembly; often have I complained of the luxury and avarice of our citizens, and, by that very means, have incurred the displeasure of many. I, who never excused to myself, or to my own conscience, the commission of any fault, could not easily pardon the misconduct, or indulge the licentiousness, of others. But though you little regarded my remonstrances, yet the republic remained secure; its own strength was proof against your remissness. The question, however, at present under discussion, is not whether we live in a good or bad state of morals; nor how great, or how splendid, the empire of the Roman people is; but whether these things around us, of whatever value they are, are to continue our own, or to fall, with ourselves, into the hands of the enemy.

In such a case, does any one talk to me of gentleness and compassion? For some time past, it is true, we have lost the real names of things; for to lavish the property of others is called generosity, and audacity in wickedness is called heroism; and hence the state is reduced to the brink of ruin. But let those, who thus misname things, be liberal, since such is the practice, out of the property of our allies; let them be merciful to the robbers of the treasury; but let them not lavish our blood, and, while they spare a few criminals, bring destruction on all the guiltless.

Caius Cæsar, a short time ago, spoke in fair and elegant language, before this assembly, on the subject of life and death; considering as false, I suppose, what is told of the dead; that the bad, going a different way from the good, inhabit places gloomy, desolate, dreary, and full of horror. He accordingly proposed *that the property of the conspirators should be confiscated, and themselves kept in custody in the municipal towns*; fearing, it seems, that, if they remain at

Rome, they may be rescued either by their accomplices in the conspiracy, or by a hired mob; as if, forsooth, the mischievous and profligate were to be found only in the city, and not through the whole of Italy, or as if desperate attempts would not be more likely to succeed where there is less power to resist them. His proposal, therefore, if he fears any danger from them, is absurd; but if, amid such universal terror, he alone is free from alarm, it the more concerns me to fear for you and myself.

Be assured, then, that when you decide on the fate of Lentulus and the other prisoners, you at the same time determine that of the army of Catiline and of all the conspirators. The more spirit you display in your decision, the more will their confidence be diminished; but if they shall perceive you in the smallest degree irresolute, they will advance upon you with fury.

Do not suppose that our ancestors, from so small a commencement, raised the republic to greatness merely by force of arms. If such had been the case, we should enjoy it in a most excellent condition; for of allies and citizens, as well as arms and horses, we have a much greater abundance than they had. But there were other things which made them great, but which among us have no existence; such as industry at home, equitable government abroad, and minds impartial in council, uninfluenced by any immoral or improper feeling. Instead of such virtues, we have luxury and avarice; public distress, and private superfluity; we extol wealth, and yield to indolence; no distinction is made between good men and bad; and ambition usurps the honors due to virtue. Nor is this wonderful; since you study each his individual interest, and since at home you are slaves to pleasure, and here to money or favor; and hence

it happens that an attack is made on the defenceless state. But on these subjects I shall say no more. Certain citizens, of the highest rank, have conspired to ruin their country; they are engaging the Gauls, the bitterest foes of the Roman name, to join in a war against us; the leader of the enemy is ready to make a descent upon us; and do you hesitate, even in such circumstances, how to treat armed incendiaries arrested within your walls? I advise you to have mercy upon them; they are young men who have been led astray by ambition; send them away, even with arms in their hands. But such mercy, and such clemency, if they turn those arms against you, will end in misery to yourselves. The case is, assuredly, dangerous, but you do not fear it; yes, you fear it greatly, but you hesitate how to act, through weakness and want of spirit, waiting one for another, and trusting to the immortal gods, who have so often preserved your country in the greatest dangers. But the protection of the gods is not obtained by vows and effeminate supplications; it is by vigilance, activity, and prudent measures, that general welfare is secured. When you are once resigned to sloth and indolence, it is in vain that you implore the gods; for they are then indignant and threaten vengeance.

In the days of our forefathers, Titus Manlius Torquatus, during a war with the Gauls, ordered his own son to be put to death, because he had fought with an enemy contrary to orders. That noble youth suffered for excess of bravery; and do you hesitate what sentence to pass on the most inhuman of traitors? Perhaps their former life is at variance with their present crime. Spare, then, the dignity of Lentulus, if he has ever spared his own honor or character, or had any regard for gods or for men. Pardon the youth

of Cethegus, unless this be the second time that he has made war upon his country. As to Gabinus, Statilius, Cœparius, why should I make any remark upon them? Had they ever possessed the smallest share of discretion, they would never have engaged in such a plot against their country.

In conclusion, conscript fathers, if there were time to amend an error, I might easily suffer you, since you disregard words, to be corrected by experience of consequences. But we are beset by dangers on all sides; Catiline, with his army, is ready to devour us; while there are other enemies within the walls, and in the heart of the city; nor can any measures be taken, or any plans arranged, without their knowledge. The more necessary is it, therefore, to act with promptitude. What I advise, then, is this: that since the state, by a treasonable combination of abandoned citizens, has been brought into the greatest peril; and since the conspirators have been convicted on the evidence of Titus Volturncius, and the deputies of the Allobroges, and on their own confession, of having concerted massacres, conflagrations, and other horrible and cruel outrages, against their fellow-citizens and their country, punishment be inflicted, according to the usage of our ancestors, on the prisoners who have confessed their guilt, as on men convicted of capital crimes.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

THE FOURTH ORATION AGAINST LUCIUS CATILINE

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE

I SEE, O conscript fathers, that the looks and eyes of you all are turned toward me; I see that you are anxious not only for your own danger and that of the republic, but even, if that be removed, for mine. Your goodwill is delightful to one amid evils, and pleasing amid grief; but I entreat you, in the name of the immortal gods, lay it aside now, and, forgetting my safety, think of yourselves and of your children. If, indeed, this condition of the consulship has been allotted to me, that I should bear all bitterness, all pains and tortures, I will bear them not only bravely but even cheerfully, provided that by my toils, dignity and safety are procured for you and for the Roman people.

I am that consul, O conscript fathers, to whom neither the forum in which all justice is contained, nor the Campus Martius, consecrated to the consular assemblies, nor the senate house, the chief assistance of all nations, nor my own home, the common refuge of all men, nor my bed devoted to rest, in short, not even this seat of honor, this curule chair, has ever been free from the danger of death, or from plots and treachery. I have been silent about many things, I have borne much, I have conceded much, I have remedied many things with some pain to myself, amid the

alarm of you all. Now if the immortal gods have determined that there shall be this end to my consulship, that I should snatch you, O conscript fathers, and the Roman people from miserable slaughter, your wives and children and the vestal virgins from most bitter distress, the temples and shrines of the gods, and this most lovely country of all of us, from impious flames, all Italy from war and devastation; then, whatever fortune is laid up for me by myself, it shall be borne. If, indeed, Publius Lentulus, being led on by soothsayers, believed that his name was connected by destiny with the destruction of the republic, why should not I rejoice that my consulship has taken place almost by the express appointment of fate for the preservation of the republic?

Wherefore, O conscript fathers, consult the welfare of yourselves, provide for that of the republic; preserve yourselves, your wives, your children, and your fortunes; defend the name and safety of the Roman people; cease to spare me, and to think of me. For, in the first place, I ought to hope that all the gods who preside over this city will show me gratitude in proportion as I deserve it; and in the second place, if anything does happen to me, I shall fall with a contented and prepared mind; and, indeed, death cannot be disgraceful to a brave man, nor premature to one of consular rank, nor miserable to a wise man. Not that I am a man of so iron a disposition as not to be moved by the grief of a most dear and affectionate brother now present, and by the tears of all these men by whom you now see me surrounded. Nor does my fainting wife, my daughter prostrate with fear, and my little son whom the republic seems to me to embrace as a sort of hostage for my consulship, the son-in-law who, awaiting the end of that

day, is now standing in my sight, fail often to recall my mind to my home. I am moved by all these circumstances, but in such a direction as to wish that they all may be safe together with you, even if some violence overwhelms me, rather than that both they and we should perish together with the republic.

Wherefore, O conscript fathers, attend to the safety of the republic; look round upon all the storms which are impending, unless you guard against them. It is not Tiberius Gracchus, who wished to be made a second time a tribune of the people; it is not Caius Gracchus, who endeavored to excite the partisans of the agrarian law; it is not Lucius Saturninus, who slew Memmius, who is now in some danger, who is now brought before the tribunal of your severity. They are now in your hands who withstood all Rome, with the object of bringing conflagration on the whole city, massacre on all of you, and of receiving Catiline; their letters are in your possession, their seals, their handwriting, and the confession of each individual of them; the Allobroges are tampered with, the slaves are excited, Catiline is sent for; the design is actually begun to be put in execution, that all should be put to death, so that no one should be left even to mourn the name of the republic, and to lament over the downfall of so mighty a dominion.

All these things the witnesses have informed you of, the prisoners have confessed, you by many judgments have already decided; first, because you have thanked me in unprecedented language, and have passed a vote that the conspiracy of abandoned men has been laid open by my virtue and diligence; secondly, because you have compelled Publius Lentulus to abdicate the prætorship; again, because

you have voted that he and the others about whom you have decided should be given into custody; and above all, because you have decreed a supplication in my name, an honor which has never been paid to any one before acting in a civil capacity; last of all, because yesterday you gave most ample rewards to the ambassadors of the Allobroges and to Titus Vulturcius; all which acts are such that they, who have been given into custody by name, without any doubt seem already condemned by you.

But I have determined to refer the business to you as a fresh matter, O conscript fathers, both as to the fact, what you think of it, and as to the punishment, what you vote. I will state what it behooves the consul to state. I have seen for a long time great madness existing in the republic, and new designs being formed, and evil passions being stirred up, but I never thought that so great, so destructive a conspiracy as this was being meditated by citizens. Now to whatever point your minds and opinions incline, you must decide before night. You see how great a crime has been made known to you; if you think that but few are implicated in it you are greatly mistaken; this evil has spread wider than you think; it has spread not only throughout Italy, but it has even crossed the Alps, and creeping stealthily on, it has already occupied many of the provinces; it can by no means be crushed by tolerating it, and by temporizing with it; however you determine on chastising it, you must act with promptitude.

I see that as yet there are two opinions. One that of Decius Silanus, who thinks that those who have endeavored to destroy all these things should be punished with death; the other, that of Caius Cæsar, who objects to the punishment of death, but adopts the most extreme severity of all

other punishment. Each acts in a manner suitable to his own dignity and to the magnitude of the business with the greatest severity. The one thinks that it is not right that those who have attempted to deprive all of us and the whole Roman people of life, to destroy the empire, to extinguish the name of the Roman people, should enjoy life and the breath of heaven common to us all, for one moment; and he remembers that this sort of punishment has often been employed against worthless citizens in this republic. The other feels that death was not appointed by the immortal gods for the sake of punishment, but that it is either a necessity of nature, or a rest from toils and miseries; therefore wise men have never met it unwillingly, brave men have often encountered it even voluntarily. But imprisonment, and that too perpetual, was certainly invented for the extraordinary punishment of nefarious wickedness; therefore he proposes that they should be distributed among the municipal towns. This proposition seems to have in it injustice if you command it, difficulty if you request it; however, let it be so decreed if you like.

For I will undertake, and, as I hope, I shall find one who will not think it suitable to his dignity to refuse what you decide on for the sake of the universal safety. He imposes besides a severe punishment on the burgesses of the municipal town if any of the prisoners escape; he surrounds them with the most terrible guard, and with everything worthy of the wickedness of abandoned men. And he proposes to establish a decree that no one shall be able to alleviate the punishment of those whom he is condemning by a vote of either the senate or the people. He takes away even hope, which alone can comfort men in their miseries; besides this, he votes that their goods should be

confiscated; he leaves life alone to these infamous men, and if he had taken that away, he would have relieved them by one pang of many tortures of mind and body, and of all the punishment of their crimes. Therefore, that there might be some dread in life to the wicked, men of old have believed that there were some punishments of that sort appointed for the wicked in the shades below; because in truth they perceived that if this were taken away death itself would not be terrible.

Now, O conscript fathers, I see what is my interest; if you follow the opinion of Caius Cæsar (since he has adopted this path in the republic which is accounted the popular one), perhaps since he is the author and promoter of this opinion, the popular violence will be less to be dreaded by me; if you adopt the other opinion, I know not whether I am not likely to have more trouble; but still let the advantage of the republic outweigh the consideration of my danger. For we have from Caius Cæsar, as his own dignity and as the illustrious character of his ancestors demanded, a vote as a hostage of his lasting goodwill to the republic; it has been clearly seen how great is the difference between the lenity of demagogues, and a disposition really attached to the interests of the people. I see that of those men who wish to be considered attached to the people one man is absent, that they may not seem forsooth to give a vote about the lives of Roman citizens. He only three days ago gave Roman citizens into custody, and decreed me a supplication, and voted most magnificent rewards to the witnesses only yesterday. It is not now doubtful to any one what he, who voted for the imprisonment of the criminals, congratulation to him who had detected them, and rewards to those who have proved the crime, thinks of the

whole matter, and of the cause. But Caius Cæsar considers that the Sempronian law was passed about Roman citizens, but that he who is an enemy of the republic can by no means be a citizen; and moreover that the very proposer of the Sempronian law suffered punishment by the command of the people. He also denies that Lentulus, a briber and a spendthrift, after he has formed such cruel and bitter plans about the destruction of the Roman people, and the ruin of this city, can be called a friend of the people. Therefore this most gentle and merciful man does not hesitate to commit Publius Lentulus to eternal darkness and imprisonment, and establishes a law to all posterity that no one shall be able to boast of alleviating his punishment, or hereafter to appear a friend of the people to the destruction of the Roman people. He adds also the confiscation of their goods, so that want also and beggary may be added to all the torments of mind and body.

Wherefore, if you decide on this you give me a companion in my address, dear and acceptable to the Roman people; or if you prefer to adopt the opinion of Silanus, you will easily defend me and yourselves from the reproach of cruelty, and I will prevail that it shall be much lighter. Although, O conscript fathers, what cruelty can there be in chastising the enormity of such excessive wickedness? For I decide from my own feeling. For so may I be allowed to enjoy the republic in safety in your company, as I am not moved to be somewhat vehement in this cause by any severity of disposition (for who is more merciful than I am?), but rather by a singular humanity and mercifulness. For I seem to myself to see this city, the light of the world and the citadel of all nations, falling on a sudden by one conflagration. I see in my mind's eye miserable and

unburied heaps of cities in my buried country; the sight of Cethegus and his madness raging amid your slaughter is ever present to my sight. But when I have set before myself Lentulus reigning, as he himself confesses that he had hoped was his destiny, and this Gabinius arrayed in the purple, and Catiline arrived with his army, then I shudder at the lamentation of matrons, and the flight of virgins and of boys, and the insults of the vestal virgins; and because these things appear to me exceedingly miserable and pitiable, therefore I show myself severe and rigorous to those who have wished to bring about this state of things. I ask, forsooth, if any father of a family, supposing his children had been slain by a slave, his wife murdered, his house burned, were not to inflict on his slaves the severest possible punishment, would he appear clement and merciful, or most inhuman and cruel? To me he would seem unnatural and hard-hearted who did not soothe his own pain and anguish by the pain and torture of the criminal. And so we, in the case of these men who desired to murder us, and our wives, and our children—who endeavored to destroy the houses of every individual among us, and also the republic, the home of all—who designed to place the nation of the Allobroges on the relics of this city, and on the ashes of the empire destroyed by fire; if we are very rigorous, we shall be considered merciful; if we choose to be lax, we must endure the character of the greatest cruelty, to the damage of our country and our fellow citizens.

Unless, indeed, Lucius Cæsar, a thoroughly brave man, and of the best disposition toward the republic, seemed to any one to be too cruel three days ago, when he said that the husband of his own sister, a most excellent woman (in

his presence and in his hearing), ought to be deprived of life—when he said that his grandfather had been put to death by command of the consul, and his youthful son, sent as an ambassador by his father, had been put to death in prison. And what deed had they done like these men? had they formed any plan for destroying the republic? At that time great corruption was rife in the republic, and there was the greatest strife between parties. And, at that time, the grandfather of this Lentulus, a most illustrious man, put on his armor and pursued Gracchus; he even received a severe wound that there might be no diminution of the great dignity of the republic. But this man, his grandson, invited the Gauls to overthrow the foundations of the republic; he stirred up the slaves, he summoned Catiline, he distributed us to Cethegus to be massacred, and the rest of the citizens to Gabinius to be assassinated, the city he allotted to Cassius to burn, and the plundering and devastation of all Italy he assigned to Catiline. You fear, I think, lest in the case of such unheard-of and abominable wickedness you should seem to decide anything with too great severity; when we ought much more to fear lest by being remiss in punishing we should appear cruel to our country, rather than appear by the severity of our irritation too rigorous to its most bitter enemies.

But, O conscript fathers, I cannot conceal what I hear; for sayings are bruited about, which come to my ears, of those men who seem to fear that I may not have force enough to put in execution the things which you determine on this day. Everything is provided for, and prepared, and arranged, O conscript fathers, both by my exceeding care and diligence, and also by the still greater zeal of the Roman people for the retaining of their supreme dominion,

and for the preserving of the fortunes of all. All men of all ranks are present, and of all ages; the forum is full, the temples around the forum are full, all the approaches to this place and to this temple are full. For this is the only cause that has ever been known since the first foundation of the city, in which all men were of one and the same opinion—except those who, as they saw they must be ruined, preferred to perish in company with all the world rather than by themselves.

These men I except, and I willingly set them apart from the rest; for I do not think that they should be classed in the number of worthless citizens, but in that of the most bitter enemies. But, as for the rest; O ye immortal gods! in what crowds, with what zeal, with what virtue do they agree in defence of the common dignity and safety. Why should I here speak of the Roman knights? who yield to you the supremacy in rank and wisdom, in order to vie with you in love for the republic—whom this day and this cause now reunite with you in alliance and unanimity with your body, reconciled after a disagreement of many years. And if we can preserve forever in the republic this union now established in my consulship, I pledge myself to you that no civil and domestic calamity can hereafter reach any part of the republic. I see that the tribunes of the treasury—excellent men—have united with similar zeal in defence of the republic, and all the notaries. For as this day had by chance brought them in crowds to the treasury, I see that they were diverted from an anxiety for the money due to them, from an expectation of their capital, to a regard for the common safety. The entire multitude of honest men, even the poorest, is present; for who is there to whom these temples, the sight of the city, the possession

of liberty—in short, this light and this soil of his, common to us all, is not both dear and pleasant and delightful?

It is worth while, O conscript fathers, to know the inclinations of the freedmen; who, having by their good fortune obtained the rights of citizens, consider this to be really their country, which some who have been born here, and born in the highest rank, have considered to be not their own country, but a city of enemies. But why should I speak of men of this body whom their private fortunes, whom their common republic, whom, in short, that liberty which is most delightful has called forth to defend the safety of their country? There is no slave who is only in an endurable condition of slavery who does not shudder at the audacity of citizens, who does not desire that these things may stand, who does not contribute all the goodwill that he can, and all that he dares, to the common safety.

Wherefore, if this consideration moves any one, that it has been heard that some tool of Lentulus is running about the shops—is hoping that the minds of some poor and ignorant men may be corrupted by bribery; that, indeed, has been attempted and begun, but no one has been found either so wretched in their fortune or so abandoned in their inclination as not to wish the place of their seat and work and daily gain, their chamber and their bed, and, in short, the tranquil course of their lives, to be still preserved to them. And far the greater part of those who are in the shops—ay, indeed (for that is the more correct way of speaking), the whole of this class is of all the most attached to tranquillity; their whole stock, forsooth, their whole employment and livelihood, exists by the peaceful intercourse of the citizens, and is wholly supported by peace.

And if their gains are diminished whenever their shops are shut, what will they be when they are burned? And, as this is the case, O conscript fathers, the protection of the Roman people is not wanting to you; do you take care that you do not seem to be wanting to the Roman people.

You have a consul preserved out of many dangers and plots, and from death itself, not for his own life, but for your safety. All ranks agree for the preservation of the republic with heart and will, with zeal, with virtue, with their voice. Your common country, besieged by the hands and weapons of an impious conspiracy, stretches forth her hands to you; as a suppliant to you she recommends herself, to you she recommends the lives of all the citizens, and the citadel, and the capitol, and the altars of the household gods, and the eternal inextinguishable fire of Vesta, and all the temples of all the gods, and the altars and the walls and the houses of the city. Moreover, your own lives, those of your wives and children, the fortunes of all men, your homes, your hearths, are this day interested in your decision.

You have a leader mindful of you, forgetful of himself—an opportunity which is not always given to men; you have all ranks, all individuals, the whole Roman people (a thing which in civil transactions we see this day for the first time), full of one and the same feeling. Think with what great labor this our dominion was founded, by what virtue this our liberty was established, by what kind favor of the gods our fortunes were aggrandized and ennobled, and how nearly one night destroyed them all. That this may never hereafter be able not only to be done, but not even to be thought of, you must this day take care. And I have spoken thus, not in order to stir you up who almost out-

run me myself, but that my voice, which ought to be the chief voice in the republic, may appear to have fulfilled the duty which belongs to me as consul.

Now, before I return to the decision, I will say a few words concerning myself. As numerous as is the band of conspirators—and you see that it is very great—so numerous a multitude of enemies do I see that I have brought upon myself. But I consider them base and powerless and despicable and abject. But if at any time that band shall be excited by the wickedness and madness of any one, and shall show itself more powerful than your dignity and that of the republic, yet, O conscript fathers, I shall never repent of my actions and of my advice. Death, indeed, which they perhaps threaten me with, is prepared for all men; such glory during life as you have honored me with by your decrees no one has ever attained to. For you have passed votes of congratulation to others for having governed the republic successfully, but to me alone for having saved it.

Let Scipio be thought illustrious, he by whose wisdom and valor Hannibal was compelled to return into Africa, and to depart from Italy. Let the second Africanus be extolled with conspicuous praise, who destroyed two cities most hostile to this empire, Carthage and Numantia. Let Lucius Paullus be thought a great man, he whose triumphal car was graced by Perses, previously a most powerful and noble monarch. Let Marius be held in eternal honor, who twice delivered Italy from siege, and from the fear of slavery. Let Pompey be preferred to them all—Pompey, whose exploits and whose virtues are bounded by the same districts and limits as the course of the sun. There will be, forsooth, among the praises of these men, some room for

my glory, unless haply it be a greater deed to open to us provinces whither we may fly, than to take care that those who are at a distance may, when conquerors, have a home to return to.

Although in one point the circumstances of foreign triumph are better than those of domestic victory; because foreign enemies, either if they be crushed become one's servants, or if they be received into the state, think themselves bound to us by obligation; but those of the number of citizens who become depraved by madness and once begin to be enemies to their country—those men, when you have defeated their attempts to injure the republic, you can neither restrain by force nor conciliate by kindness. So that I see that an eternal war with all wicked citizens has been undertaken by me; which, however, I am confident can easily be driven back from me and mine by your aid, and by that of all good men, and by the memory of such great dangers, which will remain, not only among this people which has been saved, but in the discourse and minds of all nations forever. Nor, in truth, can any power be found which will be able to undermine and destroy your union with the Roman knights, and such unanimity as exists among all good men.

As, then, this is the case, O conscript fathers, instead of my military command—instead of the army—instead of the province which I have neglected, and the other badges of honor which have been rejected by me for the sake of protecting the city and your safety—in place of the ties of clientship and hospitality with citizens in the provinces, which, however, by my influence in the city, I study to preserve with as much toil as I labor to acquire them—in place of all these things, and in reward for my singular zeal

in your behalf, and for this diligence in saving the republic which you behold, I ask nothing of you but the recollection of this time and of my whole consulship. And as long as that is fixed in your minds, I shall think I am fenced round by the strongest wall. But if the violence of wicked men shall deceive and overpower my expectations, I recommend to you my little son, to whom, in truth, it will be protection enough, not only for his safety, but even for his dignity, if you recollect that he is the son of him who has saved all these things at his own single risk.

Wherefore, O conscript fathers, determine with care, as you have begun, and boldly, concerning your own safety, and that of the Roman people, and concerning your wives and children; concerning your altars and your hearths, your shrines and temples; concerning the houses and homes of the whole city; concerning your dominion, your liberty, and the safety of Italy and the whole republic. For you have a consul who will not hesitate to obey your decrees, and who will be able, as long as he lives, to defend what you decide on, and of his own power to execute it.¹

¹ This speech was spoken, and the criminals executed, on the fifth of December. But Catiline was not yet entirely overcome. He had with him in Etruria two legions—about twelve thousand men; of which, however, not above one quarter were regularly armed. For some time by marches and countermarches he eluded Antonius, but when the news reached his army of the fate of the rest of the conspirators, it began to desert him in great numbers. He attempted to escape into Gaul, but found himself intercepted by Metellus, who had been sent thither by Cicero with three legions. Antonius is supposed not to have been disinclined to connive at his escape, if he had not been compelled as it were by his quaestor Sextus and his lieutenant Petreius to force him to a battle, in which, however, Antonius himself, being ill of the gout, did not take the command, which devolved on Petreius, who after a severe action destroyed Catiline and his whole army, of which every man is said to have been slain in the battle. Subsequently, when Cicero's enemies got an opportunity to retaliate, he was temporarily banished from Rome for the violation of the laws passed by Porcius Lecca and by Caius Gracchus, to which reference has been previously made.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

SPEECH FOR AULUS LICINIUS ARCHIAS, THE POET

THE ARGUMENT

ARCHIAS was a Greek poet, a native of Antioch, who came to Rome in the train of Lucullus, when Cicero was a child. He assumed the names of Aulus and Licinius, the last out of compliment to the Luculli, and Cicero had been for some time a pupil of his, and had retained a great regard for him. A man of the name of Gracchus now prosecuted him as a false pretender to the rights of a Roman citizen, according to the provisions of the *lex Papiria*. But Cicero contends that he is justified by that very law, for Archias before coming to Rome had stayed at Heraclea, a confederate city, and had been enrolled as a Heracleian citizen; and in the *lex Papiria* it was expressly provided that those who were on the register of any confederate city as its citizens, if they were residing in Italy at the time the law was passed, and if they made a return of themselves to the prætor within sixty days, were to be exempt from its operation. However, the greater part of this oration is occupied, not in legal arguments, but in a panegyric on Archias, who is believed to have died soon afterward; and he must have been a very old man at the time that it was spoken, as it was nearly forty years previously that he had first come to Rome.

IF there be any natural ability in me, O judges—and I know how slight that is; or if I have any practice as a speaker—and in that line I do not deny that I have some experience; or if I have any method in my oratory, drawn from my study of the liberal sciences, and from that careful training to which I admit that at no part of my life have I ever been disinclined; certainly, of all those qualities, this Aulus Licinius is entitled to be among the first to claim the benefit from me as his peculiar right. For as far as ever my mind can look back upon the space of time

that is past, and recall the memory of its earliest youth, tracing my life from that starting-point, I see that Archias was the principal cause of my undertaking, and the principal means of my mastering, those studies. And if this voice of mine, formed by his encouragement and his precepts, has at times been the instrument of safety to others, undoubtedly we ought, as far as lies in our power, to help and save the very man from whom we have received that gift which has enabled us to bring help to many and salvation to some. And lest any one should, perchance, marvel at this being said by me, as the chief of his ability consists in something else, and not in this system and practice of eloquence, he must be told that even we ourselves have never been wholly devoted to this study. In truth, all the arts which concern the civilizing and humanizing of men, have some link which binds them together, and are, as it were, connected by some relationship to one another.

And, that it may not appear marvellous to any one of you, that I, in a formal proceeding like this, and in a regular court of justice, when an action is being tried before a prætor of the Roman people, a most eminent man, and before most impartial judges, before such an assembly and multitude of people as I see around me, employ this style of speaking, which is at variance, not only with the ordinary usages of courts of justice, but with the general style of forensic pleading; I entreat you in this cause to grant me this indulgence, suitable to this defendant, and as I trust not disagreeable to you—the indulgence, namely, of allowing me, when speaking in defence of a most sublime poet and most learned man, before this concourse of highly educated citizens, before this most polite and accomplished assembly, and before such a prætor as him who is presiding

at this trial, to enlarge with a little more freedom than usual on the study of polite literature and refined arts, and, speaking in the character of such a man as that, who, owing to the tranquillity of his life and the studies to which he has devoted himself, has but little experience of the dangers of a court of justice, to employ a new and unusual style of oratory. And if I feel that that indulgence is given and allowed me by you, I will soon cause you to think that this Aulus Licinius is a man who not only, now that he is a citizen, does not deserve to be expunged from the list of citizens, but that he is worthy, even if he were not one, of being now made a citizen.

For when first Archias grew out of childhood, and out of the studies of those arts by which young boys are gradually trained and refined, he devoted himself to the study of writing. First of all at Antioch (for he was born there, and was of high rank there), formerly an illustrious and wealthy city, and the seat of learned men and of liberal sciences; and there it was his lot speedily to show himself superior to all in ability and credit. Afterward, in the other parts of Asia, and over all Greece, his arrival was so talked of wherever he came that the anxiety with which he was expected was even greater than the fame of his genius; but the admiration which he excited when he had arrived, exceeded even the anxiety with which he was expected. Italy was at that time full of Greek science and of Greek systems, and these studies were at that time cultivated in Latium with greater zeal than they now are in the same towns; and here, too, at Rome, on account of the tranquil state of the republic at that time, they were far from neglected. Therefore, the people of Tarentum, and Rhegium, and Neapolis, presented him with the freedom of the city

and with other gifts; and all men who were capable of judging of genius thought him deserving of their acquaintance and hospitality. When, from this great celebrity of his, he had become known to us though absent, he came to Rome, in the consulship of Marius and Catulus. It was his lot to have those men as his first consuls, the one of whom could supply him with the most illustrious achievements to write about, the other could give him, not only exploits to celebrate, but his ears and judicious attention. Immediately the Luculli, though Archias was as yet but a youth, received him in their house. But it was not only to his genius and his learning, but also to his natural disposition and virtue, that it must be attributed that the house which was the first to be opened to him in his youth, is also the one in which he lives most familiarly in his old age. He at that time gained the affection of Quintus Metellus, that great man who was the conqueror of Numidia, and his son Pius. He was eagerly listened to by Marcus Æmilius; he associated with Quintus Catulus—both with the father and the sons. He was highly respected by Lucius Crassus; and as for the Luculli, and Drusus, and the Octavii, and Cato, and the whole family of the Hortensii, he was on terms of the greatest possible intimacy with all of them, and was held by them in the greatest honor. For, not only did every one cultivate his acquaintance who wished to learn or to hear anything, but even every one pretended to have such a desire.

In the meantime, after a sufficiently long interval, having gone with Lucius Lucullus into Sicily, and having afterward departed from that province in the company of the same Lucullus, he came to Heraclea. And as that city was one which enjoyed all the rights of a confederate city to

their full extent, he became desirous of being enrolled as a citizen of it. And, being thought deserving of such a favor for his own sake, when aided by the influence and authority of Lucullus, he easily obtained it from the Heracleans. The freedom of the city was given him in accordance with the provisions of the law of Silvanus and Carbo: "If any men had been enrolled as citizens of the confederate cities, and if, at the time that the law was passed, they had a residence in Italy, and if within sixty days they had made a return of themselves to the prætor." As he had now had a residence at Rome for many years, he returned himself as a citizen to the prætor, Quintus Metellus, his most intimate friend. If we have nothing else to speak about except the rights of citizenship and the law, I need say no more. The cause is over. For which of all these statements, O Grattius, can be invalidated? Will you deny that he was enrolled, at the time I speak of, as a citizen of Heraclea? There is a man present of the very highest authority, a most scrupulous and truthful man, Lucius Lucullus, who will tell you not that he thinks it, but that he knows it; not that he has heard of it, but that he saw it; not even that he was present when it was done, but that he actually did it himself. Deputies from Heraclea are present, men of the highest rank; they have come expressly on account of this trial, with a commission from their city, and to give evidence on the part of their city; and they say that he was enrolled as a Heraclean. On this you ask for the public registers of the Heracleans, which we all know were destroyed in the Italian war, when the register office was burned. It is ridiculous to say nothing to the proofs which we have, but to ask for proofs which it is impossible for us to have; to disregard the recollection of men, and to appeal to the memory

of documents; and when you have the conscientious evidence of a most honorable man, the oath and good faith of a most respectable municipality, to reject those things which cannot by any possibility be tampered with, and to demand documentary evidence, though you say at the same moment that that is constantly played tricks with. "But he had no residence at Rome." What, not he who, for so many years before the freedom of the city was given to him, had established the abode of all his property and fortunes at Rome? "But he did not return himself." Indeed he did, and in that return which alone obtains with the college of prætors the authority of a public document.

For as the returns of Appius were said to have been kept carelessly, and as the trifling conduct of Gabinius, before he was convicted, and his misfortune after his condemnation, had taken away all credit from the public registers, Metellus, the most scrupulous and moderate of all men, was so careful, that he came to Lucius Lentulus, the prætor, and to the judges, and said that he was greatly vexed at an erasure which appeared in one name. In these documents, therefore, you will see no erasure affecting the name of Aulus Licinius. And as this is the case, what reason have you for doubting about his citizenship, especially as he was enrolled as a citizen of other cities also? In truth, as men in Greece were in the habit of giving rights of citizenship to many men of very ordinary qualifications, and endowed with no talents at all, or with very moderate ones, without any payment, it is likely, I suppose, that the Rhegians, and Locrians, and Neapolitans, and Tarentines, should have been unwilling to give to this man, enjoying the highest possible reputation for genius, what they were in the habit of giving even to theatrical artists. What, when other men, who not

only after the freedom of the city had been given, but even after the passing of the Papian law, crept somehow or other into the registers of those municipalities, shall he be rejected who does not avail himself of those other lists in which he is enrolled, because he always wished to be considered a Heracleian? You demand to see our own censor's returns. I suppose no one knows that at the time of the last census he was with that most illustrious general, Lucius Lucullus, with the army; that at the time of the preceding one he was with the same man when he was in Asia as quæstor; and that in the census before that, when Julius and Crassus were censors, no regular account of the people was taken. But, since the census does not confirm the right of citizenship, but only indicates that he, who is returned in the census, did at that time claim to be considered as a citizen, I say that, at that time, when you say, in your speech for the prosecution, that he did not even himself consider that he had any claim to the privileges of a Roman citizen, he more than once made a will according to our laws, and he entered upon inheritances left him by Roman citizens; and he was made honorable mention of by Lucius Lucullus, both as prætor and as consul, in the archives kept in the treasury.

You must rely wholly on what arguments you can find. For he will never be convicted either by his own opinion of his case, or by that which is formed of it by his friends.

You ask us, O Gratus, why we are so exceedingly attached to this man. Because he supplies us with food whereby our mind is refreshed after this noise in the forum, and with rest for our ears after they have been wearied with bad language. Do you think it possible that we could find a supply for our daily speeches, when discussing such a variety of matters, unless we were to cultivate

our minds by the study of literature; or that our minds could bear being kept so constantly on the stretch if we did not relax them by that same study? But I confess that I am devoted to those studies; let others be ashamed of them if they have buried themselves in books without being able to produce anything out of them for the common advantage, or anything which may bear the eyes of men and the light. But why need I be ashamed, who for many years have lived in such a manner as never to allow my own love of tranquillity to deny me to the necessity or advantage of another, or my fondness for pleasure to distract, or even sleep to delay my attention to such claims? Who, then, can reproach me, or who has any right to be angry with me, if I allow myself as much time for the cultivation of these studies as some take for the performance of their own business, or for celebrating days of festival and games, or for other pleasures, or even for the rest and refreshment of mind and body, or as others devote to early banquets, to playing at dice, or at ball? And this ought to be permitted to me, because by these studies my power of speaking and those faculties are improved which, as far as they do exist in me, have never been denied to my friends when they have been in peril. And if that ability appears to any one to be but moderate, at all events I know whence I derive those principles which are of the greatest value. For if I had not persuaded myself from my youth upward, both by the precepts of many masters and by much reading, that there is nothing in life greatly to be desired, except praise and honor, and that while pursuing those things all tortures of the body, all dangers of death and banishment are to be considered but of small importance, I should never have exposed myself, in defence of your safety, to such numer-

ous and arduous contests, and to these daily attacks of profligate men. But all books are full of such precepts, and all the sayings of philosophers, and all antiquity is full of precedents teaching the same lesson; but all these things would lie buried in darkness, if the light of literature and learning were not applied to them. How many images of the bravest men, carefully elaborated, have both the Greek and Latin writers bequeathed to us, not merely for us to look at and gaze upon, but also for our imitation! And I, always keeping them before my eyes as examples for my own public conduct, have endeavored to model my mind and views by continually thinking of those excellent men.

Some one will ask, "What? were those identical great men, whose virtues have been recorded in books, accomplished in all that learning which you are extolling so highly?" It is difficult to assert this of all of them; but still I know what answer I can make to that question: I admit that many men have existed of admirable disposition and virtue, who, without learning, by the almost divine instinct of their own mere nature, have been, of their own accord, as it were, moderate and wise men. I even add this, that very often nature without learning has had more to do with leading men to credit and to virtue than learning when not assisted by a good natural disposition. And I also contend, that when to an excellent and admirable natural disposition there is added a certain system and training of education, then from that combination arises an extraordinary perfection of character; such as is seen in that godlike man whom our fathers saw in their time, Africanus; and in Caius Lælius and Lucius Furius, most virtuous and moderate men; and in that most excellent man, the most learned man of his time, Marcus Cato the

elder; and all these men, if they had been to derive no assistance from literature in the cultivation and practice of virtue, would never have applied themselves to the study of it. Though, even if there were no such great advantage to be reaped from it, and if it were only pleasure that is sought from these studies, still I imagine you would consider it a most reasonable and liberal employment of the mind: for other occupations are not suited to every time, nor to every age or place; but these studies are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no hindrance abroad; they are companions by night, and in travel, and in the country.

And if we ourselves were not able to arrive at these advantages, nor even taste them with our senses, still we ought to admire them, even when we saw them in others. Who of us was of so ignorant and brutal a disposition as not lately to be grieved at the death of Roscius? who, though he was an old man when he died, yet, on account of the excellence and beauty of his art, appeared to be one who on every account ought not to have died. Therefore, had he by the gestures of his body gained so much of our affections, and shall we disregard the incredible movements of the mind, and the rapid operations of genius? How often have I seen this man Archias, O judges (for I will take advantage of your kindness, since you listen to me so attentively while speaking in this unusual manner)—how often have I seen him, when he had not written a single word, repeat extempore a great number of admirable verses on the very events which were passing at the moment! How often have I seen him go back, and describe the same thing over again with an entire change of language and

ideas! And what he wrote with care and with much thought, that I have seen admired to such a degree, as to equal the credit of even the writings of the ancients. Should not I, then, love this man? should I not admire him? should not I think it my duty to defend him in every possible way? And, indeed, we have constantly heard from men of the greatest eminence and learning, that the study of other sciences was made up of learning, and rules, and regular method; but that a poet was such by the unassisted work of nature, and was moved by the vigor of his own mind, and was inspired, as it were, by some divine wrath. Wherefore rightly does our own great Ennius call poets holy; because they seem to be recommended to us by some especial gift, as it were, and liberality of the gods. Let then, judges, this name of poet, this name which no barbarians even have ever disregarded, be holy in your eyes, men of cultivated minds as you all are. Rocks and deserts reply to the poet's voice; savage beasts are often moved and arrested by song; and shall we, who have been trained in the pursuit of the most virtuous acts, refuse to be swayed by the voice of poets? The Colophonians say that Homer was their citizen; the Chians claim him as theirs; the Salaminians assert their right to him; but the men of Smyrna loudly assert him to be a citizen of Smyrna, and they have even raised a temple to him in their city. Many other places also fight with one another for the honor of being his birthplace.

They, then, claim a stranger, even after his death, because he was a poet; shall we reject this man while he is alive, a man who by his own inclination and by our laws does actually belong to us? especially when Archias has employed all his genius with the utmost zeal in celebrating

the glory and renown of the Roman people? For when a young man, he touched on our wars against the Cimbri, and gained the favor even of Caius Marius himself, a man who was tolerably proof against this sort of study. For there was no one so disinclined to the Muses as not willingly to endure that the praise of his labors should be made immortal by means of verse. They say that the great Themistocles, the greatest man that Athens produced, said, when some one asked him what sound or whose voice he took the greatest delight in hearing, "The voice of him by whom his own exploits were best celebrated." Therefore, the great Marius was also exceedingly attached to Lucius Plotius, because he thought that the achievement which he had performed could be celebrated by his genius. And the whole Mithridatic war, great and difficult as it was, and carried on with so much diversity of fortune by land and sea, has been related at length by him; and the books in which that is sung of not only make illustrious Lucius Lucullus, that most gallant and celebrated man, but they do honor also to the Roman people. For, while Lucullus was general, the Roman people opened Pontus, though it was defended both by the resources of the king and by the character of the country itself. Under the same general the army of the Roman people with no very great numbers, routed the countless hosts of the Armenians. It is the glory of the Roman people that, by the wisdom of that same general, the city of the Cyzicenes, most friendly to us, was delivered and preserved from all the attacks of the kind, and from the very jaws as it were of the whole war. Ours is the glory which will be forever celebrated, which is derived from the fleet of the enemy which was sunk after its admirals had been slain,

and from the marvellous naval battle off Tenedos: those trophies belong to us, those monuments are ours, those triumphs are ours. Therefore, I say that the men by whose genius these exploits are celebrated, make illustrious at the same time the glory of the Roman people. Our countryman, Ennius, was dear to the elder Africanus; and even on the tomb of the Scipios his effigy is believed to be visible, carved in the marble. But undoubtedly it is not only the men who are themselves praised who are done honor to by those praises, but the name of the Roman people also is adorned by them. Cato, the ancestor of this Cato, is extolled to the skies. Great honor is paid to the exploits of the Roman people. Lastly, all those great men, the Maximi, the Marcelli, and the Fulvii, are done honor to, not without all of us having also a share in the panegyric.

Therefore our ancestors received the man who was the cause of all this, a man of Rudiaë, into their city as a citizen; and shall we reject from our city a man of Heraclea, a man sought by many cities, and made a citizen of ours by these very laws?

For if any one thinks that there is a smaller gain of glory derived from Greek verses than from Latin ones, he is greatly mistaken, because Greek poetry is read among all nations, Latin is confined to its own natural limits, which are narrow enough. Wherefore, if those achievements which we have performed are limited only by the bounds of the whole world, we ought to desire that, wherever our vigor and our arms have penetrated, our glory and our fame should likewise extend. Because, as this is always an ample reward for those people whose achievements are the subject of writings, so especially is it the greatest inducement to encounter labors and dangers

to all men who fight for themselves for the sake of glory. How many historians of his exploits is Alexander the Great said to have had with him; and he, when standing on Cape Sigeum at the grave of Achilles, said, "O happy youth, to find Homer as the panegyrist of your glory!" And he said the truth; for, if the Iliad had not existed, the same tomb which covered his body would have also buried his renown. What, did not our own Magnus, whose valor has been equal to his fortune, present Theophanes the Mitylenæan, a relater of his actions, with the freedom of the city in an assembly of the soldiers? And those brave men, our countrymen, soldiers and country-bred men as they were, still being moved by the sweetness of glory, as if they were to some extent partakers of the same renown, showed their approbation of that action with a great shout. Therefore, I suppose, if Archias were not a Roman citizen according to the laws, he could not have contrived to get presented with the freedom of the city by some general! Sylla, when he was giving it to the Spaniards and Gauls, would, I suppose, have refused him if he had asked for it! a man whom we ourselves saw in the public assembly, when a bad poet of the common people had put a book in his hand, because he had made an epigram on him with every other verse too long, immediately ordered some of the things which he was selling at the moment to be given him as a reward, on condition of not writing anything more about him for the future. Would not he who thought the industry of a bad poet still worthy of some reward, have sought out the genius, and excellence, and copiousness in writing of this man? What more need I say? Could he not have obtained the freedom of the city from Quintus Metellus Pius, his own most intimate friend, who gave it to many men,

either by his own request, or by the intervention of the Luculli? especially when Metellus was so anxious to have his own deeds celebrated in writing, that he gave his attention willingly to poets born even at Cordova, whose poetry had a very heavy and foreign flavor.

For this should not be concealed, which cannot possibly be kept in the dark, but it might be avowed openly: we are all influenced by a desire of praise, and the best men are the most especially attracted by glory. Those very philosophers even in the books which they write about despising glory, put their own names on the title-page. In the very act of recording their contempt for renown and notoriety, they desire to have their own names known and talked of. Decimus Brutus, that most excellent citizen and consummate general, adorned the approaches to his temples and monuments with the verses of Attius. And lately that great man Fulvius, who fought with the *Ætolians*, having Ennius for his companion, did not hesitate to devote the spoils of Mars to the Muses. Wherefore, in a city in which generals, almost in arms, have paid respect to the name of poets and to the temples of the Muses, these judges in the garb of peace ought not to act in a manner inconsistent with the honor of the Muses and the safety of poets.

And that you may do that the more willingly, I will now reveal my own feelings to you, O judges, and I will make a confession to you of my own love of glory—too eager, perhaps, but still honorable. For this man has in his verses touched upon and begun the celebration of the deeds which we in our consulship did in union with you, for the safety of this city and empire, and in defence of the life of the citizens and of the whole republic. And when I had heard his commencement, because it appeared to me

to be a great subject and at the same time an agreeable one, I encouraged him to complete his work. For virtue seeks no other reward for its labors and its dangers beyond that of praise and renown; and if that be denied to it, what reason is there, O judges, why in so small and brief a course of life as is allotted to us we should impose such labors on ourselves? Certainly, if the mind had no anticipations of posterity, and if it were to confine all its thoughts within the same limits as those by which the space of our lives is bounded, it would neither break itself with such severe labors, nor would it be tormented with such cares and sleepless anxiety, nor would it so often have to fight for its very life. At present there is a certain virtue in every good man, which night and day stirs up the mind with the stimulus of glory, and reminds it that all mention of our name will not cease at the same time with our lives, but that our fame will endure to all posterity.

Do we all who are occupied in the affairs of the state, and who are surrounded by such perils and dangers in life, appear to be so narrow-minded, as, though to the last moment of our lives we have never passed one tranquil or easy moment, to think that everything will perish at the same time as ourselves? Ought we not, when many most illustrious men have with great care collected and left behind them statues and images, representations not of their minds but of their bodies, much more to desire to leave behind us a copy of our counsels and of our virtues, wrought and elaborated by the greatest genius? I thought, at the very moment of performing them that I was scattering and disseminating all the deeds which I was performing all over the world for the eternal recollection of nations. And whether that delight is to be denied to my soul after

death, or whether, as the wisest men have thought, it will affect some portion of my spirit, at all events, I am at present delighted with some such idea and hope.

Preserve then, O judges, a man of such virtue as that of Archias, which you see testified to you not only by the worth of his friends, but by the length of time during which they have been such to him; and of such genius as you ought to think is his, when you see that it has been sought by most illustrious men. And his cause is one which is approved of by the benevolence of the law, by the authority of his municipality, by the testimony of Lucullus, and by the documentary evidence of Metellus. And as this is the case, we do entreat you, O judges, if there may be any weight attached, I will not say to human, but even to divine recommendation in such important matters, to receive under your protection that man who has at all times done honor to your generals and to the exploits of the Roman people—who even in these recent perils of our own, and in your domestic dangers, promises to give an eternal testimony of praise in our favor, and who forms one of that band of poets who have at all times and in all nations been considered and called holy, so that he may seem relieved by your humanity, rather than overwhelmed by your severity.

The things which, according to my custom, I have said briefly and simply, O judges, I trust have been approved by all of you. Those things which I have spoken, without regarding the habits of the forum or judicial usage, both concerning the genius of the man and my own zeal in his behalf, I trust have been received by you in good part. That they have been so by him who presides at this trial, I am quite certain.

SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF QUINTUS LIGARIUS

A PLEA, NOT FOR JUSTICE, BUT FOR CLEMENCY

THE ARGUMENT

QUINTUS LIGARIUS was a Roman knight, who had been one of the lieutenants of Considius, the proconsul of Africa, and one of Pompey's partisans, and as such had borne arms against Cæsar in Africa, on which account he had gone into voluntary exile, to get out of the reach of the conqueror. But his two brothers had been on Cæsar's side, and had joined Pansa and Cicero in interceding with Cæsar to pardon him. While Cæsar was hesitating, Quintus Tubero, who was an ancient enemy of his, knowing that Cæsar was very unwilling to restore him (for Ligarius was a great lover of liberty), impeached him as having behaved with great violence in the prosecution of the African war against Cæsar, who privately encouraged this proceeding, and ordered the action to be tried in the forum, where he sat in person as judge to decide it; and so determined was he against Ligarius that he is said to have brought the sentence of condemnation with him into court, already drawn up and formally signed and sealed. But he was prevailed upon by Cicero's eloquence, which extorted from him a verdict of acquittal against his will; and he afterward pardoned Ligarius and allowed him to return to Rome.

Ligarius afterward became a great friend of Brutus, and joined him in the conspiracy against Cæsar.

IT IS a new crime, and one never heard of before this day, O Caius Cæsar, which my relation Quintus Tubero has brought before you, when he accuses Quintus Ligarius with having been in Africa; and that charge Caius Pansa, a man of eminent genius, relying, perhaps, on that intimacy with you which he enjoys, has ventured to confess. Therefore I do not know which way I had best proceed. For I had come prepared, as you did not know that fact of your own knowledge, and could not have heard it from any other quarter, to abuse your ignorance in order to further the safety of a miserable man. But, however, since

that which was previously unknown has been ferreted out by the diligence of his enemy, we must, I suppose, confess the truth; especially as my dear friend Caius Pansa has so acted that it would not now be in my power to deny it. Therefore, abandoning all dispute of the fact, all my speech must be addressed to your mercy; by which many have already been preserved, having besought of you, not a release from all guilt, but pardon from admitted error.

You, therefore, O Tubero, have that which is of all things most desirable for a prosecutor, a defendant who confesses his fault; but still, one who confesses it only so far as he admits that he was of the same party as you yourself, O Tubero, were, and as that man worthy of all praise, your father, also was. Therefore you must inevitably confess yourselves also to be guilty, before you can find fault with any part of the conduct of Ligarius.

Quintus Ligarius, then, at a time when there was no suspicion of war, went as lieutenant into Africa with Caius Considius, in which lieutenancy he made himself so acceptable, both to our citizens there and to our allies, that Considius on departing from the province could not have given satisfaction to those men if he had appointed any one else to govern it. Therefore, Quintus Ligarius, after refusing it for a long time without effect, took upon himself the government of the province against his will. And while peace lasted, he governed it in such a manner that his integrity and good faith were most acceptable both to our citizens and to our allies. On a sudden, war broke out, which those who were in Africa heard of as being actually raging before any rumor of its preparation had reached them. But when they did hear of it, partly out of an inconsiderate eagerness, partly out of some blind apprehension, they sought for

some one as a leader, at first only with the object of securing their safety, and afterward with that of indulging their party-spirit; while Ligarius, keeping his eyes fixed on home, and wishing to return to his friends, would not allow himself to be implicated in any business of the sort. In the meantime, Publius Attius Varus, who as prætor had obtained the province of Africa, came to Utica. Every one immediately flocked to him, and he seized on the government with no ordinary eagerness, if that may be called government which was conferred on him, while a private individual, by the clamor of an ignorant mob, without the sanction of any public council. Therefore, Ligarius, who was anxious to avoid being mixed up in any transactions of the sort, remained quiet for some time on the arrival of Varus.

Up to this point, O Caius Cæsar, Quintus Ligarius is free from all blame. He left his home, not only not for the purpose of joining in any war, but when there was not even the slightest suspicion of war. Having gone as lieutenant in time of peace, he behaved himself in a most peaceable province in such a manner that it wished that peace might last forever. Beyond all question, his departure from Rome with such an object ought not to be and cannot be offensive to you. Was, then, his remaining there offensive? Much less. For if it was no discreditable inclination that led to his going thither, it was even an honorable necessity which compelled him to remain. Both these times, then, are free from all fault—the time when he first went as lieutenant, and the time when, having been demanded by the province, he was appointed governor of Africa.

There is a third time: that during which he remained in Africa after the arrival of Varus; and if that is at all

criminal, the crime is one of necessity, not of inclination. Would he, if he could possibly have escaped thence by any means whatever, would he rather have been at Utica than at Rome—with Publius Attius, in preference to his own most united brothers? would he rather have been among strangers than with his own friends? When his lieutenancy itself had been full of regret and anxiety on account of the extraordinary affection subsisting between him and his brothers, could he possibly remain there with any equanimity when separated from those brothers by the discord of war?

You have, therefore, O Cæsar, no sign as yet of the affections of Quintus Ligarius being alienated from you. And observe, I entreat you, with what good faith I am defending his cause. I am betraying my own by so doing. O the admirable clemency, deserving to be celebrated by all possible praise, and publicity, and writings, and monuments! Marcus Cicero is urging in Ligarius's defence before you, that the inclinations of another were not the same as he admits his own to have been; nor does he fear your silent thoughts, nor is he under any apprehension as to what, while you are hearing of the conduct of another, may occur to you respecting his own.

See how entirely free from fear I am. See how brilliantly the light of your liberality and wisdom rises upon me while speaking before you! As far as I can, I will lift up my voice so that the Roman people may hear me. When the war began, O Cæsar, when it was even very greatly advanced toward its end, I, though compelled by no extraneous force, of my own free judgment and inclination went to join that party which had taken up arms against you. Before whom now am I saying this? For-

sooth, before the man who, though he was acquainted with this, nevertheless restored me to the republic before he saw me; who sent letters to me from Egypt, to desire me to behave as I always had behaved; who, when he himself might have been the sole leader of the Roman people in the whole empire, still permitted me to be the other; by whose gift it was (this very Caius Pansa, who is here present, bringing me the news) that I retained the fasces wreathed with laurel, as long as I thought it becoming to retain them at all, and who would not have considered that he was giving me safety at all, if he did not give it me without my being stripped of any of my previous distinctions.

Observe, I pray you, O Tubero, how I, who do not hesitate to speak of my own conduct, do not venture to make any confession with respect to Ligarius: and I have said thus much respecting myself, to induce Tubero to excuse me when I say the same things of him. For I look in the forum on his industry and desire of glory, either on account of the nearness of our relationship, or because I am delighted with his genius and with his earnestness, or because I think that the praises of a young man who is my relative redound somewhat to my own credit. But I ask this—Who is it who thinks that it was any crime in Ligarius to have been in Africa? Why, the very man who himself also wished to be in Africa, and who complains that he was prevented by Ligarius from going there, and who certainly was in arms and fought against Cæsar. For, O Tubero, what was that drawn sword of yours doing in the battle of Pharsalia? against whose side was that sword-point of yours aimed? What was the feeling with which you took up arms? What was your intention? Where were your eyes? your hands? your eagerness of mind? What were you

desirous of? What were you wishing for? I am pressing you too hard. The young man appears to be moved. I will return to myself. I also was in arms in the same camp.

But what other object had we, O Tubero, except to be able to do what this man can do now? Shall, then, O Cæsar, the speech of those men spur you on to deeds of cruelty, whose impunity is the great glory of your clemency? And in this cause, in truth, O Tubero, I am somewhat at a loss to discern your usual prudence, but much more so to see the sagacity of your father, since that man, eminent both for genius and erudition, did not perceive what sort of case this was. For if he had perceived it, he would, I doubt not, have preferred that you should conduct it in any manner in the world, rather than as you did.

You are accusing one who confesses the facts which you allege against him. That is not enough. You are accusing one who has a case, as I say, better than your own, or, as you yourself allow, at least as good as yours. This is strange enough; but what I am about to say is a perfect miracle. That accusation of yours does not tend to the point of procuring the condemnation of Quintus Ligarius, but of causing his death. And this is an object which no Roman citizen has ever pursued before you. That way of acting is quite foreign. It is the hatred of fickle Greeks or of savage barbarians that is usually excited to the pitch of thirsting for blood. For what else is your object? To prevent him from being at Rome? To deprive him of his country? To hinder him from living with his excellent brothers, with this Titus Brocchus, whom you see in court, his uncle, or with Brocchus's son, his cousin? To prevent his appearing in his country? Is that it? Can he be more deprived of all these things than he is already? He is

prevented from approaching Italy; he is banished. You, therefore, do not wish to deprive him of his country, of which he already is deprived, but of his life.

But even in the time of that dictator who punished with death every one whom he disliked, no one ever proceeded in that manner to accomplish such an end. He himself ordered men to be slain, without any one asking him; he even invited men to slay them by rewards; and that cruelty of his was avenged some years afterward by this selfsame man whom you now wish to become cruel!

"But I am not asking for his death," you will say. I think indeed that you do not intend to do so, O Tubero. For I know you, I know your father, I know your birth and your name, and the pursuits of your race and family; your love of virtue, and civilization, and learning; your many admirable qualities—all are known to me. Therefore I know for a certainty that you are not thirsting for blood, but you give no heed to the effect of your prosecution. For the transaction has this tendency, to make you seem not contented with that punishment under which Quintus Ligarius is at present suffering. What further punishment then is there but death? For if he be in exile, as he is, what more do you require? That he may never be pardoned? But this is much more bitter and much harsher. That which we begged for at his house with prayers and tears, throwing ourselves at his feet, trusting not so much to the strength of our cause as to his humanity, will you now struggle to prevent our obtaining? Will you interrupt our weeping? and will you forbid us to speak, lying at his feet, with the voice of suppliants? If, when we were doing this at his house, as we did, and as I hope we did not do in vain, you had all on a sudden burst in, and had begun to

cry out, "O Caius Cæsar, beware how you pardon, beware how you pity brothers entreating you for the safety of their brother," would you not have renounced all humanity by such conduct? How much harder is this, for you to oppose in the forum what we begged of him in his own house! and while numbers are in this distress, to take away from them the refuge which they might find in his clemency!

I will speak plainly, O Caius Cæsar, what I feel. If in this splendid fortune of yours your lenity had not been as great as you of your own accord—of your own accord, I say (I know well what I am saying), make it, that victory of yours would have been pregnant with the bitterest grief to the state. For how many of the conquering party must have been found who would have wished you to be cruel, when some of even the conquered party are found to wish it! how many who, wishing no one to be pardoned by you, would have thrown obstacles in the way of your clemency, when even those men whom you yourself have pardoned are unwilling that you should be merciful to others!

But if we could prove to Cæsar that Ligarius was actually not in Africa at all, if we wished to save an unfortunate citizen by an honorable and merciful falsehood; still it would not be the act of a man, in a case of such danger and peril to a fellow citizen, to contradict and refute our falsehood; and if it were decent for any one to do so, it would certainly not be so for one who had himself been in the same case and condition. But, however, it is one thing to be unwilling that Cæsar should make a mistake, and another to be unwilling that he should be merciful. Then you would say, "Beware, O Cæsar, of believing all this—Ligarius was in Africa. He did bear arms against you." But now what is it that you say? **"Take care you do not**

pardon him." This is not the language of a man; but he who uses it to you, O Caius Cæsar, will find it an easier matter to abjure his own humanity than to strip you of yours.

And the first beginning, and the first proposition of Tubero, I imagine, was this; that he intended to speak of the wickedness of Quintus Ligarius. I make no doubt that you wondered how it was that no one made this statement respecting some one else, or how it was that he made it who had been in the same condition himself, or what new crime it was which he was bringing forward. Do you call that wickedness, Tubero? Why so? For that cause has not as yet been attacked by that name. Some call it mistake; some call it fear; those who give it a harder name term it hope, ambition, hatred, obstinacy; those who use the hardest language style it rashness. But up to this time no one except you has ever called it wickedness. My own opinion is, if any one seeks for a proper and accurate name for our misfortune, that some disaster sent by destiny descended upon and occupied the improvident minds of men; so that no one ought to wonder that human counsels were overruled by divine necessity.

Let it be allowed to us to be miserable, although that we cannot be when this man is our conqueror. But I am not speaking of those who have perished. Grant that they were ambitious, that they were angry, that they were obstinate men; but still let Cnæus Pompeius, for he is dead, and let many others with him, be free from the imputation of wickedness, of insanity, of parricide. When did any one hear such an expression from you, O Caius Cæsar? or what other object did your arms propose to themselves except the repelling insult from yourself? What was it that was

accomplished by that invincible army of yours, beyond the preservation of its own rights, and of your dignity? What? when you were anxious for peace, was it your object to be able to come to terms of agreement with the wicked, or with the virtuous part of the citizens? To me, of a truth, O Cæsar, your services toward me, immense as they are, would certainly not appear so great, if I thought that I had been preserved by you while you considered me a wicked man. And how could you possibly have deserved well of the republic, if you had wished so many wicked men to remain with all their dignity unimpaired? Originally, O Cæsar, you considered that as a secession, not as a declaration of war; you considered it as a demonstration not of hostile hatred, but of civil dissension, in which both parties desired the safety of the republic, but some departed from measures calculated for the general welfare out of an error of judgment, and some out of party spirit. The dignity of the leaders was nearly on a par; but that of those who followed them was perhaps not quite equal; the justice of the cause, too, was at that time doubtful, because there was something on each side which deserved to be approved of; but now that is unquestionably entitled to be thought the better cause which even the gods assisted. But now that your clemency is known, who is there who does not think well of that victory, in which no one has fallen except those who fell with arms in their hands?

But to say no more of the general question, let us come to our own individual case. Which do you think was easiest, O Tubero, for Ligarius to depart from Africa, or for you to abstain from coming into Africa? "Could we so abstain," you will say, "after the senate had voted that we should do so?" If you ask me, I say, certainly not. But

still the same senate had appointed Ligarius lieutenant. And he obeyed them at a time when men were forced to obey the senate; but you obeyed at a time when no one obeyed them who did not like it. Do I then find fault with you? By no means;—for a man of your family, of your name, of your race, of your hereditary principles, could not act otherwise. But I do not grant that you have a right to reprove in others the very same conduct which you boast of in yourselves.

Tubero's lot was drawn in pursuance of a resolution of the senate when he himself was not present, when he was even hindered by sickness from being present. He had made up his mind to excuse himself. I know all this from the great intimacy which exists between Lucius Tubero and myself: we were brought up together, in our campaigns we were comrades, afterward we became connected by marriage, and throughout the whole of our lives, in short, we have been friends; it has been, moreover, a great bond between us, that we have been devoted to the same studies. I know, therefore, that Tubero wished to remain at home; but there was a person who contrived matters in such a way, who put forth that most holy name of the republic so artfully, that even had his sentiments been different from what they were, he would not have been able to support the weight of his language. He submitted to the authority of a most distinguished man, or, I should rather say, he obeyed him. He went off at the same time with those men who were already embarked in the same cause, but he made his journey slower than they. Therefore, he arrived in Africa when it was already occupied; and from this it is that the charge against Ligarius, or rather the enmity against him, has its rise. For if it be a crime in him to

have wished to hinder you, it is a no less serious one for you to have wished to obtain Africa, the citadel of all the provinces, a land created for the purpose of waging war against this city, than for somebody else to have preferred obtaining it himself—and that somebody was not Ligarius. Varus kept saying, that he had the command there; the fasces he certainly had. But however the case, as to that part of it, may be, what weight is there, O Tubero, in this complaint of yours? “We were admitted into the province.” Well, suppose you had been admitted? was it your object to deliver it up to Cæsar, or to hold it against Cæsar?

See, O Cæsar, what license, or rather what audacity, your liberality gives us. If Tubero replies that his father would have given up to you that province to which the senate and the lot which he drew had sent him, I will not hesitate in severe language to reprove that design of his before you yourself, to whose advantage it was that he should do so. For even if the action had been an acceptable one to you, it would not have been thought an honest one by you. But, however, all these topics I will pass over, not so much for fear of offending your most patient ears, as because that I do not wish that Tubero should appear to have been likely to do what he never thought of.

You two came, then, into the province of Africa—the province of all others that was most hostile to the views of this victorious party, in which there was a most powerful king, an enemy to this cause, and in which the inclinations of a large and powerful body of Roman settlers were entirely adverse to it. I ask what you intended to do? Though I do not really doubt what you intended to do,

when I see what you have done. You were forbidden to set foot in your province, and forbidden, as you state yourselves, with the greatest insults. How did you bear that? To whom did you carry your complaints of the insults which you had received? Why, to that man whose authority you had followed when you came to join his party in the war. If it had been in Cæsar's cause that you were coming to the province, unquestionably, when excluded from the province, it was to him that you would have gone. But you came to Pompeius. What is the meaning, then, of this complaint which you now urge before Cæsar, when you accuse that man by whom you complain that you were prevented from waging war against Cæsar? And as to this part of the business you may boast, for all I care, even though it will be falsely, that you would have given the province up to Cæsar, even if you had been forbidden by Varus and by some others. But I will confess that the fault was all Ligarius's, who deprived you of an opportunity of acquiring so much glory.

But observe, I pray you, O Caius Cæsar, the consistency of that most accomplished man, Lucius Tubero, which even though I thought as highly of it as I do, I still would not mention, if I were not aware that that is a virtue which you are in the habit of praising as much as any. Where, then, was there ever an example of such great consistency in any man? Consistency, do I say? I do not know whether I might not more fitly call it patience. For how few men would have acted in such a manner as to return to that same party by which he had been rejected in a time of civil dissension, and rejected even with cruelty! That is the act of a great mind, and of a man whom no contumely, no violence, and no danger can turn from a side which he has

espoused, and from an opinion which he has adopted. Grant that in all other respects Tubero and Varus were on a par, as to honor, that is, and nobleness of birth, and respectability, and genius—which, however, was by no means the case; at all events, Tubero had this great advantage, that he had come to his own province with a legitimate command, in pursuance of a resolution of the senate. When he was prevented from entering it, he did not betake himself to Cæsar, lest he should appear to be in a passion—he did not go home, lest he should be thought inactive—he did not go into any other district, lest he might seem to condemn that cause which he had espoused. He came into Macedonia to the camp of Cnæus Pompeius, to join that very party by whom he had been repulsed with every circumstance of insult.

What? when that affair had had no effect on the mind of the man to whom you came, you behaved, after that, with a more languid zeal, I suppose, in his cause? You only stayed in some garrison? But your affections were alienated from his cause? Or were we all, as is the case in a civil war, and not more with respect to you two, than with respect to others—were we all wholly occupied with a desire of victory? I, indeed, was at all times an advocate of peace, but that time I was too late. For it was the part of a madman to think of peace when he saw the hostile army in battle array. We all, every one of us, I say, were eager for victory; you most especially, as you had come into a place where you must inevitably perish if your side were not victorious. Although, as the result now turns out, I make no doubt that you consider your present safety preferable to what would have been the consequences of victory.

I would not say these things, O Tubero, if you had any reason to repent of your consistency, or Cæsar of his kindness. I ask now whether you are seeking to avenge your own injuries, or those of the republic? If those of the republic, what reply can you make with respect to your perseverance in the cause of that other party? If your own, take care that you are not making a great mistake in thinking that Cæsar will be angry with your enemies, after he has pardoned his own.

Do I, then, appear to you, O Cæsar, to be occupied in the cause of Ligarius? Do I appear to be speaking of his conduct? In whatever I have said, I have endeavored to refer everything to the leading idea of your humanity, or clemency, or mercy, whichever may be its most proper name. I have, indeed, O Caius Cæsar, pleaded many causes with you, while your pursuit of honors detained you in the forum; but certainly I never pleaded in this way, "Pardon my client, O judges; he has erred, he has tripped, he did not think. . . . If ever hereafter . . ." This is the sort of way in which one pleads with a parent, to judges one says, "He never did it, he never thought of it, the witnesses are false, the accusation is false." Say, O Cæsar, that you are sitting as judge on the conduct of Ligarius. Ask me in what garrisons he was. I make no reply. I do not even adduce these arguments, which, perhaps, might have weight even with a judge—"He went as a lieutenant before the war broke out; he was left there in time of peace; he was overtaken by the war; in the war itself he was not cruel; he was in disposition and zeal wholly yours." This is the way in which men are in the habit of pleading before a judge. But I am addressing a parent. "I have erred; I have acted rashly; I repent; I

flee to your clemency; I beg pardon for my fault; I entreat you to pardon me." If no one has gained such indulgence from you, it is an arrogant address. But if many have, then do you give us assistance who have already given us hope. Is it possible that Ligarius should have no reason for hope, when I am allowed to approach you even for the purpose of entreating mercy for another? Although the hope which we entertain in this cause does not rest upon this oration of mine, nor on the zeal of those who entreat you for Ligarius, intimate friends of your own.

For I have seen and known what it was that you mainly considered when many men were exerting themselves for any one's safety; I have seen that the causes of those who were entreating you had more weight with you than the persons of the advocates, and that you considered, not how much the man who was entreating you was your friend, but how much he was the friend of him for whom he was exerting himself. Therefore, you grant your friends so many favors, that they who enjoy your liberality appear to me sometimes to be happier than you yourself who give them so much. But, however, I see, as I said before, that the causes of those who entreat your mercy have more weight with you than the entreaties themselves; and that you are most moved by those men whose grief, which they display in their petitions to you, is the most genuine.

In preserving Quintus Ligarius you will do what will be acceptable to numbers of your intimate friends; but, I entreat you, give weight to the considerations which are accustomed to influence you. I can mention to you most brave men, Sabines, men most highly esteemed by you; and the whole of the Sabine district, the flower of Italy and the chief strength of the republic. You are well acquainted

with the men. Observe the sadness and grief of all these men. You see yourself the tears and mourning attire of Titus Brocchus, who is here present, and I am in no doubt as to what your opinion of him is: you see the grief of his son. Why need I speak of the brothers of Ligarius? Do not fancy, O Cæsar, that we are pleading for the life of one individual only. You must either retain all three of the Ligarii in the city, or banish them all three from the city. Any exile is more desirable for them than their own country, their own house, and their own household gods will be, if this their brother is banished by himself. If they act as brothers should—if they behave with affection and with genuine grief, then let their tears, their affection, and their relationship as brothers move you. Let that expression of yours have weight now which gained the victory; for we heard that you said that we thought all men our enemies but those who were with us; but that you considered all men as your friends who were not actually arrayed against you. Do you see, then, this most respectable band; do you see the whole house of the Brocchi here present, and Lucius Marcius, and Caius Cæsetius, and Lucius Corfidius, and all these Roman knights, who are present here in mourning garments—men who are not only well known to but highly esteemed by you? They all were with you then; and we were full of anger against them—we were attacking them; some even personally threatened them. Preserve, therefore, their friends to your friends; so that, like everything else which has been said by you, this, too, may be found to be strictly true.

But if you were able to look into the hearts of the Ligarii, so as to see the perfect unanimity which subsists

between them, you would think that all the brothers were on your side. Can any one entertain a doubt that, if Quintus Ligarius had been able to be in Italy, he would also have adopted the same opinions as his brothers adopted? Who is there who is not acquainted with the harmony existing between them, united and molten together, as I may say, by their nearness of age to one another? Who does not feel that anything in the world was more likely than that these brothers should adopt different opinions and embrace different parties? By inclination, therefore, they were all with you. Owing to the necessity of the times, one was separated from you; but he, even if he had done what he did deliberately, would still have been only like those men whom, nevertheless, you have shown yourself desirous to save.

However, grant that he went up of his own accord to the war, and that he departed, not only from you, but also from his brothers. These friends of your own entreat you to pardon him. I, indeed, at the time when I was present at, and mixed up in, all your affairs, remember well what was the behavior of Titus Ligarius at that time, when he was city quæstor, with reference to you and your dignity. But it is of no importance for me to remember this. I hope that you, too, who are not in the habit of forgetting anything, except the injuries which have been done to you, since it is a part of your character, a part of your natural disposition, to do so, while you are thinking of the manner in which he conducted himself in the discharge of his duty as quæstor, and while you remember, too, how some other quæstors behaved—I hope, I say, that you will also recollect this.

This Titus Ligarius, then, who had at that time no other

object except to induce you to think him attached to your interests, and a virtuous man also (for he could never foresee these present circumstances), now as a suppliant begs the safety of his brother from you. And when, urged by the recollection of his devotion to you, you have granted that safety to these men, you will by so doing have made a present of three most virtuous and upright brothers, not only to themselves, nor to these men, numerous and respectable as they are, nor to us who are their intimate friends, but also to the republic. That, therefore, which in the case of that most noble and most illustrious man, Marcus Marcellus, you lately did in the senate house, do now also in the forum with respect to these most virtuous brothers, who are so highly esteemed by all the crowd here present. As you granted him to the senate, so grant this man to the people, whose affections you have always considered most important to you. And if that day was one most glorious to you, and at the same time most acceptable to the Roman people, do not, I entreat you—do not hesitate to earn the praise of a glory like that as frequently as possible.

For there is nothing so calculated to win the affections of the people as kindness. Of all your many virtues, there is none more admirable, none more beloved than your mercy. For there is no action by which men make a nearer approach to the gods, than by conferring safety on others. Fortune has no greater gifts for you than when it bestows on you the ability—nature has no better endowment for you than when it bestows on you the will, to save as many people as possible. The cause of my client, perhaps requires a longer speech than this: a shorter one would certainly be sufficient for a man of your natural disposition. Wherefore as I think it more desirable for you to converse

as it were, with yourself, than for me. or any one else to be speaking to you, I shall now make an end. This only will I remind you of, that if you do grant this protection to him who is absent, you will be giving it also to all these men who are here present.

THE FIRST ORATION AGAINST VERRES

THE ARGUMENT

It was decided that Cicero should conduct the prosecution against Verres for misconduct in Sicily; accordingly, a hundred and ten days were allowed him to prepare the evidence, with which object he went himself to Sicily to examine witnesses, and to collect facts in support of his charges, taking with him his cousin Lucius Cicero as an assistant, and in this journey, contrary to all precedent, he bore his own expenses, resolving to put the island to no charge on his account. At Syracuse the prætor, Metellus, endeavored to obstruct him in his inquiries, but the magistrates received him with great respect, and, declaring to him that all that they had previously done in favor of Verres (for they had erected a gilt statue of him, and had sent a testimonial of his good conduct and kind government of them to Rome) had been extorted from them by intrigue and terror, they delivered into his hands authentic accounts of many injuries their city had received from Verres, and they revoked by a formal decree the public praises which they had given him. Messana, however, continued firm in its engagements to Verres, and denied Cicero all the honors to which he was entitled. When he finished his investigations, apprehending that he might be waylaid by the contrivance of Verres, he returned by sea to Rome, where he found intrigues carrying on to protract the affair as much as possible, in order to delay the decision of it till the year following, when Hortensius and Metellus were to be the consuls, and the brother of Metellus was to be prætor, by whose united authority the prosecution might be stifled: and it was now so late in the year that there was not time to bring the trial to an end, if the ordinary course of proceeding was adhered to. But Cicero, determined to bring on the decision while Glabrio continued prætor, abandoned his idea of making a long speech, and of taking up time in dilating on and enforcing the different counts of the indictment, and resolved to do nothing more than produce his witnesses, and offer them to examination; and this novel method of conducting the case, together with the powerful evidence produced, which he could not invalidate, so confounded Hortensius, that he could find nothing to say in his client's defence, who in despair went of his own accord into banishment.

The object of Cicero in this oration is to show that it is out of sheer necessity that he does this, and that he is driven to such a proceeding by the intrigues of the opposite party. He therefore exhorts the judges not to be intimidated or cajoled into a dishonest decision, and threatens the opposite party with punishment for endeavoring to corrupt the judges. The other orations against Verres were published, but not spoken. This single speech sufficed.

THAT which was above all things to be desired, O judges, and which above all things was calculated to have the greatest influence toward allaying the unpopularity of your order, and putting an end to the discredit into which your judicial decisions have fallen, appears to have been thrown in your way, and given to you not by any human contrivance, but almost by the interposition of the gods, at a most important crisis of the republic. For an opinion has now become established, pernicious to us, and pernicious to the republic, which has been the common talk of every one, not only at Rome, but among foreign nations also—that in the courts of law as they exist at present, no wealthy man, however guilty he may be, can possibly be convicted. Now at this time of peril to your order and to your tribunals, when men are ready to attempt by harangues, and by the proposal of new laws, to increase the existing unpopularity of the senate, Caius Verres is brought to trial as a criminal, a man condemned in the opinion of every one by his life and actions, but acquitted by the enormity of his wealth according to his own hope and boast. I, O judges, have undertaken this cause as prosecutor with the greatest good wishes and expectation on the part of the Roman people, not in order to increase the unpopularity of the senate, but to relieve it from the discredit which I share with it. For I have brought before you a man, by acting

justly in whose case you have an opportunity of retrieving the lost credit of your judicial proceedings, of regaining your credit with the Roman people, and of giving satisfaction to foreign nations; a man, the embezzler of the public funds, the petty tyrant of Asia and Pamphylia, the robber who deprived the city of its rights, the disgrace and ruin of the province of Sicily. And if you come to a decision about this man with severity and a due regard to your oaths, that authority which ought to remain in you will cling to you still; but if that man's vast riches shall break down the sanctity and honesty of the courts of justice, at least I shall achieve this, that it shall be plain that it was rather honest judgment that was wanting to the republic, than a criminal to the judges, or an accuser to the criminal.

I, indeed, that I may confess to you the truth about myself, O judges, though many snares were laid for me by Caius Verres, both by land and sea, which I partly avoided by my own vigilance, and partly warded off by the zeal and kindness of my friends, yet I never seemed to be incurring so much danger, and I never was in such a state of great apprehension, as I am now in this very court of law. Nor does the expectation which people have formed of my conduct of this prosecution, nor this concourse of so vast a multitude as is here assembled, influence me (though, indeed, I am greatly agitated by these circumstances) so much as his nefarious plots which he is endeavoring to lay at one and the same time against me, against you, against Marcus Glabrio the prætor, and against the allies, against foreign nations, against the senate, and even against the very name of senator; whose favorite saying it is that they have got to fear who have stolen only as much as is enough for themselves, but that he has stolen so much that

it may easily be plenty for many; that nothing is so holy that it cannot be corrupted, or so strongly fortified that it cannot be stormed by money. But if he were as secret in acting as he is audacious in attempting, perhaps in some particular he might some time or other have escaped our notice. But it happens very fortunately that to his incredible audacity there is joined a most unexampled folly. For as he was unconcealed in committing his robberies of money, so in his hope of corrupting the judges he has made his intentions and endeavors visible to every one. He says that once only in his life has he felt fear, at the time when he was first impeached as a criminal by me; because he was only lately arrived from his province, and was branded with unpopularity and infamy, not modern but ancient and of long standing; and, besides that, the time was unlucky, being very ill-suited for corrupting the judges. Therefore, when I had demanded a very short time to prosecute my inquiries in Sicily, he found a man to ask for two days less to make investigations in Achaia; not with any real intention of doing the same with his diligence and industry that I have accomplished by my labor, and daily and nightly investigations. For the Achæan inquisitor never even arrived at Brundisium. I in fifty days so travelled over the whole of Sicily that I examined into the records and injuries of all the tribes and of all private individuals, so that it was easily visible to every one that he had been seeking out a man not really for the purpose of bringing the defendant whom he accused to trial, but merely to occupy the time which ought to belong to me.

Now that most audacious and most senseless man thinks this. He is aware that I am come into court so thoroughly prepared and armed that I shall fix all his thefts and crimes

not only in your ears, but in the very eyes of all men. He sees that many senators are witnesses of his audacity; he sees that many Roman knights are so too, and many citizens, and many of the allies besides to whom he has done unmistakable injuries. He sees also that very numerous and very important deputations have come here at the same time from most friendly cities, armed with the public authority and evidence collected by their states. And though this is the case, still he thinks so ill of all virtuous men, to such an extent does he believe the decisions of the senators to be corrupt and profligate, that he makes a custom of openly boasting that it was not without reason that he was greedy of money, since he now finds that there is such protection in money, and that he has bought (what was the hardest thing of all) the very time of his trial, in order to be able to buy everything else more easily; so that, as he could not by any possibility shirk the force of the accusations altogether, he might avoid the most violent gusts of the storm. But if he had placed any hope at all, not only in his cause, but in any honorable defence, or in the eloquence or in the influence of any one, he would not be so eager in collecting and catching at all these things; he would not scorn and despise the senatorial body to such a degree, as to procure a man to be selected out of the senate at his will to be made a criminal of, who should plead his cause before him, while he in the meantime was preparing whatever he had need of. And what the circumstances are on which he founds his hopes, and what hopes he builds on them, and what he is fixing his mind on, I see clearly. But how he can have the confidence to think that he can effect anything with the present prætor, and the present bench of judges, I cannot conceive. This one thing I know, which

the Roman people perceived, too, when he rejected the judges, that his hopes were of that nature that he placed all his expectations of safety in his money; and that if this protection were taken from him he thought nothing would be any help to him.

In truth, what genius is there so powerful, what faculty of speaking, what eloquence so mighty, as to be in any particular able to defend the life of that man, convicted as it is of so many vices and crimes, and long since condemned by the inclinations and private sentiments of every one. And, to say nothing of the stains and disgraces of his youth, what other remarkable event is there in his quæstorship, that first step to honor, except that Cnæus Carbo was robbed by his quæstor of the public money? that the consul was plundered and betrayed? his army deserted? his province abandoned? the holy nature and obligations imposed on him by lot violated?—whose lieutenantancy was the ruin of all Asia and Pamphylia, in which provinces he plundered many houses, very many cities, all the shrines and temples; when he renewed and repeated against Cnæus Dolabella his ancient wicked tricks when he had been quæstor, and did not only in his danger desert, but even attack and betray the man to whom he had been lieutenant, and proquæstor, and whom he had brought into odium by his crimes;—whose city prætorship was the destruction of the sacred temples and the public works, and, as to his legal decisions, was the adjudging and awarding of property contrary to all established rules and precedents. But now he has established great and numerous monuments and proofs of all his vices in the province of Sicily, which he for three years so harassed and ruined that it can by no possibility be restored to its

former condition, and appears scarcely able to be at all recovered after a long series of years, and a long succession of virtuous prætors. While this man was prætor the Sicilians enjoyed neither their own laws, nor the decrees of our senate, nor the common rights of every nation. Every one in Sicily has only so much left as either escaped the notice or was disregarded by the satiety of that most avaricious and licentious man.

No legal decision for three years was given on any other ground but his will; no property was so secure to any man, even if it had descended to him from his father and grandfather, but he was deprived of it at his command; enormous sums of money were exacted from the property of the cultivators of the soil by a new and nefarious system. The most faithful of the allies were classed in the number of enemies. Roman citizens were tortured and put to death like slaves; the greatest criminals were acquitted in the courts of justice through bribery; the most upright and honorable men, being prosecuted while absent, were condemned and banished without being heard in their own defence; the most fortified harbors, the greatest and strongest cities, were laid open to pirates and robbers; the sailors and soldiers of the Sicilians, our own allies and friends, died of hunger; the best built fleets on the most important stations were lost and destroyed, to the great disgrace of the Roman people. This same man while prætor plundered and stripped those most ancient monuments, some erected by wealthy monarchs and intended by them as ornaments for their cities; some, too, the work of our own generals, which they either gave or restored as conquerors to the different states in Sicily. And he did this not only in the case of public statues and ornaments, but he also plundered all the temples consecrated

in the deepest religious feelings of the people. He did not leave, in short, one god to the Sicilians which appeared to him to be made in a tolerably workmanlike manner, and with any of the skill of the ancients. I am prevented by actual shame from speaking of his nefarious licentiousness as shown in rapes and other such enormities; and I am unwilling also to increase the distress of those men who have been unable to preserve their children and their wives unpolluted by his wanton lust. But, you will say, these things were done by him in such a manner as not to be notorious to all men. I think there is no man who has heard his name who cannot also relate wicked actions of his; so that I ought rather to be afraid of being thought to omit many of his crimes than to invent any charges against him. And, indeed, I do not think that this multitude which has collected to listen to me wishes so much to learn of me what the facts of the case are, as to go over it with me, refreshing its recollection of what it knows already.

And as this is the case, that senseless and profligate man attempts to combat me in another manner. He does not seek to oppose the eloquence of any one else to me; he does not rely on the popularity, or influence, or authority of any one. He pretends that he trusts to these things; but I see what he is really aiming at (and, indeed, he is not acting with any concealment). He sets before me empty titles of nobility, that is to say, the names of arrogant men, who do not hinder me so much by being noble as assist me by being notorious—he pretends to rely on their protection; when he has in reality been contriving something else this long time. What hope he now has, and what he is endeavoring to do, I will now briefly explain to you, O

judges. But, first of all, remark, I beg you, how the matter has been arranged by him from the beginning. When he first returned from the province he endeavored to get rid of this prosecution by corrupting the judges at a great expense; and this object he continued to keep in view till the conclusion of the appointment of the judges. After the judges were appointed, because in drawing lots for them the fortune of the Roman people had defeated his hopes, and in the rejecting some my diligence had defeated his impudence, the whole attempt at bribery was abandoned. The affair was going on admirably; lists of your names and of the whole tribunal were in every one's hands. It did not seem possible to mark the votes of these men with any distinguishing mark or color or spot of dirt; and that fellow, from having been brisk and in high spirits, became on a sudden so downcast and humbled that he seemed to be condemned not only by the Roman people but even by himself. But lo! all of a sudden, within these few days, since the consular comitia have taken place, he has gone back to his original plan with more money, and the same plots are now laid against your reputation and against the fortunes of every one, by the instrumentality of the same people; which fact at first, O judges, was pointed out to me by a very slight hint and indication; but afterward, when my suspicions were once aroused, I arrived at the knowledge of all the most secret counsels of that party without any mistake.

For as Hortensius the consul elect was being attended home again from the Campus by a great concourse and multitude of people, Caius Curio fell in with that multitude by chance—a man whom I wish to name by way of honor rather than of disparagement. I will tell you what, if he had been unwilling to have it mentioned, he would

not have spoken of in so large an assembly so openly and undisguisedly; which, however, shall be mentioned by me deliberately and cautiously, that it may be seen that I pay due regard to our friendship and to his dignity. He sees Verres in the crowd by the arch of Fabius; he speaks to the man, and with a loud voice congratulates him on his victory. He does not say a word to Hortensius himself, who had been made consul, or to his friends and relations who were present attending on him; but he stops to speak to this man, embraces him, and bids him cast off all anxiety. "I give you notice," said he, "that you have been acquitted by this day's comitia." And as many most honorable men heard this, it is immediately reported to me; indeed, every one who saw me mentioned it to me the first thing. To some it appeared scandalous, to others ridiculous; ridiculous to those who thought that this cause depended on the credibility of the witnesses, on the importance of the charges, and on the power of the judges, and not on the consular comitia; scandalous to those who looked deeper, and who thought that this congratulation had reference to the corruption of the judge. In truth, they argued in this manner—the most honorable men spoke to one another and to me in this manner—that there were now manifestly and undeniably no courts of justice at all. The very criminal who the day before thought that he was already condemned, is acquitted now that his defender has been made consul. What are we to think then? Will it avail nothing that all Sicily, all the Sicilians, that all the merchants who have business in that country, that all public and private documents are now at Rome? Nothing, if the consul elect wills it otherwise. What! will not the judges be influenced by the accusation, by the evidence, by the

universal opinion of the Roman people? No. Everything will be governed by the power and authority of one man.

I will speak the truth, O judges. This thing agitated me greatly; for every good man was speaking in this way —“That fellow will be taken out of your hands; but we shall not preserve our judicial authority much longer; for who, when Verres is acquitted, will be able to make any objection to transferring it from us?” It was a grievous thing to every one, and the sudden elation of that profligate man did not weigh with them as much as that fresh congratulation of a very honorable one. I wished to dissemble my own vexation at it; I wished to conceal my own grief of mind under a cheerful countenance, and to bury it in silence. But lo! on the very days when the prætors elected were dividing their duties by lot, and when it fell to the share of Marcus Metellus to hold trials concerning extortion, information is given me that that fellow was receiving such congratulations that he also sent men home to announce it to his wife. And this too in truth displeased me; and yet I was not quite aware what I had so much to fear from this allotment of the prætor’s duties. But I ascertained this one thing from trustworthy men from whom I received all my intelligence: that many chests full of Sicilian money had been sent by some senator to a Roman knight, and that of these about ten chests had been left at that senator’s house, with the statement that they were left to be used in the comitia when I expected to be elected ædile, and that men to distribute this money among all the tribes had been summoned to attend him by night. Of whom one, who thought himself under the greatest obligations to me, came to me that same night; reports to me the speech which that fellow had addressed to them; that

he had reminded them how liberally he had treated them formerly when he was candidate for the prætorship, and at the last consular and prætorian comitia; and in the second place that he had promised them immediately whatever money they required, if they could procure my rejection from the ædileship. That on this some of them said that they did not dare attempt it; that others answered that they did not think it could be managed; but that one bold friend was found, a man of the same family as himself, Quintus Verres, of the Romilian tribe, of the most perfect school of bribers, the pupil and friend of Verres's father, who promised that, if five hundred thousand sesterces were provided, he would manage it; and that there were some others who said that they would co-operate with him. And as this was the case, he warned me beforehand with a friendly disposition, to take great care.

I was disquieted about many most important matters at one and the same moment, and with very little time to deliberate. The comitia were at hand; and at them I was to be opposed at immense expenditure of money. This trial was at hand; the Sicilian treasurers menaced that matter also. I was afraid, from apprehension about the comitia, to conduct the matters relating to the trial with freedom; and because of the trial, I was unable to attend with all my heart to my canvass. Threatening the agents of bribery was out of the question, because I saw that they were aware that I was hampered and fettered by this trial. And at this same moment I hear that notice has been given to the Sicilians by Hortensius to come to speak to him at his house; that the Sicilians behaved in that matter with a proper sense of their own liberty, and, when they understood on what account they were sent for, they would not

go. In the meantime my comitia began to be held; of which that fellow thought himself the master, as he had been of all the other comitia this year. He began to run about, that influential man, with his son, a youth of engaging and popular manners, among the tribes. The son began to address and to call on all the friends of his father, that is to say, all his agents for bribery; and when this was noticed and perceived, the Roman people took care with the most earnest goodwill that I should not be deprived of my honor through the money of that man, whose riches had not been able to make me violate my good faith. After that I was released from that great anxiety about my canvass, I began, with a mind much more unoccupied and much more at ease, to think of nothing and to do nothing except what related to this trial. I find, O judges, these plans formed and begun to be put in execution by them, to protract the matter, whatever steps it might be necessary to take in order to do so, so that the cause might be pleaded before Marcus Metellus as prætor. That by doing so they would have these advantages; first, that Marcus Metellus was most friendly to them; secondly, that not only would Hortensius be consul, but Quintus Metellus also: and listen while I show you how great a friend he is to them. For he gave him a token of his goodwill of such a sort that he seemed to be giving it as a return for the suffrages of the tribes which he had secured to him. Did you think that I would say nothing of such serious matters as these? and that, at a crisis of such danger to the republic and my own character, I would consult anything rather than my duty and my dignity? The other consul elect sent for the Sicilians; some came, because Lucius Metellus was prætor in Sicily. To them he speaks in this manner: that he is the consul;

that one of his brothers has Sicily for his province; that the other is to be judge in all prosecutions for extortion; and that care had been taken in many ways that there should be no possibility of Verres being injured.

I ask you, Metellus, what is corrupting the course of justice, if this is not—to seek to frighten witnesses, and especially Sicilians, timid and oppressed men, not only by your own private influence, but by their fear of the consul, and by the power of two prætors? What would you do for an innocent man or for a relation, when for the sake of a most guilty man, entirely unconnected with you, you depart from your duty and your dignity, and allow what he is constantly saying to appear true to any one who is not acquainted with you? For they said that Verres said, that you had not been made consul by destiny, as the rest of your family had been, but by his assistance. Two consuls, therefore, and the judge are to be such because of his will. We shall not only, says he, avoid having a man too scrupulous in investigating, too subservient to the opinion of the people, Marcus Glabrio, but we shall have this advantage also:—Marcus Cæsonius is the judge, the colleague of our accuser, a man of tried and proved experience in the decision of actions. It will never do for us to have such a man as that on the bench, which we are endeavoring to corrupt by some means or other; for before, when he was one of the judges on the tribunal of which Junius was president, he was not only very indignant at that shameful transaction, but he even betrayed and denounced it. After the first of January we shall not have this man for our judge—we shall not have Quintus Manlius and Quintus Cornificius, two most severe and upright judges, for judges, because they will then be tribunes of the people. Publius Sulpicius, a solemn and

upright judge, must enter on his magistracy on the fifth of November. Marcus Crepereius, of that renowned equestrian family and of that incorruptible character; Lucius Cassius, of a family renowned for its severity in all things, and especially as judges; Cnæus Tremellius, a man of the greatest scrupulousness and diligence;—these three men of ancient strictness of principle are all military tribunes elect. After the first of January they will not be able to act as judges. And besides this, we elect by lot a successor in the room of Marcus Metellus, since he is to preside over this very trial. And so after the first of January, the prætor, and almost the whole bench of judges being changed, we shall elude the terrible threats of the prosecutor, and the great expectations entertained of this trial, and manage it according to our own will and pleasure. To-day is the fifth of August. You began to assemble at the ninth hour. This day they do not even count. There are ten days between this and the votive games which Cnæus Pompey is going to celebrate. These games will take up fifteen days; then immediately the Roman games will follow. And so, when nearly forty days have intervened, then at length they think they shall have to answer what has been said by us; and they think that, what with speeches, and what with excuses, they will easily be able to protract the cause till the period of the games of Victory. With these the plebeian games are connected, after which there will be either no day at all, or very few for pleading in. And so, when the accusation has got stale and cold, the matter will come all fresh before Marcus Metellus as prætor. And if I had distrusted his good faith, I should not have retained him as a judge; but now I have such an opinion of him, that I would rather this matter was brought to a close while

he is judge than while he is prætor; and I would rather intrust to him his own tablet while he is on his oath than the tablets of others when he is restrained by no such obligation.

Now, O judges, I consult you as to what you think I ought to do. For you will, in truth, without speaking, give me that advice which I understand that I must inevitably adopt. If I occupy the time which I legitimately might in speaking, I shall reap the fruit of my labor, industry, and diligence; and by this prosecution I shall make it manifest that no one in the memory of man appears ever to have come before a court of justice better prepared, more vigilant, or with his cause better got up. But while I am getting this credit for my industry, there is great danger lest the criminal may escape. What, then, is there which can be done? I think it is neither obscure nor hidden. I will reserve for another time that fruit of praise which may be derived from a long uninterrupted speech. At present I must support this accusation by documentary evidence, by witnesses, by letters of private individuals and of public bodies, and by various other kinds of proof. The whole of this contest is between you and me, O Hortensius. I will speak openly. If I thought that you were contending with me in the matter of speaking, and of getting rid of the charges I bring against your client in this cause, I, too, would devote much pains to making an elaborate accusation, and to dilating on my charges. Now, since you have determined to contend against me with artifice, not so much in obedience to the promptings of your own nature as from consulting his occasions and his cause, it is necessary for me to oppose conduct of that sort with prudence. Your plan is to begin to answer me after two sets of games have been cel-

ibrated; mine is to have the adjournment over before the first games. And the result will be that that plan of yours will be thought crafty, but this determination of mine necessary.

But as for what I had begun to say—namely, that the contest is between you and me, this is it—I, when I had undertaken this cause at the request of the Sicilians, and had thought it a very honorable and glorious thing for me that they were willing to make experiment of my integrity and diligence, who already knew by experience my innocence and temperance: then, when I had undertaken this business, I proposed to myself some greater action also by which the Roman people should be able to see my goodwill toward the republic. For that seemed to me to be by no means worthy of my industry and efforts, for that man to be brought to trial by me who had been already condemned by the judgment of all men, unless that intolerable influence of yours, and that grasping nature which you have displayed for some years in many trials, was interposed also in the case of that desperate man. But now, since all this dominion and sovereignty of yours over the courts of justice delights you so much, and since there are some men who are neither ashamed of their licentiousness and their infamy, nor weary of it, and who, as if on purpose, seem to wish to encounter hatred and unpopularity from the Roman people, I profess that I have undertaken this—a great burden, perhaps, and one dangerous to myself, but still worthy of my applying myself to it with all the vigor of my age, and all diligence. And since the whole order of the senate is weighed down by the discredit brought on it by the wickedness and audacity of a few, and is overwhelmed by the infamy of the tribunals, I

profess myself an enemy to this race of men, an accuser worthy of their hatred, a persevering, a bitter adversary. I arrogate this to myself, I claim this for myself, and I will carry out this enmity in my magistracy, and from that post in which the Roman people has willed that from the next first of January I shall act in concert with it in matters concerning the republic, and concerning wicked men. I promise the Roman people that this shall be the most honorable and the fairest employment of my ædileship. I warn, I forewarn, I give notice beforehand to those men who are wont either to put money down, to undertake for others, to receive money, or to promise money, or to act as agents in bribery, or as go-betweens in corrupting the seat of judgment, and who have promised their influence or their impudence in aid of such a business, in this trial to keep their hands and inclinations from this nefarious wickedness.

Hortensius will then be consul with the chief command and authority, but I shall be ædile—that is, I shall be a little more than a private individual; and yet this business, which I promise that I am going to advocate, is of such a nature, so pleasing and agreeable to the Roman people, that the consul himself will appear in this cause, if that be possible, even less than a private individual in comparison of me. All those things shall not only be mentioned, but even, when certain matters have been explained, shall be fully discussed, which for the last ten years, ever since the office of the judge has been transferred to the senate, has been nefariously and wickedly done in the decision of judicial matters. The Roman people shall know from me why it is that when the equestrian body supplied the judges for nearly fifty years together, not even the slightest suspicion ever arose of

bribes having been accepted for the purpose of influencing a decision; why it is, I say, when the judicial authority was transferred to the senatorial body, and the power of the Roman people over every one of us was taken away, Quintus Calidius, when he was condemned, said that a man of prætorian rank could not honestly be condemned at a less price than three hundred thousand sesterces; why it is that when Publius Septimius, a senator, was condemned for extortion, when Quintus Hortensius was prætor, damages were assessed against him, including money which he had received as judge to decide causes which came before him; why it is that in the case of Caius Herennius, and in that of Caius Popillius, senators, both of whom were convicted of peculation—why it is that in the case of Marcus Atilius, who was convicted of treason (this was made plain) that they had all received money for the purpose of influencing their judicial decisions; why it is that senators have been found who, when Caius Verres, as prætor of the city, gave out the lots, voted against the criminal whom they were condemning without having inquired into his case; why it is that a senator was found who, when he was judge, took money in one and the same trial both from the defendant to distribute among the judges, and from the accuser to condemn the defendant. But how shall I adequately complain of that stain, that disgrace, that calamity of the whole senatorial order—that this thing actually happened in the city while the senatorial order furnished the judges, that the votes of men on their oaths were marked by colored tablets? I pledge myself that I will urge all these things with diligence and with strictness.

And what do you suppose will be my thoughts if I find in this very trial any violation of the laws committed in any

similar manner? especially when I can prove by many witnesses that Caius Verres often said in Sicily, in the hearing of many persons, "that he had a powerful friend in confidence in whom he was plundering the province; and that he was not seeking money for himself alone, but that he had so distributed the three years of his Sicilian prætorship that he should say he did exceedingly well if he appropriated the gains of one year to the augmentation of his own property, those of the second year to his patrons and defenders, and reserved the whole of the third year, the most productive and gainful of all, for the judges." From which it came into my mind to say that which, when I had said lately before Marcus Glabrio at the time of striking the list of judges, I perceived the Roman people greatly moved by; that I thought that foreign nations would send ambassadors to the Roman people to procure the abrogation of the law, and of all trials, about extortion; for, if there were no trials, they think that each man would only plunder them of as much as he would think sufficient for himself and his children; but now, because there are trials of that sort, every one carries off as much as it will take to satisfy himself, his patrons, his advocates, the prætor, and the judges; and that this is an enormous sum; that they may be able to satisfy the cupidity of one most avaricious man, but are quite unable to incur the expense of his most guilty victory over the laws. O trials worthy of being recorded! O splendid reputation of our order! when the allies of the Roman people are unwilling that trials for extortion should take place, which were instituted by our ancestors for the sake of the allies. Would that man ever have had a favorable hope of his own safety, if he had not conceived in his mind a bad opinion of you? on which account he ought, if possible,

to be still more hated by you than he is by the Roman people, because he considers you like himself in avarice and wickedness and perjury.

And I beg you, in the name of the immortal gods, O judges, think of and guard against this; I warn you, I give notice to you, of what I am well assured, that this most seasonable opportunity has been given to you by the favor of the gods, for the purpose of delivering your whole order from hatred, from unpopularity, from infamy, and from disgrace. There is no severity believed to exist in the tribunals, nor any scruples with regard to religion; in short, there are not believed to be any tribunals at all. Therefore, we are despised and scorned by the Roman people; we are branded with a heavy and now a long standing infamy. Nor, in fact, is there any other reason for which the Roman people has with so much earnestness sought the restoration of the tribunitian power: but when it was demanding that in words it seemed to be asking for that, but in reality it was asking for tribunals which it could trust? And this did not escape the notice of Quintus Catulus, a most sagacious and honorable man, who, when Cnæus Pompeius, a most gallant and illustrious man, made a motion about the tribunitian power, and when he was asked his opinion, began his speech in this manner, speaking with the greatest authority, "that the conscript fathers presided over the courts of justice badly and wickedly; but if in deciding judicial trials they had been willing to satisfy the expectations of the Roman people, men would not so greatly regret the tribunitian power." Lastly, when Cnæus Pompeius himself, when first he delivered an address to the people as consul elect, mentioned (what seemed above all things to be watched for)

that he would restore the power of the tribunes, a great shout was raised at his words, and a grateful murmur pervaded the assembly. And when he had said also in the same assembly "that the provinces were depopulated and tyrannized over, that the courts of justice were become base and wicked, and that he desired to provide for and to remedy that evil," the Roman people then signified their goodwill not with a shout, but with a universal uproar.

But now men are on the watch towers; they observe how every one of you behaves himself in respecting religion and in preserving the laws. They see that ever since the passing of the law for restoring the power of the tribunes, only one senator, and he too a very insignificant one, has been condemned. And though they do not blame this, yet they have nothing which they can very much commend. For there is no credit in being upright in a case where there is no one who is either able or who endeavors to corrupt one. This is a trial in which you will be deciding about the defendant, the Roman people about you;—by the example of what happens to this man it will be determined whether, when senators are the judges, a very guilty and a very rich man can be condemned. Moreover, he is a criminal of such a sort that there is absolutely nothing whatever in him except the greatest crimes, and excessive riches; so that if he be acquitted, no other opinion can be formed of the matter except that which is the most discreditable possible. Such numerous and enormous vices as his will not be considered to have been cancelled by influence, by family connection, by some things which may have been done well, or even by the minor vices of flattery and subservience; in short, I will conduct the cause in this manner; I will bring forward things of such

a sort, so well known, so proved by evidence, so important, and so undeniable, that no one shall venture to use his influence to obtain from you the acquittal of that man; for I have a sure path and method by which I can investigate and become acquainted with all their endeavors. The matter will be so managed by me that not only the ears but even the eyes of the Roman people shall seem to be present at all their counsels. You have in your power to remove and to eradicate the disgrace and infamy which has now for many years attached to your order. It is evident to all men, that since these tribunals have been established which we now have, there has never been a bench of judges of the same splendor and dignity as this. If anything is done wrongly in this case, all men will think not that other more capable judges should be appointed of the same order of men, which is not possible; but that another order must be sought for, from which to select the judges for the future.

On which account, in the first place, I beg this of the immortal gods, which I seem to myself to have hopes of too, that in this trial no one may be found to be wicked except him who has long since been found to be such; secondly, if there are many wicked men, I promise this to you, O judges, I promise this to the Roman people, that my life shall fail rather than my vigor and perseverance in prosecuting their iniquity. But that iniquity, which, if it should be committed, I promise to prosecute severely, with however much trouble and danger to myself, and whatever enmities I may bring on myself by so doing, you, O Marcus Glabrio, can guard against ever taking place by your wisdom, and authority, and diligence. Do you undertake the cause of the tribunals. Do you

undertake the cause of impartiality, of integrity, of good faith and of religion. Do you undertake the cause of the senate; that, being proved worthy by its conduct in this trial, it may come into favor and popularity with the Roman people. Think who you are, and in what a situation you are placed; what you ought to give to the Roman people, what you ought to repay to your ancestors. Let the recollection of the Acilian law passed by your father occur to your mind, owing to which law the Roman people has had this advantage of most admirable decisions and very strict judges in cases of extortion. High authorities surround you which will not suffer you to forget your family credit; which will remind you day and night that your father was a most brave man, your grandfather a most wise one, and your father-in-law a most worthy man. Wherefore, if you have inherited the vigor and energy of your father Glabrio in resisting audacious men; if you have inherited the prudence of your grandfather Scævola in foreseeing intrigues which are prepared against your fame and that of your fellow-judges; if you have any share of the constancy of your father-in-law Scaurus, so that no one can move you from your genuine and deliberate opinion, the Roman people will understand that with an upright and honorable prætor, and a carefully selected bench of judges, abundance of wealth has more influence in bringing a criminal into suspicion, than in contributing to his safety.

I am resolved not to permit the prætor or the judges to be changed in this cause. I will not permit the matter to be delayed till the lictors of the consuls can go and summon the Sicilians, whom the servants of the consuls elect did not influence before, when by an unprecedented

course of proceeding they sent for them all; I will not permit those miserable men, formerly the allies and friends of the Roman people, now their slaves and suppliants, to lose not only their rights and fortunes by their tyranny, but to be deprived of even the power of bewailing their condition; I will not, I say, when the cause has been summed up by me, permit them, after a delay of forty days has intervened, then at last to reply to me when my accusation has already fallen into oblivion through lapse of time; I will not permit the decision to be given when this crowd collected from all Italy has departed from Rome, which has assembled from all quarters at the same time on account of the comitia, of the games, and of the census. The reward of the credit gained by your decision, or the danger arising from the unpopularity which will accrue to you if you decide unjustly, I think ought to belong to you; the labor and anxiety to me; the knowledge of what is done and the recollection of what has been said by every one, to all. I will adopt this course, not an unprecedented one, but one that has been adopted before, by those who are now the chief men of our state—the course, I mean, of at once producing the witnesses. What you will find novel, O judges, is this, that I will so marshal my witnesses as to unfold the whole of my accusation; that when I have established it by examining my witnesses, by arguments, and by my speech, then I shall show the agreement of the evidence with my accusation: so that there shall be no difference between the established mode of prosecuting, and this new one, except that, according to the established mode, when everything has been said which is to be said, then the witnesses are produced; here they shall be produced as each count is brought forward; so that the other side shall have the

same opportunity of examining them, of arguing and making speeches on their evidence. If there be any one who prefers an uninterrupted speech and the old mode of conducting a prosecution without any break, he shall have it in some other trial. But for this time let him understand that what we do is done by us on compulsion (for we only do it with the design of opposing the artifice of the opposite party by our prudence). This will be the first part of the prosecution. We say that Caius Verres has not only done many licentious acts, many cruel ones, toward Roman citizens and toward some of the allies, many wicked acts against both gods and men; but especially that he has taken away four hundred thousand sesterces out of Sicily contrary to the laws. We will make this so plain to you by witnesses, by private documents, and by public records, that you shall decide that, even if we had abundant space and leisure days for making a long speech without any inconvenience, still there was no need at all of a long speech in this matter.

FOURTH BOOK OF THE SECOND PLEADING IN THE
PROSECUTION OF VERRES

ABOUT THE STATUES

I COME now to what Verres himself calls his passion; what his friends call his disease, his madness; what the Sicilians call his rapine; what I am to call it, I know not. I will state the whole affair to you, and do you consider it according to its own importance and not by the importance of its name. First of all, O judges, suffer me to make you acquainted with the description of this conduct of his; and then, perhaps, you will not be very much puzzled to know by what name to call it. I say that in all Sicily, in all that wealthy and ancient province, that in that number of towns and families of such exceeding riches, there was no silver vessel, no Corinthian or Delian plate, no jewel or pearl, nothing made of gold or ivory, no statue of marble or brass or ivory, no picture whether painted or embroidered that he did not seek out, that he did not inspect, that, if he liked it, he did not take away. I seem to be making a very extensive charge; listen now to the manner in which I make it. For I am not embracing everything in one charge for the sake of making an impression, or of exaggerating his guilt. When I say that he left nothing whatever of the sort in the whole province, know that I am speaking according to the strict meaning of the words, and not in the spirit of an accuser. I will speak even more plainly; I will say that he has left nothing in any one's

house, nothing even in the towns, nothing in public places, not even in the temples, nothing in the possession of any Sicilian, nothing in the possession of any Roman citizen; that he has left nothing, in short, which either came before his eyes or was suggested to his mind, whether private property or public, or profane or sacred, in all Sicily.

Where, then, shall I begin rather than with that city which was above all others in your affection, and which was your chosen place of enjoyment? or with what class of men rather than with your flatterers? For by that means it will be the more easily seen how you behaved among those men who hate you, who accuse you, who will not let you rest, when you are proved to have plundered among the Mamertines, who are your friends, in the most infamous manner.

Caius Heius is a Mamertine—all men will easily grant me this who have ever been to Messana; the most accomplished man in every point of view in all that city. His house is the very best in all Messana—most thoroughly known, most constantly open, most especially hospitable to all our fellow-citizens. That house before the arrival of Verres was so splendidly adorned, as to be an ornament even to the city. For Messana itself, which is admirable on account of its situation, its fortifications, and its harbor, is very empty and bare of those things in which Verres delights. There was in the house of Heius a private chapel of great sacredness, handed down to him from his ancestors, very ancient; in which he had four very beautiful statues, made with the greatest skill, and of very high character; calculated not only to delight Verres, that clever and accomplished man, but even any one of us whom he calls the mob:—one, a statue of Cupid, in

marble, a work of Praxiteles; for, in truth, while I have been inquiring into that man's conduct, I have learned the names of the workmen; it was the same workman, as I imagine, who made that celebrated Cupid of the same figure as this which is at Thespiaë, on account of which people go to see Thespiaë, for there is no other reason for going to see it; and, therefore, that great man Lucius Mummius, when he carried away from that town the statues of the Muses which are now before the temple of Good Fortune, and the other statues which were not consecrated, did not touch this marble Cupid, because it had been consecrated.

But to return to that private chapel; there was this statue, which I am speaking of, of Cupid, made of marble. On the other side there was a Hercules, beautifully made of brass; that was said to be the work of Myron, as I believe, and it undoubtedly was so. Also before those gods there were little altars, which might indicate to any one the holiness of the chapel. There were besides two brazen statues, of no very great size, but of marvellous beauty, in the dress and robes of virgins, which with uplifted hands were supporting some sacred vessels which were placed on their heads, after the fashion of the Athenian virgins. They were called the Canephoræ, but their maker was (who? who was he? thank you, you are quite right) . . . they called him Polycleetus. Whenever any one of our citizens went to Messana, he used to go and see these statues. They were open every day for people to go to see them. The house was not more an ornament to its master than it was to the city.

Caius Claudius, whose ædileship we know to have been a most splendid affair, used this statue of Cupid as long as

he kept the forum decorated in honor of the immortal gods and the Roman people. And as he was connected by ties of hospitality with the Heii, and was the patron of the Mamertine people—as he availed himself of their kindness to lend him this, so he was careful to restore it. There have lately been noble men of the same kind, O judges—why do I say lately? Ay, we have seen some very lately, a very little while ago, indeed, who have adorned the forum and the public buildings, not with the spoils of the provinces, but with ornaments belonging to their friends—with splendid things lent by their own connections, not with the produce of the thefts of guilty men—and who afterward have restored the statues and decorations, each to its proper owner; men who have not taken things away out of the cities of our allies for the sake of a four-day festival, under pretence of the shows to be exhibited in their ædileship, and after that carried them off to their own homes, and their own villas. All these statues which I have mentioned, O judges, Verres took away from Heius, out of his private chapel. He left, I say, not one of those things, nor anything else, except one old wooden figure—Good Fortune, as I believe; that, forsooth, he did not choose to have in his house!

Oh! for the good faith of gods and men! What is the meaning of all this? What a cause is this! What impudence is this! The statues which I am speaking of, before they were taken away by you, no commander ever came to Messana without seeing. So many prætors, so many consuls as there have been in Sicily, in time of peace, and in time of war; so many men of every sort as there have been—I do not speak of upright, innocent, conscientious men, but so many covetous, so many audacious,

so many infamous men as there have been, not one of them all was violent enough, or seemed to himself powerful enough or noble enough, to venture to ask for, or to take away, or even to touch anything in that chapel. Shall Verres take away everything which is most beautiful everywhere? Shall it not be allowed to any one besides to have anything? Shall that one house of his contain so many wealthy houses? Was it for this reason that none of his predecessors ever touched these things that he might be able to carry them off? Was this the reason why Caius Claudius Pulcher restored them, that Caius Verres might be able to steal them? But that Cupid had no wish for the house of a pimp and the establishment of a harlot; he was quite content to stay in that chapel where he was hereditary; he knew that he had been left to Heius by his ancestors, with the rest of the sacred things which he inherited; he did not require the heir of a prostitute. But why am I borne on so impetuously? I shall in a moment be refuted by one word. "I bought it," says he. O ye immortal gods, what a splendid defence! we sent a broker into the province with military command, and with the forces, to buy up all the statues, all the paintings, all the silver plate and gold plate, and ivory, and jewels, and to leave nothing to anybody. For this defence seems to me to be got ready for everything; that he bought them. In the first place, if I should grant to you that which you wish, namely, that you bought them, since against all this class of accusations you are going to use this defence alone, I ask what sort of tribunals you thought that there would be at Rome, if you thought that any one would grant you this, that you in your prætorship and in your command bought up so many and such valuable things—everything,

in short, which was of any value in the whole province. Remark the care of our ancestors, who as yet suspected no such conduct as this, but yet provided against the things which might happen in affairs of small importance. They thought that no one who had gone as governor or as lieutenant into a province would be so insane as to buy silver, for that was given him out of the public funds; or raiment, for that was afforded him by the laws; they thought he might buy a slave, a thing which we all use, and which is not provided by the laws. They made a law, therefore, "that no one should buy a slave except in the room of a slave who ~~was~~ dead." If any slave had died at Rome? No, if any one had died in the place where his master was. For they did not mean you to furnish your house in the province, but to be of use to the province in its necessities. What was the reason why they so carefully kept us from making purchases in the provinces? This was it, O judges, because they thought it a robbery, not a purchase, when the seller was not allowed to sell on his own terms. And they were aware that, in the provinces, if he who was there with the command and power of a governor wished to purchase what was in any one's possession, and was allowed to do so, it would come to pass that he would get whatever he chose, whether it was to be sold or not, at whatever price he pleased. Some, one will say, "Do not deal with Verres in that manner; do not try and examine his actions by the standard of old-fashioned conscientiousness; allow him to have bought them without being punished for it, provided he bought them in a fair way, not through any arbitrary exercise of power, nor from any one against his will, or by violence." I will so deal with him. If Heius had anything for sale,

if he sold it for the price at which he valued it, I give up inquiring why you bought it.

What then are we to do? Are we to use arguments in a case of this sort? We must ask, I suppose, whether Heius was in debt, whether he had an auction—if he had, whether he was in such difficulties about money matters, whether he was oppressed by such want, by such necessity, as to strip his private chapel, to sell his paternal gods. But I see that the man had no auction; that he never sold anything except the produce of his land; that he not only had no debts, but that he had always abundance of ready money. Even if all these things were contrary to what I say they were, still I say that he would not have sold things which had been so many years in the household and chapel of his ancestors. “What will you say if he was persuaded by the greatness of the sum given him for them?” It is not probable that a man, rich as he was, honorable as he was, should have preferred money to his own religious feelings and to the memorials of his ancestors. “That may be, yet men are sometimes led away from their habits and principles by large sums of money.” Let us see, then, how great a sum this was which could turn Heius, a man of exceeding riches, by no means covetous, away from decency, from affection, and from religion. You ordered him, I suppose, to enter in his account-books, “All these statues of Praxiteles, of Myron, of Polyclétus, were sold to Verres for six thousand five hundred sesterces.” Read the extracts from his accounts—

[*The accounts of Heius are read*]

I am delighted that the illustrious names of these workmen, whom those men extol to the skies, have fallen so

low in the estimation of Verres—the Cupid of Praxiteles for sixteen hundred sesterces. From that forsooth has come the proverb, “I had rather buy it than ask for it.”

Some one will say, “What! do you value those things at a very high price?” But I am not valuing them according to any calculation of my own, or any need which I have for them; but I think that the matter ought to be looked at by you in this light—what is the value of these things in the opinion of those men who are judges of these things; at what price they are accustomed to be sold; at what price these very things could be sold, if they were sold openly and freely; lastly, at what price Verres himself values them. For he would never have been so foolish, if he had thought that Cupid worth only four hundred denarii, as to allow himself to be made a subject for the common conversation and general reproach of men. Who then of you all is ignorant at how great a price these things are valued? Have we not seen at an auction a brazen statue of no great size sold for a hundred and twenty thousand sesterces? What if I were to choose to name men who have bought similar things for no less a price, or even for a higher one? Can I not do so? In truth, the only limit to the valuation of such things is the desire which any one has for them, for it is difficult to set bounds to the price unless you first set bounds to the wish. I see then that Heius was neither led by his inclination, nor by any temporary difficulties, nor by the greatness of the sum given, to sell these statues; and that you, under the pretence of purchase which you put forward, in reality seized and took away these things by force, through fear, by your power and authority, from that man, whom, along with the rest of our allies in that country, the Roman people

had intrusted not only to your power, but also to your upright exercise of it. What can there be, judges, so desirable for me in making this charge, as that Heius should say this same thing? Nothing certainly; but let us not wish for what is difficult to be obtained. Heius is a Mamertine. The state of the Mamertines alone, by a common resolution, praises that man in the name of the city. To all the rest of the Sicilians he is an object of hatred; by the Mamertines alone is he liked. But of that deputation which has been sent to utter his praises, Heius is the chief man; in truth, he is the chief man of his city, and too much occupied in discharging the public duties imposed upon him to speak of his private injuries. Though I was aware of and had given weight to these considerations, still, O judges, I trusted myself to Heius. I produced him at the first pleading; and indeed I did it without any danger, for what answer could Heius give even if he turned out a dishonest man, and unlike himself? Could he say that these statues were at his house, and not with Verres? How could he say anything of that sort? If he were the basest of men, and were inclined to lie most shamelessly, he would say this; that he had had them for sale, and that he had sold them at the price he wanted for them. The man the most noble in all his city, who was especially anxious that you should have a high opinion of his conscientiousness and of his worth, says first, that he spoke in Verres's praise by the public authority of his city, because that commission had been given to him; secondly, that he had not had these things for sale, and that, if he had been allowed to do what he wished, he could never have been induced by any terms to sell those things which were in his private chapel, having

been left to him and handed down to him from his ancestors.

Why are you sitting there, O Verres? What are you waiting for? Why do you say you are hemmed in and overwhelmed by the cities of Centuripa, of Catina, of Halesa, of Tyndaris, of Enna, of Agyrium, and by all the other cities of Sicily? Your second country, as you used to call it, Messana herself attacks you; your own Messana, I say; the assistant in your crimes, the witness of your lusts, the receiver of your booty and your thefts. For the most honorable man of that city is present, a deputy sent from his home on account of this very trial, the chief actor in the panegyric on you; who praises you by the public order of his city, for so he has been charged and commanded to do. Although you recollect, O judges, what he answered when he was asked about the ship; that it had been built by public labor, at the public expense, and that a Mamertine senator had been appointed by the public authority to superintend its building. Heius in his private capacity flees to you for aid, O judges; he avails himself of this law, the common fortress of our allies, by which this tribunal is established. Although there is a law for recovering money which has been unjustly extorted, he says that he does not seek to recover any money; which, though it has been taken from him, he does not so much care about; but he says he does demand back from you the sacred images belonging to his ancestors, he does demand back from you his hereditary household gods. Have you any shame, O Verres? have you any religion? have you any fear? You have lived in Heius's house at Messana; you saw him almost daily performing sacred rites in his private chapel before those

gods. He is not influenced by money; he does not even ask to have those things restored which were merely ornaments. Keep the Canephoræ; restore the images of the gods. And because he said this, because after a given time he, an ally and friend of the Roman people, addressed his complaints to you in a moderate tone, because he was very attentive to religious obligation not only while demanding back his paternal gods, but also in giving his evidence on oath; know that one of the deputies has been sent back to Messana, that very man who superintended the building of that ship at the public expense, to demand from the senate that Heius should be condemned to an ignominious punishment.

O most insane of men, what did you think? that you should obtain what you requested? Did you not know how greatly he was esteemed by his fellow-citizens; how great his influence was considered? But suppose you had obtained your request; suppose that the Mamertines had passed any severe vote against Heius, what do you think would have been the authority of their panegyric, if they had decreed punishment to the man who it was notorious had given true evidence? Although, what sort of praise is that, when he who utters it, being questioned, is compelled to give answers injurious to him whom he is praising? What! are not those who are praising you my witnesses? Heius is an encomiast of yours; he has done you the most serious injury. I will bring forward the rest; they will gladly be silent about all that they are allowed to suppress; they will say what they cannot help saying, unwillingly. Can they deny that a transport of the largest size was built for that man at Messana? Let them deny it if they can. Can they deny that a Mamertine senator

was appointed by the public authority to superintend the building of that ship? I wish they would deny it. There are other points also which I prefer reserving unmentioned at present, in order to give as little time as possible to them for planning and arranging their perjury. Let this praise, then, be placed to your account; let these men come to your relief with their authority, who neither ought to help you if they were able, nor could do so if they wished; on whom in their private capacity you have inflicted many injuries, and put many affronts, while in their city you have dishonored many families forever by your adulteries and crimes. "But you have been of public service to their city." Not without great injury to the republic and to the province of Sicily. They were bound to supply and they used to supply sixty thousand modii of wheat to the Roman people for payment; that was remitted by you of your own sole authority. The republic was injured because by your means its right of dominion over one city was disparaged; the Sicilians were injured, because this quantity was not deducted from the total amount of the corn to be provided by the island, but was only transferred to the cities of Centuripa and Halesa, whose inhabitants were exempt from that tax; and on them a greater burden was imposed than they were able to bear. It was your duty to require them to furnish a ship, in compliance with the treaty. You remitted it for three years. During all those years you never demanded one soldier. You acted as pirates are accustomed to act, who, though they are the common enemies of all men, still select some friends, whom they not only spare, but even enrich with their booty; and especially such as have a town in a convenient situation, where they

often, and sometimes even necessarily, put in with their vessels.

The town of Phaselis, which Publius Servilius took, had not been in former times a city of Cilicians and pirates. The Lycians, a Greek tribe, inhabited it; but because it was in such a situation as it was, and because it projected into the sea, so that pirates from Cilicia often necessarily touched at it when departing on an expedition, and were also often borne thither on their retreats, the pirates connected that city with themselves; at first by commercial intercourse, and afterward by a regular alliance. The city of the Mamertines was not formerly of bad character; it was even a city hostile to dishonest men, and detained the luggage of Caius Cato, the one who was consul. But then what sort of a man was he? a most eminent and most influential man; who, however, though he had been consul, was convicted. So Caius Cato, the grandson of two most illustrious men, Lucius Paullus and Marcus Cato, and the son of the sister of Publius Africanus, who, even when convicted, at a time when severe judgments were in the habit of being passed, found the damages to which he was liable only estimated at eighteen thousand sesterces; with this man, I say, the Mamertines were angry, who have often expended a greater sum than the damages in the action against Cato were laid at, in one banquet for Timarchides. But this city was the Phaselis for that robber and pirate of Sicily. Hither everything was brought from all quarters; with them it was left; whatever required to be concealed, they kept separate and stored away. By their agency he contrived everything which he wished put on board ship privily, and exported secretly; and in their harbor he contrived to have a vessel

of the largest size built, for him to send to Italy loaded with plunder. In return for these services, he gave them immunity from all expense, all labor, all military service, in short, from everything. For three years they were the only people, not only in Sicily, but, according to my opinion, in the whole world at such a time, who enjoyed excuse, relief, freedom, and immunity from every sort of expense, and trouble, and office. Hence arose that Verrean festival; hence it was that he ventured to order Sextus Cominius to be dragged before him at a banquet, at whom he attempted to throw a goblet, whom he ordered to be seized by the throat, and to be hurried from the banquet and thrown into a dark prison; hence came that cross, on which, in the sight of many men, he suspended a Roman citizen; that cross which he never ventured to erect anywhere except among that people, whom he had made sharers in all his crimes and robberies.

Do you, O Mamertines! dare to come to praise any one? By what authority? by that which you ought to have with the senatorial order? by that which you ought to have with the Roman people? Is there any city, not only in our provinces, but in the most distant nations, either so powerful, or so free, or so savage and uncivilized? is there any king, who would not invite a senator of the Roman people to his house and to his home? An honor which is paid not only to the man, but in the first place to the Roman people, by whose indulgence we have risen to this order, and secondly to the authority of this order; and unless that is respected among our allies, where will be the name and dignity of the empire among foreign nations? The Mamertines did not give me any public invitation—when I say me, that is a trifle; but when they did not

invite a senator of the Roman people, they withheld an honor due not to the man but to his order. For to Tullius himself, the most splendid and magnificent house of Cnæus Pompeius Basilicus was opened; with whom he would have lodged even if he had been invited by you. There was also the most honorable house of the Percennii, who are now also called Pompeius; where Lucius my brother lodged and was received by them with the greatest eagerness. A senator of the Roman people, as far as depended on you as a body, lay in your town, and passed the night in the public streets. No other city ever did such a thing. "Yes," say you, "for you were instituting a prosecution against our friend." Will you put your own interpretation on what private business I have of my own, by diminishing the honor due to the senate? But I will make my complaint of this conduct, if ever the time comes that there is any discussion concerning you among that body, which, up to this time, has been affronted by no one but you. With what face have you presented yourself before the eyes of the Roman people? when you have not yet pulled down that cross, which is even now stained with the blood of a Roman citizen, which is fixed up in your city by the harbor, and have not thrown it into the sea and purified all that place, before you came to Rome, and before this tribunal. On the territory of the Mamertines, connected with us by treaty, at peace with us, is that monument of your cruelty raised. Is not your city the only one where, when any one arrives at it from Italy, he sees the cross of a Roman citizen before he sees any friend of the Roman people? which you are in the habit of displaying to the people of Rhegium, whose city you envy, and to your inhabitants, Roman citizens as they are, to

make them think less of themselves and be less inclined to despise you, when they see the privileges of our citizenship extinguished by such a punishment.

But you say you bought these things? What? did you forget to purchase of the same Heius that Attalic tapestry, celebrated over the whole of Sicily? You might have bought them in the same way as you did the statues. For what did you do? Did you wish to spare the account-books? This escaped the notice of that stupid man; he thought that what he stole from the wardrobe would be less notorious than what he had stolen from the private chapel. But how did he get it? I cannot relate it more plainly than Heius himself related it before you. When I asked, whether any other part of his property had come to Verres, he answered that he had sent him orders to send the tapestry to Agrigentum to him. I asked whether he had sent it. He replied as he must, that is, that he had been obedient to the prætor; that he had sent it.—I asked whether it had arrived at Agrigentum; he said it had arrived.—I asked in what condition it had returned; he said it had not returned yet.—There was a laugh and a murmur from all the people. Did it never occur to you in this instance to order him to make an entry in his books that he had sold you this tapestry, too, for six thousand five hundred sesterces? Did you fear that your debts would increase, if these things were to cost you six thousand five hundred sesterces, which you could easily sell for two hundred thousand? It was worth that, believe me. You would have been able to defend yourself if you had given that sum for it. No one would then have asked how much it was worth. If you could only prove

that you had bought it, you could easily make your cause and your conduct appear reasonable to any one. But as it is, you have no way of getting out of your difficulty about the tapestry. What shall I say next? Did you take away by force some splendid harness, which is said to have belonged to King Hiero, from Philarchus of Centuripa, a wealthy and high-born man, or did you buy it of him? When I was in Sicily this is what I heard from the Centuripans and from everybody else, for the case was very notorious; people said that you had taken away this harness from Philarchus of Centuripa, and other very beautiful harness from Aristus of Panormus, and a third set from Cratippus of Tyndarus. Indeed, if Philarchus had sold it to you, you would not, after the prosecution was instituted against you, have promised to restore it. But because you saw that many people knew of it, you thought that if you restored it to him, you would only have so much the less, but the original transaction would be proved against you nevertheless; and so you did not restore it. Philarchus said in his evidence that when he became acquainted with this disease of yours, as your friends call it, he wished to conceal from you the knowledge of the existence of this harness; that when he was summoned by you, he said that he had not got any; and, indeed, that he had removed them to another person's house, that they might not be found; but that your instinct was so great that you saw them by the assistance of the very man in whose custody they were deposited; that then he could not deny that you had found him out, and so that the harness was taken from him against his will, and without any payment.

Now, O judges, it is worth your while to know how

he was accustomed to find and trace out all these things. There are two brothers, citizens of Cibra, Tlepolemus and Hiero, one of whom, I believe, was accustomed to model in wax, the other was a painter. I fancy these men, as they had become suspected by their fellow-citizens of having plundered the temple of Apollo at Cibra, fearing a trial and the punishment of the law, had fled from their homes. As they had known that Verres was a great connoisseur of such works as theirs, at the time that he, as you learned from the witnesses, came to Cibra with fictitious bills of exchange, they, when flying from their homes as exiles, came to him when he was in Asia. He has kept them with him ever since that time; and in the robberies he committed, and in the booty he acquired during his lieutenantancy, he greatly availed himself of their assistance and their advice. These are the men who were meant when Quintus Tadius made an entry in his books that he had given things by Verres's order to some Greek painters. They were already well known to, and had been thoroughly tried by him, when he took them with him into Sicily. And when they arrived there they scented out and tracked everything in so marvellous a manner (you might have thought they were bloodhounds) that, wherever anything was, they found it out by some means or other. Some things they found out by threatening, some by promising; this by means of slaves, that through freemen; one thing by a friend, another by an enemy. Whatever pleased them was sure to be lost. They whose plate was demanded had nothing else to hope than that Tlepolemus and Hiero might not approve of it.

I will relate to you this fact, O judges, most truly. I

recollect that Pamphilus of Lilybæum, a connection of mine by ties of hospitality, and a personal friend of mine, a man of the highest birth, told me that when that man had taken from him, by his absolute power, a ewer made by the hand of Boethus, of exquisite workmanship and great weight, he went home very sad, in truth, and greatly agitated, because a vessel of that sort, which had been left to him by his father and his forefathers, and which he was accustomed to use on days of festival, and on the arrival of ancient friends, had been taken from him. While I was sitting at home, said he, in great indignation, up comes one of the slaves of Venus; he orders me immediately to bring to the prætor some embossed goblets. I was greatly vexed, said he; I had two; I order them both to be taken out of the closet, lest any worse things should happen, and to be brought after me to the prætor's house. When I got there the prætor was asleep; the Cibratic brothers were walking about, and when they saw me, they said, Pamphilus, where are the cups? I show them with great grief;—they praise them.—I begin to complain that I shall have nothing left of any value at all, if my cups, too, were taken away. Then they, when they see me vexed, say, What are you willing to give us to prevent these from being taken from you? To make my story short, I said that I would give six hundred sesterces. Meantime the prætor summons us; he asks for the cups. Then they began to say to the prætor that they had thought, from what they had heard, that Pamphilus's cups were of some value, but that they were miserable things, quite unworthy of Verres's having them among his plate. He said, he thought so, too. So Pamphilus saved his exquisite goblets. And, indeed, before I heard

this, though I knew that it was a very trifling sort of accomplishment to understand things of that sort, yet I used to wonder that he had any knowledge of them at all, as I knew that in nothing whatever had he any qualities like a man.

But when I heard this, I then for the first time understood that that was the use of these two Cibratic brothers; that in his robberies he used his own hands, but their eyes. But he was so covetous of that splendid reputation of being thought to be a judge of such matters that lately (just observe the man's madness), after his case was adjourned, when he was already as good as condemned, and civilly dead, at the time of the games of the circus, when early in the morning the couches were spread in preparation for a banquet at the house of Lucius Sisenna, a man of the first consideration, and when the plate was all set out, and when, as was suited to the dignity of Lucius Sisenna, the house was full of honorable men, he came to the plate, and began in a leisurely way to examine and consider every separate piece. Some marvelled at the folly of the man, who, while his trial was actually going on, was increasing the suspicion of that covetousness of which he was accused; others marvelled at his insensibility that any such things could come into his head when the time for judgment in his cause was so near at hand, and when so many witnesses had spoken against him. But Sisenna's servants, who, I suppose, had heard the evidence which had been given against him, never took their eyes off him, and never departed out of reach of the plate. It is the part of a sagacious judge, from small circumstances to form his opinion of every man's covetousness or incontinence. And will any one believe that this man, when prætor, was able to

keep either his covetousness or his hands from the plate of the Sicilians, when, though a defendant, and a defendant within two days of judgment, a man in reality, and in the opinion of all men, as good as already condemned, he could not in a large assembly restrain himself from handling and examining the plate of Lucius Sisenna?

But that my discourse may return to Lilybæum, from which I have made this digression, there is a man named Diocles, the son-in-law of Pamphilus, of that Pamphilus from whom the ewer was taken away, whose surname is Popillius. From this man he took away every article on his sideboard where his plate was set out. He may say, if he pleases, that he had bought them. In fact, in this case, by reason of the magnitude of the robbery, an entry of it, I imagine, has been made in the account-books. He ordered Timarchides to value the plate. How did he do it? At as low a price as any one ever valued anything presented to an actor. Although I have been for some time acting foolishly in saying so much about your purchases, and in asking whether you bought the things, and how, and at what price you bought them, when I can settle all that by one word. Produce me a written list of what plate you acquired in the province of Sicily, from whom, and at what price you bought each article. What will you do? Though I ought not to ask you for these accounts, for I ought to have your account-books and to produce them. But you say that you never kept any accounts of your expenses in these years. Make me out at least this one which I am asking for, the account of the plate, and I will not mind the rest at present. "I have no writings of the sort; I cannot produce any accounts." What, then, is to be done? What do you think that

these judges can do? Your house was full of most beautiful statues already, before your prætorship; many were placed in your villas, many were deposited with your friends; many were given and presented to other people; yet you have no accounts speaking of any single one having been bought. All the plate in Sicily has been taken away. There is nothing left to any one that can be called his own. A scandalous defence is invented that the prætor bought all that plate; and yet that cannot be proved by any accounts. If you do produce any accounts, still there is no entry in them how you have acquired what you have got. But of these years during which you say that you bought the greatest number of things, you produce no accounts at all. Must you not inevitably be condemned, both by the accounts which you do, and by those which you do not, produce?

You also took away at Lilybæum whatever silver vessels you chose from Marcus Cælius, a Roman knight, a most excellent young man. You did not hesitate to take away the whole furniture of Caius Cacurius, a most active and accomplished man, and of the greatest influence in his city. You took away, with the knowledge of everybody, a very large and very beautiful table of citron-wood from Quintus Lutatius Diodorus, who, owing to the kind exertion of his interest by Quintus Catulus, was made a Roman citizen by Lucius Sylla. I do not object to you that you stripped and plundered a most worthy imitator of yours in his whole character, Apollonius, the son of Nico, a citizen of Drepanum, who is now called Aulus Clodius, of all his exquisitely wrought silver plate—I say nothing of that. For he does not think that any injury has been done to him, because you came to his assistance when he was a ruined

man, with the rope round his neck, and shared with him the property belonging to their father, of which he had plundered his wards at Drepanum. I am even very glad if you took anything from him, and I say that nothing was ever better done by you. But it certainly was not right that the statue of Apollo should have been taken away from Lyso of Lilybæum, a most eminent man, with whom you have been staying as a guest. But you will say that you bought it—I know that—for six hundred sesterces. So I suppose: I know it, I say; I will produce the accounts; and yet that ought not to have been done. Will you say that the drinking-vessels with emblems of Lilybæum on them were bought from Heius, the minor to whom Marcellus is guardian, whom you had plundered of a large sum of money, or will you confess that they were taken by force?

But why do I enumerate all his ordinary iniquities in affairs of this sort, which appear to consist only in robberies committed by him, and in losses borne by those whom he plundered? Listen, if you please, O judges, to an action of such a sort as will prove to you clearly his extraordinary madness and frenzy, rather than any ordinary covetousness.

There is a man of Melita, called Diodorus, who has already given evidence before you. He has been now living at Lilybæum many years; a man of great nobility at home, and of great credit and popularity with the people among whom he has settled, on account of his virtue. It is reported to Verres of this man that he has some exceedingly fine specimens of chased work; and among them two goblets called Thericlean, made by the hand of Mentor with the most exquisite skill. And when Verres heard of

this, he was inflamed with such a desire, not only of beholding, but also of appropriating them, that he summoned Diodorus, and demanded them. He replied, as was natural for a man who took great pride in them, that he had not got them at Lilybæum; that he had left them at Melita, in the house of a relation of his. On this he immediately sends men on whom he can rely to Melita; he writes to certain inhabitants of Melita to search out those vessels for him; he desires Diodorus to give them letters to that relation of his—the time appeared to him endless till he could see those pieces of plate. Diodorus, a prudent and careful man, who wished to keep his own property, writes to his relation to make answer to those men who came from Verres, that he had sent the cups to Lilybæum a few days before. In the meantime he himself leaves the place. He preferred leaving his home, to staying in it and losing that exquisitely wrought silver work. But when Verres heard of this, he was so agitated that he seemed to every one to be raving, and to be beyond all question mad. Because he could not steal the plate himself, he said that he had been robbed by Diodorus of some exquisitely wrought vessels; he poured out threats against the absent Diodorus; he used to roar out before people; sometimes he could not restrain his tears. We have heard in the mythology of Eriphyla being so covetous that when she had seen a necklace, made, I suppose, of gold and jewels, she was so excited by its beauty, that she betrayed her husband for the sake of it. His covetousness was similar; but in one respect more violent and more senseless, because she was desiring a thing which she had seen, while his wishes were excited not only by his eyes, but even by his ears.

He orders Diodorus to be sought for over the whole province. He had by this time struck his camp, packed up his baggage, and left Sicily. Verres, in order by some means or other to bring the man back to the province, devises this plan, if it is to be called a plan, and not rather a piece of madness. He sets up one of the men he calls his hounds, to say that he wishes to institute a prosecution against Diodorus of Melita for a capital offence. At first all men wondered at such a thing being imputed to Diodorus, a most quiet man, and as far removed as any man from all suspicion, not only of crime, but of even the slightest irregularity. But it soon became evident that all this was done for the sake of his silver. Verres does not hesitate to order the prosecution to be instituted; and that, I imagine, was the first instance of his allowing an accusation to be made against an absent man. The matter was notorious over all Sicily, that men were prosecuted for capital offences because the prætor coveted their chased silver plate; and that prosecutions were instituted against them not only when they were present, but even in their absence. Diodorus goes to Rome, and putting on mourning, calls on all his patrons and friends; relates the affair to every one. Earnest letters are written to Verres by his father, and by his friends, warning him to take care what he did, and what steps he took respecting Diodorus; that the matter was notorious and very unpopular; that he must be out of his senses; that this one charge would ruin him if he did not take care. At that time he considered his father, if not in the light of a parent, at least in that of a man. He had not yet sufficiently prepared himself for a trial; it was his first year in the province; he was not, as he was by the time of the affair of Sthenius,

loaded with money. And so his frenzy was checked a little, not by shame, but by fear and alarm. He does not dare to condemn Diodorus; he takes his name out of the list of defendants while he is absent. In the meantime Diodorus, for nearly three years, as long as that man was prætor, was banished from the province and from his home. Every one else, not only Sicilians, but Roman citizens, too, settled this in their minds, that, since he had carried his covetousness to such an extent, there was nothing which any one could expect to preserve or retain in his own possession if it was admired ever so little by Verres.

But after they understood that that brave man, Quintus Arrius, whom the province was eagerly looking for, was not his successor, they then settled that they could keep nothing so carefully shut up or hidden away as not to be most open and visible to his covetousness. After that, he took away from an honorable and highly esteemed Roman knight, named Cnæus Calidius, whose son he knew to be a senator of the Roman people and a judge, some beautiful silver horses which had belonged to Quintus Maximus. I did not mean to say this, O judges, for he bought those, he did not steal them; I wish I had not mentioned them. Now he will boast, and have a fine ride on these horses. "I bought them, I have paid the money for them." I have no doubt account-books also will be produced. It is well worth while. Give me then the account-books. You are at liberty to get rid of this charge respecting Calidius, as long as I can get a sight of these accounts; still, if you had bought them, what ground had Calidius for complaining at Rome, that, though he had been living so many years in Sicily as a trader, you were

the only person who had so despised and so insulted him as to plunder him in common with all the rest of the Sicilians? what ground had he for declaring that he would demand his plate back again from you, if he had sold it to you of his own free will? Moreover, how could you avoid restoring it to Cnæus Calidius; especially when he was such an intimate friend of Lucius Sisenna, your defender, and as you had restored their property to the other friends of Sisenna? Lastly, I do not suppose you will deny that by the intervention of Potamo, a friend of yours, you restored his plate to Lucius Cordius, an honorable man, but not more highly esteemed than Cnæus Calidius; and it was he who made the cause of the rest more difficult to plead before you; for though you had promised many men to restore them their property, yet, after Cordius had stated in his evidence that you had restored him his, you desisted from making any more restorations, because you saw that you lost your plunder, and yet could not escape the evidence against you. Under all other prætors Cnæus Calidius, a Roman knight, was allowed to have plate finely wrought; he was permitted to be able from his own stores to adorn and furnish a banquet handsomely, when he had invited a magistrate or any superior officer. Many men in power and authority have been with Cnæus Calidius at his house; no one was ever found so mad as to take from him that admirable and splendid plate; no one was found bold enough to ask for it; no one impudent enough to beg him to sell it. For it is an arrogant thing, an intolerable thing, O judges, for a prætor to say to an honorable, and rich, and well-appointed man in his province, "Sell me those chased goblets." For it is saying, "You do not deserve to have things which are so beautifully made;

they are better suited to a man of my stamp." Are you, O Verres, more worthy than Calidius? whom (not to compare your way of life with his, for they are not to be compared, but) I will compare you with in respect of this very dignity owing to which you make yourself out his superior. You gave eighty thousand sesterces to canvassing agents to procure your election as prætor; you gave three hundred thousand to an accuser not to press hardly upon you: do you, on that account, look down upon and despise the equestrian order? Is it on that account that it seemed to you a scandalous thing that Calidius should have anything that you admired rather than that you should?

He has been long boasting of this transaction with Calidius, and telling every one that he bought the things. Did you also buy that censor of Lucius Papirius, a man of the highest reputation, wealth, and honor, and a Roman knight? who stated in his evidence that when you had begged for it to look at you returned it with the emblems torn off; so that you may understand that it is all taste in that man, not avarice; that it is the fine work that he covets, not the silver. Nor was this abstinence exercised only in the case of Papirius; he practiced exactly the same conduct with respect to every censor in Sicily; and it is quite incredible how many beautifully wrought censers there were. I imagine that, when Sicily was at the height of its power and opulence, there were extensive workshops in that island; for before that man went thither as prætor there was no house tolerably rich, in which there were not these things, even if there was no other silver plate besides; namely, a large dish with figures and images of the gods embossed on it, a goblet which the women used for sacred purposes, and a censor. And all these were an-

tique, and executed with the most admirable skill, so that one may suspect everything else in Sicily was on a similar scale of magnificence; but that though fortune had deprived them of much, those things were still preserved among them which were retained for purposes of religion. I said just now, O judges, that there were many censers, in almost every house, in fact; I assert, also, that now there is not even one left. What is the meaning of this? what monster, what prodigy did we send into the province? Does it not appear to you that he desired, when he returned to Rome, to satisfy not the covetousness of one man, not his own eyes only, but the insane passion of every covetous man; for, as soon as he ever came into any city, immediately those Cibyritic hounds of his were slipped, to search and find out everything. If they found any large vessel, any considerable work, they brought it to him with joy; if they could hunt out any smaller vessel of the same sort, they looked on those as a sort of lesser game, whether they were dishes, cups, censers, or anything else. What weepings of women, what lamentations do you suppose took place over these things? things which may, perhaps, seem insignificant to you, but which excite great and bitter indignation, especially among women, who grieve when those things are torn from their hands which they have been accustomed to use in religious ceremonies, which they have received from their ancestors, and which have always been in their family.

Do not now wait while I follow up this charge from door to door, and show you that he stole a goblet from *Æschylus* the Tyndaritan; a dish from another citizen of Tyndaris named *Thraso*; a censer from *Nymphodorus* of *Agrigentum*. When I produce my witnesses from Sicily he may

select whom he pleases for me to examine about dishes, goblets, and censers. Not only no town, no single house that is tolerably well off will be found to have been free from the injurious treatment of this man; who, even if he had come to a banquet, if he saw any finely wrought plate, could not, O judges, keep his hands from it. There is a man named Cnæus Pompeius Philo, who was a native of Tyndaris; he gave Verres a supper at his villa in the country near Tyndaris; he did what Sicilians did not dare to do, but what, because he was a citizen of Rome, he thought he could do with impunity, he put before him a dish on which were some exceedingly beautiful figures. Verres, the moment he saw it, determined to rob his host's table of that memorial of the Penates and of the gods of hospitality. But yet, in accordance with what I have said before of his great moderation, he restored the rest of the silver after he had torn off the figures; so free was he from all avarice! What want you more? Did he not do the same thing to Eupolemus of Calacta, a noble man, connected with, and an intimate friend of the Luculli; a man who is now serving in the army under Lucius Lucullus? He was supping with him; the rest of the silver which he had set before him had no ornament on it, lest he himself should also be left without any ornament; but there were also two goblets, of no large size, but with figures on them. He, as if he had been a professional diner-out, who was not to go away without a present, on the spot, in the sight of all the other guests, tore off the figures. I do not attempt to enumerate all his exploits of this sort; it is neither necessary nor possible. I only produce to you tokens and samples of each description of his varied and universal rascality. Nor did he behave in these affairs as if he

would some day or other be called to account for them, but altogether as if he was either never likely to be prosecuted, or else as if the more he stole, the less would be his danger when he was brought before the court; inasmuch as he did these things which I am speaking of not secretly, not by the instrumentality of friends or agents, but openly, from his high position, by his own power and authority.

When he had come to Catina, a wealthy, honorable, influential city, he ordered Dionysiarchus, the proagorus, that is to say, the chief magistrate, to be summoned before him; he openly orders him to take care that all the silver plate which was in anybody's house at Catina was collected together and brought to him. Did you not hear Philarchus of Centuripa, a man of the highest position as to noble birth, and virtue, and riches, say the same thing on his oath; namely, that Verres had charged and commanded him to collect together, and order to be conveyed to him, all the silver plate at Centuripa, by far the largest and wealthiest city in all Sicily? In the same manner at Agyrium, all the Corinthian vessels there were there, in accordance with his command, were transported to Syracuse by the agency of Apollodorus, whom you have heard as a witness. But the most extraordinary conduct of all was this; when that painstaking and industrious prætor had arrived at Haluntium, he would not himself go up into the town, because the ascent was steep and difficult; but he ordered Archagathus of Haluntium, one of the noblest men, not merely in his own city, but in all Sicily, to be summoned before him, and gave him a charge to take care that all the chased silver that there was at Haluntium, and every specimen of Corinthian

work, too, should be at once taken down from the town to the seaside. Archagathus went up into the town. That noble man, as one who wished to be loved and esteemed by his fellow-citizens, was very indignant at having such an office imposed upon him, and did not know what to do. He announces the commands he has received. He orders every one to produce what they had. There was great consternation, for the tyrant himself had not gone away to any distance; lying on a litter by the seaside below the town he was waiting for Archagathus and the silver plate. What a gathering of people do you suppose took place in the town? what an uproar? what weeping of women? they who saw it would have said that the Trojan horse had been introduced, and that the city was taken. Vessels were brought out without their cases; others were wrenched out of the hands of women; many people's doors were broken open, and their locks forced. For what else can you suppose? Even if ever, at a time of war and tumult, arms are demanded of private citizens, still men give them unwillingly, though they know that they are giving them for the common safety. Do not suppose, then, that any one produced his carved plate out of his house for another man to steal without the greatest distress. Everything is brought down to the shore. The Cibyriatic brothers are summoned; they condemn some articles; whatever they approve of has its figures in relief or its embossed emblems torn off. And so the Haluntines, having had all their ornaments wrenched off, returned home with the plain silver.

Was there ever, O judges, a drag-net of such a sort as this in that province? People have sometimes, during their year of office, diverted some part of the public

property to their own use in the most secret manner; sometimes they even secretly plundered some private citizen of something; and still they were condemned. And if you ask me, though I am detracting somewhat from my own credit by saying so, I think those were the real accusers who traced the robberies of such men as this by scent, or by some lightly imprinted footsteps; for what is it that we are doing in respect of Verres, who has wallowed in the mud till we can find him out by the traces of his whole body? Is it a great undertaking to say anything against a man who, while he was passing by a place, having his litter put down to rest for a little time, plundered a whole city, house by house, without condescending to any pretences, openly, by his own authority, and by an absolute command? But still, that he might be able to say that he had bought them, he orders Archagathus to give those men, to whom the plate had belonged, some little money, just for form's sake. Archagathus found a few who would accept the money, and those he paid.—And still Verres never paid Archagathus that money. Archagathus intended to claim it at Rome; but Cnæus Lentulus Marcellinus dissuaded him, as you heard him state himself. Read the evidence of Archagathus, and of Lentulus—and that you may not imagine that the man wished to heap up such a mass of figures without any reason, just see at what rate he valued you, and the opinion of the Roman people, and the laws, and the courts of justice, and the Sicilian witnesses and traders. After he had collected such a vast number of figures that he had not left one single figure to anybody, he established an immense shop in the palace at Syracuse; he openly orders all the manufacturers, and carvers, and goldsmiths to be summoned—

and he himself had many in his own employ; he collects a great multitude of men; he kept them employed uninterruptedly for eight months, though all that time no vessels were made of anything but gold. In that time he had so skillfully wrought the figures which he had torn off the goblets and censers, into golden goblets, or had so ingeniously joined them into golden cups that you would say that they had been made for that very purpose; and he, the prætor, who says that it was owing to his vigilance that peace was maintained in Sicily, was accustomed to sit in his tunic and dark cloak the greater part of the day in this workshop.

I would not venture, O judges, to mention these things, if I were not afraid that you might perhaps say that you had heard more about that man from others in common conversation than you had heard from me in this trial; for who is there who has not heard of this workshop, of the golden vessels, of Verres's tunic and dark cloak? Name any respectable man you please out of the whole body of settlers at Syracuse, I will produce him; there will not be one person who will not say that he has either seen this or heard of it. Alas for the age! alas for the degeneracy of our manners! I will not mention anything of any great antiquity; there are many of you, O judges, who knew Lucius Piso, the father of this Lucius Piso, who was prætor. When he was prætor in Spain—in which province he was slain—some how or other, while he was practicing his exercises in arms, the golden ring which he had was broken and crushed. As he wanted to get himself another ring, he ordered a goldsmith to be summoned into the forum before his throne of office, at Corduba, and openly weighed him out the gold. He ordered the man to set up his bench in

the forum, and to make him a ring in the presence of every one. Perhaps, in truth, some may say that he was too exact, and to this extent any one who chooses may blame him, but no further. Still such conduct was allowable for him, for he was the son of Lucius Piso, of that man who first made the law about extortion and embezzlement. It is quite ridiculous for me to speak of Verres now, when I have just been speaking of Piso the Thrifty; still, see what a difference there is between the men; that man, while he was making some sideboards full of golden vessels, did not care what his reputation was, not only in Sicily, but also at Rome in the court of justice; the other wished all Spain to know to half an ounce how much gold it took to make a prætor's ring. Forsooth, as the one proved his right to his name, so did the other to his surname.

It is utterly impossible for me either to retain in my memory, or to embrace in my speech, all his exploits. I wish just to touch briefly on the different kinds of deeds done by him, just as here the ring of Piso reminded me of what had otherwise entirely escaped my recollection. From how many honorable men do you imagine that that man tore the golden rings from off their fingers? He never hesitated to do so whenever he was pleased with either the jewels or the fashion of the ring belonging to any one. I am going to mention an incredible fact, but still one so notorious that I do not think that he himself will deny it. When a letter had been brought to Valentius his interpreter from Agrigentum, by chance Verres himself noticed the impression on the seal; he was pleased with it, he asked where the letter came from; he was told, from Agrigentum. He sent letters to the men with whom he was accustomed

to communicate, ordering that ring to be brought to him as soon as possible. And accordingly, in compliance with his letter, it was torn off the finger of a master of a family, a certain Lucius Titius, a Roman citizen. But that covetousness of his is quite beyond belief. For as he wished to provide three hundred couches beautifully covered, with all other decorations for a banquet, for the different rooms which he has, not only at Rome, but in his different villas, he collected such a number that there was no wealthy house in all Sicily where he did not set up an embroiderer's shop.

There is a woman, a citizen of Segesta, very rich, and nobly born, by name Lamia. She, having her house full of spinning jennies, for three years was making him robes and coverlets, all dyed with purple; Attalus, a rich man at Netum; Lyso at Lilybæum; Critolaus at Enna; at Syracuse Æschrio, Cleomenes, and Theomnastus; at Elorum Archonides and Megistus. My voice will fail me before the names of the men whom he employed in this way will; he himself supplied the purple—his friends supplied only the work, I dare say; for I have no wish to accuse him in every particular, as if it were not enough for me, with a view to accuse him, that he should have had so much to give, that he should have wished to carry away so many things; and, besides all that, this thing which he admits, namely, that he should have employed the works of his friends in affairs of this sort. But now do you suppose that brazen couches and brazen candelabra were made at Syracuse for any one but for him the whole of that three years? He bought them, I suppose; but I am informing you so fully, O judges, of what that man did in his province as prætor, that he may not by chance appear to any

one to have been careless, and not to have provided and adorned himself sufficiently when he had absolute power.

I come now, not to a theft, not to avarice, not to covetousness, but to an action of that sort that every kind of wickedness seems to be contained in it, and to be in it; by which the immortal gods were insulted, the reputation and authority of the name of the Roman people was impaired, hospitality was betrayed and plundered, all the kings who were most friendly to us, and the nations which are under their rule and dominion, were alienated from us by his wickedness. For you know that the kings of Syria, the boyish sons of King Antiochus, have lately been at Rome. And they came not on account of the kingdom of Syria; for that they had obtained possession of without dispute, as they had received it from their father and their ancestors; but they thought that the kingdom of Egypt belonged to them and to Selene their mother. When they, being hindered by the critical state of the republic at that time, were not able to obtain the discussion of the subject as they wished before the senate, they departed for Syria, their paternal kingdom. One of them—the one whose name is Antiochus—wished to make his journey through Sicily. And so, while Verres was prætor, he came to Syracuse. On this Verres thought that an inheritance had come to him, because a man whom he had heard, and on other accounts suspected, had many splendid things with him, had come into his kingdom and into his power. He sends him presents—liberal enough—for all domestic uses; as much wine and oil as he thought fit; and as much wheat as he could want, out of his tenths. After that he invites the king himself to supper. He decorates a couch abundantly and magnificently. He sets

out the numerous and beautiful silver vessels, in which he was so rich; for he had not yet made all those golden ones. He takes care that the banquet shall be splendidly appointed and provided in every particular. Why need I make a long story of it? The king departed thinking that Verres was superbly provided with everything, and that he himself had been magnificently treated. After that, he himself invites the prætor to supper. He displays all his treasures; much silver, also not a few goblets of gold, which, as is the custom of kings, and especially in Syria, were studded all over with most splendid jewels. There was also a vessel for wine, a ladle hollowed out of one single large precious stone, with a golden handle, concerning which, I think, you heard Quintus Minutius speak, a sufficiently capable judge, and sufficiently credible witness. Verres took each separate piece of plate into his hands, praised it—admired it. The king was delighted that that banquet was tolerably pleasant and agreeable to a prætor of the Roman people. After the banquet was over, Verres thought of nothing else, as the facts themselves showed, than how he might plunder and strip the king of everything before he departed from the province. He sends to ask for the most exquisite of the vessels which he had seen at Antiochus's lodgings. He said that he wished to show them to his engravers. The king, who did not know the man, most willingly sent them, without any suspicion of his intention. He sends also to borrow the jewelled ladle. He said that he wished to examine it more attentively; that also is sent to him.

Now, O judges, mark what followed; things which you have already heard, and which the Roman people will not hear now for the first time, and which have been reported

abroad among foreign nations to the furthest corners of the earth. The kings, whom I have spoken of, had brought to Rome a candelabrum of the finest jewels, made with most extraordinary skill, in order to place it in the Capitol; but as they found that temple not yet finished, they could not place it there. Nor were they willing to display it and produce it in common, in order that it might seem more splendid when it was placed at its proper time in the shrine of the great and good Jupiter; and brighter, also, as its beauty would come fresh and untarnished before the eyes of men. They determined, therefore, to take it back with them into Syria, with the intention, when they should hear that the image of the great and good Jupiter was dedicated, of sending ambassadors who should bring that exquisite and most beautiful present, with other offerings, to the Capitol. The matter, I know not how, got to his ears. For the king had wished it kept entirely concealed; not because he feared or suspected anything, but because he did not wish many to feast their eyes on it before the Roman people. He begs the king, and entreats him most earnestly to send it to him; he says that he longs to look at it himself, and that he will not allow any one else to see it. Antiochus, being both of a child-like and royal disposition, suspected nothing of that man's dishonesty, and orders his servants to take it as secretly as possible, and well wrapped up, to the prætor's house. And when they brought it there, and placed it on a table, having taken off the coverings, Verres began to exclaim that it was a thing worthy of the kingdom of Syria, worthy of being a royal present, worthy of the Capitol. In truth, it was of such splendor as a thing must be which is made of the most brilliant and beautiful jewels; of such variety

of pattern that the skill of the workmanship seemed to vie with the richness of the materials; and of such a size that it might easily be seen that it had been made not for the furniture of men, but for the decoration of a most noble temple. And when he appeared to have examined it sufficiently, the servants begin to take it up to carry it back again. He says that he wishes to examine it over and over again; that he is not half satiated with the sight of it; he orders them to depart and to leave the candelabrum. So they then return to Antiochus empty-handed.

The king at first feared nothing, suspected nothing. One day passed—two days—many days. It was not brought back. Then the king sends to Verres to beg him to return it, if he will be so good. He bids the slaves come again. The king begins to think it strange. He sends a second time. It is not returned. He himself calls on the man; he begs him to restore it to him. Think of the face and marvellous impudence of the man! That thing which he knew, and which he had heard from the king himself was to be placed in the Capitol, which he knew was being kept for the great and good Jupiter, and for the Roman people, that he began to ask and entreat earnestly to have given to him. When the king said that he was prevented from complying by the reverence due to Jupiter Capitolinus, and by his regard for the opinion of men, because many nations were witnesses to the fact of the candelabrum having been made for a present to the god, the fellow began to threaten him most violently. When he sees that he is no more influenced by threats than he had been by prayers, on a sudden he orders him to leave his province before night. He says that he has found out that pirates from his kingdom were coming against Sicily.

The king, in the most frequented place in Syracuse, in the forum—in the forum at Syracuse, I say (that no man may suppose I am bringing forward a charge about which there is any obscurity, or imagining anything which rests on mere suspicion), weeping, and calling gods and men to witness, began to cry out that Caius Verres had taken from him a candelabrum made of jewels, which he was about to send to the Capitol, and which he wished to be in that most splendid temple as a memorial to the Roman people of his alliance with and friendship for them. He said that he did not care about the other works made of gold and jewels belonging to him which were in Verres's hands, but that it was a miserable and scandalous thing for this to be taken from him. And that, although it had long ago been consecrated in the minds and intentions of himself and his brother, still, that he then, before that assembled body of Roman citizens, offered, and gave, and dedicated, and consecrated it to the great and good Jupiter, and that he invoked Jupiter himself as a witness of his intention and of his piety.

What voice, what lungs, what power of mine can adequately express the indignation due to this atrocity? The King Antiochus, who had lived for two years at Rome in the sight of all of us, with an almost royal retinue and establishment—though he had been the friend and ally of the Roman people; though his father, and his grandfather, and his ancestors, most ancient and honorable sovereigns, had been our firmest friends; though he himself is monarch of a most opulent and extensive kingdom, is turned headlong out of a province of the Roman people. How do you suppose that foreign nations will take this? How do you suppose the news of this exploit of yours will be received

in the dominions of other kings, and in the most distant countries of the world, when they hear that a king has been insulted by a prætor of the Roman people in his province? that a guest of the Roman people has been plundered? a friend and ally of the Roman people insultingly driven out? Know that your name and that of the Roman people will be an object of hatred and detestation to foreign nations. If this unheard-of insolence of Verres is to pass unpunished, all men will think, especially as the reputation of our men for avarice and covetousness has been very extensively spread, that this is not his crime only, but that of those who have approved of it. Many kings, many free cities, many opulent and powerful private men, cherish intentions of ornamenting the Capitol in such a way as the dignity of the temple and the reputation of our empire require. And if they understand that you show a proper indignation at this kingly present being intercepted, they will then think that their zeal and their presents will be acceptable to you and to the Roman people. But if they hear that you have been indifferent to the complaint of so great a king, in so remarkable a case, in one of such bitter injustice, they will not be so crazy as to spend their time, and labor, and expense on things which they do not think will be acceptable to you.

And in this place I appeal to you, O Quintus Catulus; for I am speaking of your most honorable and most splendid monument. You ought to take upon yourself not only the severity of a judge with respect to this crime, but something like the vehemence of an enemy and an accuser. For, through the kindness of the senate and people of Rome, your honor is connected with that temple. Your name is conse-

crated at the same time as that temple in the everlasting recollection of men. It is by you that this case is to be encountered; by you that this labor is to be undergone, in order that the Capitol, as it has been restored more magnificently, may also be adorned more splendidly than it was originally; that then that fire may seem to have been sent from heaven not to destroy the temple of the great and good Jupiter, but to demand one for him more noble and more magnificent. You have heard Quintus Minucius Rufus say that King Antiochus stayed at his house while at Syracuse; that he knew that this candelabrum had been taken to Verres's house; that he knew that it had not been returned. You heard, and you shall hear from the whole body of Roman settlers at Syracuse, that they will state to you that in their hearing it was dedicated and consecrated to the good and great Jupiter by King Antiochus. If you were not a judge, and this affair were reported to you, it would be your especial duty to follow it up; to reclaim the candelabrum, and to prosecute this cause. So that I do not doubt what ought to be your feelings as judge in this prosecution, when before any one else as judge you ought to be a much more vehement advocate and accuser than I am.

And to you, O judges, what can appear more scandalous or more intolerable than this? Shall Verres have at his own house a candelabrum, made of jewels and gold, belonging to the great and good Jupiter? Shall that ornament be set out in his house at banquets which will be one scene of adultery and debauchery, with the brilliancy of which the temple of the great and good Jupiter ought to glow and to be lighted up? Shall the decorations of the Capitol be placed in the house of that most

infamous debauché with the other ornaments which he has inherited from Chelidon? What do you suppose will ever be considered sacred or holy by him, when he does not now think himself liable to punishment for such enormous wickedness? who dares to come into this court of justice, where he cannot, like all others who are arraigned, pray to the great and good Jupiter, and entreat help from him? from whom even the immortal gods are reclaiming their property, before that tribunal which was appointed for the benefit of men, that they might recover what had been extorted unjustly from them? Do we marvel that Minerva at Athens, Apollo at Delos, Juno at Samos, Diana at Perga, and that many other gods besides all over Asia and Greece, were plundered by him, when he could not keep his hands off the Capitol? That temple which private men are decorating and are intending to decorate out of their own riches, that Caius Verres would not suffer to be decorated by a king; and, accordingly, after he had once conceived this nefarious wickedness, he considered nothing in all Sicily afterward sacred or hallowed; and he behaved himself in his province for three years in such a manner that war was thought to have been declared by him, not only against men, but also against the immortal gods.

Segesta is a very ancient town in Sicily, O judges, which its inhabitants assert was founded by Æneas when he was flying from Troy and coming to this country. And, accordingly, the Segestans think that they are connected with the Roman people, not only by a perpetual alliance and friendship, but even by some relationship. This town, as the state of the Segestans was at war with the Carthaginians on its own account and of its own ac-

cord, was formerly stormed and destroyed by the Carthaginians; and everything which could be any ornament to the city was transported from thence to Carthage. There was among the Segestans a statue of Diana, of brass, not only invested with the most sacred character, but also wrought with the most exquisite skill and beauty. When transferred to Carthage, it only changed its situation and its worshippers; it retained its former sanctity. For on account of its eminent beauty it seemed, even to their enemies, worthy of being most religiously worshipped. Some ages afterward Publius Scipio took Carthage, in the third Punic war; after which victory (remark the virtue and carefulness of the man, so that you may both rejoice at your national examples of most eminent virtue, and may also judge the incredible audacity of Verres, worthy of the greater hatred by contrasting it with that virtue), he summoned all the Sicilians, because he knew that during a long period of time Sicily had repeatedly been ravaged by the Carthaginians, and bids them seek for all they had lost, and promises them to take the greatest pains to insure the restoration to the different cities of everything which had belonged to them. Then those things which had formerly been removed from Himera, and which I have mentioned before, were restored to the people of Thermæ; some things were restored to the Gelans, some to the Agrigentines; among which was that noble bull, which that most cruel of all tyrants, Phalaris, is said to have had, into which he was accustomed to put men for punishment, and to put fire under. And when Scipio restored that bull to the Agrigentines, he is reported to have said that he thought it reasonable for them to consider whether it was more advantageous to the Sicilians to

be subject to their own princes, or to be under the dominion of the Roman people, when they had the same thing as a monument of the cruelty of their domestic masters, and of our liberality.

At that time, the same Diana of which I am speaking is restored with the greatest care to the Segestana. It is taken back to Segesta; it is replaced in its ancient situation, to the greatest joy and delight of all the citizens. It was placed at Segesta on a very lofty pedestal, on which was cut in large letters the name of Publius Africanus; and a statement was also engraved that "he had restored it after having taken Carthage." It was worshipped by the citizens; it was visited by all strangers; when I was quæstor it was the very first thing they showed me. It was a very large and tall statue, with a flowing robe, but in spite of its large size it gave the idea of the age and dress of a virgin; her arrows hung from her shoulder, in her left hand she carried her bow, her right hand held a burning torch. When that enemy of all sacred things, that violator of all religious scruples saw it, he began to burn with covetousness and insanity, as if he himself had been struck with that torch. He commands the magistrates to take the statue down and give it to him; and declares to them that nothing can be more agreeable to him. But they said it was impossible for them to do so; that they were prevented from doing so, not only by the most extreme religious reverence, but also by the greatest respect for their own laws and courts of justice. Then he began to entreat this favor of them, then to threaten them, then to try and excite their hopes, then to arouse their fears. They opposed to his demands the name of Africanus; they said that it was the gift of the Roman people; that

they themselves had no right over a thing which a most illustrious general, having taken a city of the enemy, had chosen to stand there as a monument of the victory of the Roman people. As he did not relax in his demand, but urged it every day with daily increasing earnestness, the matter was brought before their senate. His demand raises a violent outcry on all sides. And so at that time, and at his first arrival at Segesta, it is refused. Afterward, whatever burdens could be imposed on any city in respect of exacting sailors and rowers, or in levying corn, he imposed on the Segestans beyond all other cities, and a good deal more than they could bear. Besides that, he used to summon their magistrates before him; he used to send for all the most noble and most virtuous of the citizens, to hurry them about with him to all the courts of justice in the province, to threaten every one of them separately to be the ruin of him, and to announce to them all in a body that he would utterly destroy their city. Therefore, at last, the Segestans, subdued by much ill treatment and by great fear, resolved to obey the command of the prætor. With great grief and lamentation on the part of the whole city, with many tears and wailings on the part of all the men and women, a contract is advertised for taking down the statue of Diana.

See now with what religious reverence it is regarded. Know, O judges, that among all the Segestans none was found, whether free man or slave, whether citizen or foreigner, to dare to touch that statue. Know that some barbarian workmen were brought from Lilybæum; they at length, ignorant of the whole business, and of the religious character of the image, agreed to take it down for a sum of money, and took it down. And when it was be-

ing taken out of the city, how great was the concourse of women! how great was the weeping of the old men! some of whom even recollected that day when that same Diana being brought back to Segesta from Carthage, had announced to them, by its return, the victory of the Roman people. How different from that time did this day seem! Then the general of the Roman people, a most illustrious man, was bringing back to the Segestans the gods of their fathers, recovered from an enemy's city; now a most base and profligate prætor of the same Roman people was taking away, with the most nefarious wickedness, those very same gods from the city of his allies. What is more notorious throughout all Sicily than that all the matrons and virgins of Segesta came together when Diana was being taken out of their city? that they anointed her with precious unguents? that they crowned her with chaplets and flowers? that they attended her to the borders of their territory with frankincense and burning perfumes? If at the time you, by reason of your covetousness and audacity, did not, while in command, fear these religious feelings of the population, do you not fear them now, at a time of such peril to yourself and to your children? What man, against the will of the immortal gods, or what god, when you so trample on all the religious reverence due to them, do you think will come to your assistance? Has that Diana inspired you, while in quiet and at leisure, with no religious awe—she, who though she had seen two cities, in which she was placed, stormed and burned, was yet twice preserved from the flames and weapons of two wars; she who, though she changed her situation owing to the victory of the Carthaginians, yet did not lose her holy character; and who, by the valor of Publius Africanus, after-

ward recovered her old worship, together with her old situation? And when this crime had been executed, as the pedestal was empty, and the name of Publius Africanus carved on it, the affair appeared scandalous and intolerable to every one, that not only was religion trampled on, but also that Caius Verres had taken away the glory of the exploits, the memorial of the virtues, the monument of the victory of Publius Africanus, that most gallant of men. But when he was told afterward of the pedestal and the inscription, he thought that men would forget the whole affair, if he took away the pedestal too, which was serving as a sort of sign-post to point out his crime. And so, by his command, the Segestans contracted to take away the pedestal too; and the terms of that contract were read to you from the public registers of the Segestans, at the former pleading.

Now, O Publius Scipio, I appeal to you; to you, I say, a most virtuous and accomplished youth; from you I request and demand that assistance which is due to your family and to your name. Why do you take the part of that man who has embezzled the credit and honor of your family? Why do you wish him to be defended? Why am I undertaking what is properly your business? Why am I supporting a burden which ought to fall on you?—Marcus Tullius is reclaiming the monuments of Publius Africanus; Publius Scipio is defending the man who took them away. Though it is a principle handed down to us from our ancestors, for every one to defend the monuments of his ancestors, in such a way as not even to allow them to be decorated by one of another name, will you take the part of that man who is not charged merely with having in some degree spoiled the view of the monuments of Publius Scipio,

but who has entirely removed and destroyed them? Who then, in the name of the immortal gods, will defend the memory of Publius Scipio now that he is dead? who will defend the memorials and evidences of his valor, if you desert and abandon them; and not only allow them to be plundered and taken away, but even defend their plunderer and destroyer? The Segestans are present, your clients, the allies and friends of the Roman people. They inform you that Publius Africanus, when he had destroyed Carthage, restored the image of Diana to their ancestors; and that was set up among the Segestans and dedicated in the name of that general—that Verres has had it taken down and carried away, and, as far as that is concerned, has utterly effaced and extinguished the name of Publius Scipio. They entreat and pray you to restore the object of their worship to them, its proper credit and glory to your own family, so enabling them by your assistance to recover from the house of a robber what they recovered from the city of their enemies by the beneficence of Publius Africanus.

What can you reply to them with honor, or what can they do but implore the aid of you and your good faith? They are present, they do implore it. You, O Publius, can protect the honor of your family renown; you can, you have every advantage which either fortune or nature ever gives to men. I do not wish to anticipate you in gathering the fruit that belongs to you; I am not covetous of the glory which ought to belong to another. It does not correspond to the modesty of my disposition, while Publius Scipio, a most promising young man, is alive and well, to put myself forward as the defender and advocate of the memorials of Publius Scipio. Wherefore, if you

will undertake the advocacy of your family renown, it will behoove me not only to be silent about your monuments, but even to be glad that the fortune of Publius Africanus, though dead, is such that his honor is defended by those who are of the same family as himself, and that it requires no adventitious assistance. But if your friendship with that man is an obstacle to you—if you think that this thing which I demand of you is not so intimately connected with your duty—then I, as your *locum tenens*, will succeed to your office, I will undertake that business which I have thought not to belong to me. Let that proud aristocracy give up complaining that the Roman people willingly gives, and at all times has given, honors to new and diligent men. It is a foolish complaint that virtue should be of the greatest influence in that city which by its virtue governs all nations. Let the image of Publius Africanus be in the houses of other men; let heroes now dead be adorned with virtue and glory. He was such a man, he deserved so well of the Roman people, that he deserves to be recommended to the affection, not of one single family, but of the whole state. And so it partly does belong to me also to defend his honors with all my power, because I belong to that city which he rendered great, and illustrious, and renowned; and especially, because I practice, to the utmost of my power, those virtues in which he was pre-eminent—equity, industry, temperance, the protection of the unhappy, and hatred of the dishonest; a relationship in pursuits and habits which is almost as important as that of which you boast, the relationship of name and family.

I reclaim from you, O Verres, the monument of Publius Africanus; I abandon the cause of the Sicilians, which I

undertook; let there be no trial of you for extortion at present; never mind the injuries of the Segestans; let the pedestal of Publius Africanus be restored; let the name of that invincible commander be engraved on it anew; let that most beautiful statue, which was recovered when Carthage was taken, be replaced. It is not I, the defender of the Sicilians—it is not I, your prosecutor—they are not the Segestans who demand this of you; but he who has taken on himself the defence and the preservation of the renown and glory of Publius Africanus. I am not afraid of not being able to give a good account of my performance of this duty to Publius Servilius the judge; who, as he has performed great exploits, and raised very many monuments of his good deeds, and has a natural anxiety about them, will be glad, forsooth, to leave them an object of care and protection not only to his own posterity, but to all brave men and good citizens; and not as a mark for the plunder of rogues. I am not afraid of its displeasing you, O Quintus Catulus, to whom the most superb and splendid monument in the whole world belongs, that there should be as many guardians of such monuments as possible, or that all good men should think it was a part of their duty to defend the glory of another. And indeed I am so far moved by the other robberies and atrocities of that fellow as to think them worthy of great reproof; but that might be sufficient for them. But in this instance I am roused to such indignation that nothing appears to me possible to be more scandalous or more intolerable. Shall Verres adorn his house, full of adultery, full of debauchery, full of infamy, with the monuments of Africanus? Shall Verres place the memorial of that most temperate and religious man, the image of the ever virgin Diana, in that house in

which the iniquities of harlots and pimps are incessantly being practiced?

But is this the only monument of Africanus which you have violated? What! did you take away from the people of Tyndaris an image of Mercury most beautifully made, and placed there by the beneficence of the same Scipio? And how? O ye immortal gods! How audaciously, how infamously, how shamelessly did you do so! You have lately, O judges, heard the deputies from Tyndaris, most honorable men, and the chief men of that city, say that the Mercury, which in their sacred anniversaries was worshipped among them with the extremest religious reverence, which Publius Africanus, after he had taken Carthage, had given to the Tyndaritans, not only as a monument of his victory, but as a memorial and evidence of their loyalty to and alliance with the Roman people, had been taken away by the violence, and wickedness, and arbitrary power of this man; who, when he first came to their city, in a moment, as if it were not only a becoming, but an indispensable thing to be done—as if the senate had ordered it and the Roman people had sanctioned it—in a moment, I say, ordered them to take the statue down and to transport it to Messana. And as this appeared a scandalous thing to those who were present and who heard it, it was not persevered in by him during the first period of his visit; but when he departed, he ordered Sopater, their chief magistrate, whose statement you have heard, to take it down. When he refused, he threatened him violently; and then he left the city. The magistrate refers the matter to the senate; there is a violent outcry on all sides. To make my story short, some time afterward he comes to that city again. Immediately he asks about the statue.

He is answered that the senate will not allow it to be removed; that capital punishment is threatened to any one who should touch it without the orders of the senate: the impiety of removing is also urged. Then says he, "What do you mean by talking to me of impiety? or about punishment? or about the senate? I will not leave you alive; you shall be scourged to death if the statue is not given up." Sopater with tears reports the matter to the senate a second time, and relates to them the covetousness and the threats of Verres. The senate gives Sopater no answer, but breaks up in agitation and perplexity. Sopater, being summoned by the prætor's messenger, informs him of the state of the case, and says that it is absolutely impossible.

And all these things (for I do not think that I ought to omit any particular of his impudence) were done openly in the middle of the assembly, while Verres was sitting on his chair of office, in a lofty situation. It was the depth of winter; the weather, as you heard Sopater himself state, was bitterly cold; heavy rain was falling; when that fellow orders the lictors to throw Sopater headlong from the portico on which he himself was sitting, and to strip him naked. The command was scarcely out of his mouth before you might have seen him stripped and surrounded by the lictors. All thought that the unhappy and innocent man was going to be scourged. They were mistaken. Do you think that Verres would scourge without any reason an ally and friend of the Roman people? He is not so wicked. All vices are not to be found in that man; he was never cruel. He treated the man with great gentleness and clemency. In the middle of the forum there are some statues of the Marcelli, as there are in most of the other

towns of Sicily; out of these he selected the statue of Caius Marcellus, whose services to that city and to the whole province were most recent and most important. On that statue he orders Sopater, a man of noble birth in his city, and at that very time invested with the chief magistracy, to be placed astride and bound to it. What torture he suffered when he was bound naked in the open air, in the rain and in the cold, must be manifest to everybody. Nor did he put an end to this insult and barbarity till the people and the whole multitude, moved by the atrocity of his conduct and by pity for his victim, compelled the senate by their outcries to promise him that statue of Mercury. They cried out that the immortal gods themselves would avenge the act, and that in the meantime it was not fit that an innocent man should be murdered. Then the senate comes to him in a body, and promises him the statue. And so Sopater is taken down scarcely alive from the statue of Marcellus, to which he had almost become frozen. I cannot adequately accuse that man if I were to wish to do so; it requires not only genius, but an extraordinary amount of skill.

This appears to be a single crime, this of the Tyndaritan Mercury, and it is brought forward by me as a single one; but there are many crimes contained in it—only I do not know how to separate and distinguish them. It is a case of money extorted, for he took away from the allies a statue worth a large sum of money. It is a case of embezzlement, because he did not hesitate to appropriate a public statue belonging to the Roman people, taken from the spoils of the enemy, placed where it was in the name of our general. It is a case of treason, because he dared to overturn and to carry away monuments of our

empire, of our glory, and of our exploits. It is a case of impiety, because he violated the most solemn principles of religion. It is a case of inhumanity, because he invented a new and extraordinary description of punishment for an innocent man, an ally and friend of our nation. But what the other crime is, that I am unable to say; I know not by what name to call the crime which he committed with respect to the statue of Caius Marcellus. What is the meaning of it? Is it because he was the patron of the Sicilians? What then? What has that to do with it? Ought that fact to have had influence to procure assistance, or to bring disaster on his clients and friends? Was it your object to show that patrons were no protection against your violence? Who is there who would not be aware that there is greater power in the authority of a bad man who is present, than the protection of good men who are absent? Or do you merely wish to prove by this conduct, your unprecedented insolence, and pride, and obstinacy? You thought, I imagine, that you were taking something from the dignity of the Marcelli? And therefore now the Marcelli are not the patrons of the Sicilians. Verres has been substituted in their place. What virtue or what dignity did you think existed in you, that you should attempt to transfer to yourself, and to take away from these most trusty and most ancient patrons, so illustrious a body of clients as that splendid province? Can you with your stupidity, and worthlessness, and laziness defend the cause, I will not say of all Sicily, but even of one, the very meanest of the Sicilians? Was the statue of Marcellus to serve you for a pillory for the clients of the Marcelli? Did you out of his honor seek for punishments for those very men who had held him in

honor? What followed? What did you think would happen to your statues? was it that which did happen? For the people of Tyndaris threw down the statue of Verres, which he had ordered to be erected in his own honor near the Marcelli, and even on a higher pedestal, the very moment that they heard that a successor had been appointed to him.

The fortune of the Sicilians has then given you Caius Marcellus for a judge, so that we may now surrender you, fettered and bound, to appease the injured sanctity of him to whose statue Sicilians were bound while you were prætor. And in the first place, O judges, that man said that the people of Tyndaris had sold this statue to Caius Marcellus Æserninus, who is here present. And he hoped that Caius Marcellus himself would assert thus much for his sake, though it never seemed to me to be very likely that a young man born in that rank, the patron of Sicily, would lend his name to that fellow to enable him to transfer his guilt to another. But still I made such provision, and took such precaution against every possible bearing of the case, that if any one had been found who was ever so anxious to take the guilt and crime of Verres upon himself, still he would not have taken anything by his motion, for I brought down to court such witnesses, and I had with me such written documents, that it could not have been possible to have entertained a doubt about that man's actions. There are public documents to prove that that Mercury was transported to Messana at the expense of the state. They state at what expense; and that a man named Poleas was ordered by the public authority to superintend the business—what more would you have? Where is he? He is close at hand, he is a witness, by the command of

Sopater the Proagorus.—Who is he? The man who was bound to the statue. What! where is he? He is a witness—you have seen the man, and you have heard his statement. Demetrius, the master of the gymnastic school, superintended the pulling down of the statue, because he was appointed to manage that business. What? is it we who say this? No, he is present himself; moreover, that Verres himself lately promised at Rome that he would restore that statue to the deputies, if the evidence already given in the affair were removed, and if security were given that the Tyndaritans would not give evidence against him, has been stated before you by Zosippus and Hismenias, most noble men, and the chief men of the city of Tyndaris.

What? did you not also at Agrigentum take away a monument of the same Publius Scipio, a most beautiful statue of Apollo, on whose thigh there was the name of Myron, inscribed in diminutive silver letters, out of that most holy temple of Æsculapius? And when, O judges, he had privily committed that atrocity, and when in that most nefarious crime and robbery he had employed some of the most worthless men of the city as his guides and assistants, the whole city was greatly excited. For the Agrigentines were regretting at the same time the kindness of Africanus, and a national object of their worship, and an ornament of their city, and a record of their victory, and an evidence of their alliance with us. And therefore a command is imposed on those men who were the chief men of the city, and a charge is given to the quæstors and ædiles to keep watch by night over the sacred edifices. And, indeed, at Agrigentum (I imagine, on account of the great number and virtue of these men, and because great numbers of Roman citizens, gallant and in-

trepid and honorable men, live and trade in that town among the Agrigentines in the greatest harmony) he did not dare openly to carry off, or even to beg for the things that took his fancy. There is a temple of Hercules at Agrigentum, not far from the forum, considered very holy and greatly revered among the citizens. In it there is a brazen image of Hercules himself, than which I cannot easily tell where I have seen anything finer (although I am not very much of a judge of those matters, though I have seen plenty of specimens); so greatly venerated among them, O judges, that his mouth and his chin are a little worn away, because men in addressing their prayers and congratulations to him are accustomed not only to worship the statue but even to kiss it. While Verres was at Agrigentum, on a sudden, one stormy night, a great assemblage of armed slaves, and a great attack on this temple by them, takes place, under the leading of Timarchides. A cry is raised by the watchmen and guardians of the temple. And, at first, when they attempted to resist them and to defend the temple, they are driven back much injured with sticks and bludgeons. Afterward, when the bolts were forced open, and the doors dashed in, they endeavor to pull down the statue and to overthrow it with levers; meantime, from the outcries of the keepers, a report got abroad over the whole city, that the national gods were being stormed, not by the unexpected invasion of enemies, or by the sudden irruption of pirates, but that a well-armed and fully-equipped band of fugitive slaves from the house and retinue of the prætor had attacked them. No one in Agrigentum was either so advanced in age, or so infirm in strength, as not to rise up on that night, awakened by that news, and to seize whatever

weapon chance put into his hands. So in a very short time men are assembled at the temple from every part of the city. Already, for more than an hour, numbers of men had been laboring at pulling down that statue; and all that time it gave no sign of being shaken in any part; while some, putting levers under it, were endeavoring to throw it down, and others, having bound cords to all its limbs, were trying to pull it toward them. On a sudden all the Agrigentines collect together at the place; stones are thrown in numbers; the nocturnal soldiers of that illustrious commander run away—but they take with them two very small statues, in order not to return to that robber of all holy things entirely empty-handed. The Sicilians are never in such distress as not to be able to say something facetious and neat; as they did on this occasion. And so they said that this enormous boar had a right to be accounted one of the labors of Hercules, no less than the other boar of Erymanthus.

The people of Assorum, gallant and loyal men, afterward imitated this brave conduct of the Agrigentines, though they did not come of so powerful or so distinguished a city. There is a river called Chrysas, which flows through the territories of Assorum. Chrysas, among that people, is considered a god and is worshipped with the greatest reverence. His temple is in the fields, near the road which goes from Assorum to Enna. In it there is an image of Chrysas, exquisitely made of marble. He did not dare to beg that of the Assorians on account of the extraordinary sanctity of that temple; so he intrusts the business to Tlepolemus and Hiero. They, having prepared and armed a body of men, come by night; they break in the doors of the temple; the keepers of

the temple and the guardians hear them in time. A trumpet, the signal of alarm well known to all the neighborhood, is sounded; men come in from the country. Tlepolemus is turned out and put to flight; nor was anything missed out of the temple of Chrysas except one very diminutive image of brass. There is a temple of the mighty mother Cybele at Enguinum, for I must now not only mention each instance with the greatest brevity, but I must even pass over a great many, in order to come to the greater and more remarkable thefts and atrocities of this sort which this man has committed. In this temple that same Publius Scipio, a man excelling in every possible good quality, had placed breastplates and helmets of brass of Corinthian workmanship, and some huge ewers of a similar description, and wrought with the same exquisite skill, and had inscribed his own name upon them. Why should I make any more statements or utter any further complaints about that man's conduct? He took away, O judges, every one of those things. He left nothing in that most holy temple except the traces of the religion he had trampled on, and the name of Publius Scipio. The spoils won from the enemy, the memorials of our commanders, the ornaments and decorations of our temples, will hereafter, when these illustrious names are lost, be reckoned in the furniture and appointments of Caius Verres. Are you, forsooth, the only man who delights in Corinthian vases? Are you the best judge in the world of the mixture of that celebrated bronze, and of the delicate tracery of that work? Did not the great Scipio, that most learned and accomplished man, understand it too? But do you, a man without one single virtue, without education, without natural ability, and without any information, understand them and value them? Beware lest

he be seen to have surpassed you and those other men who wished to be thought so elegant, not only in temperance, but in judgment and taste; for it was because he thoroughly understood how beautiful they were that he thought that they were made not for the luxury of men, but for the ornamenting of temples and cities, in order that they might appear to our posterity to be holy and sacred monuments.

Listen, also, O judges, to the man's singular covetousness, audacity and madness, especially in polluting those sacred things, which not only may not be touched with the hands, but which may not be violated even in thought. There is a shrine of Ceres among the Cateuans of the same holy nature as the one at Rome, and worshipped as the goddess is worshipped among foreign nations, and in almost every country in the world. In the inmost part of that shrine there was an extremely ancient statue of Ceres, as to which men were not only ignorant of what sort it was, but even of its existence. For the entrance into that shrine does not belong to men, the sacred ceremonies are accustomed to be performed by women and virgins. Verres's slaves stole this statue by night out of that most holy and most ancient temple. The next day the priestesses of Ceres, and the female attendants of that temple, women of great age, noble, and of proved virtue, report the affair to their magistrates. It appeared to all a most bitter, and scandalous, and miserable business. Then that man, influenced by the atrocity of the action, in order that all suspicion of that crime might be removed from himself, employs some one connected with him by ties of hospitality to find a man that he might accuse of having done it, and bids him take care that he be convicted of the accusation, so that he himself

might not be subject to the charge. The matter is not delayed. For when he had departed from Catina an information is laid against a certain slave. He is accused; false witnesses are suborned against him; the whole senate sits in judgment on the affair, according to the laws of the Catenans. The priestesses are summoned; they are examined secretly in the senate house, and asked what had been done, and how they thought that the statue had been carried off. They answered that the servants of the prætor had been seen in the temple. The matter, which previously had not been very obscure, began to be clear enough by the evidence of the priestesses. The judges deliberate; the innocent slave is acquitted by every vote, in order that you may the more easily be able to condemn this man by all your votes. For what is it that you ask, O Verres? What do you hope for? What do you expect? What god or man do you think will come to your assistance? Did you send slaves to that place to plunder a temple, where it was not lawful for free citizens to go, not even for the purpose of praying? Did you not hesitate to lay violent hands on those things from which the laws of religion enjoined you to keep even your eyes? Although it was not even because you were charmed by the eye that you were led into this wicked and nefarious conduct; for you coveted what you had never seen. You took a violent fancy, I say, to that which you had not previously beheld. From your ears did you conceive this covetousness, so violent that no fear, no religious scruple, no power of the gods, no regard for the opinion of men could restrain it. Oh! but you had heard of it, I suppose, from some good man, from some good authority. How could you have done that, when you could never

have heard of it from any man at all? You heard of it, therefore, from a woman; since men could not have seen it, nor known of it. What sort of woman do you think that she must have been, O judges? What a modest woman must she have been to converse with Verres? What a pious woman, to show him a plan for robbing a temple! But it is no great wonder if those sacred ceremonies which are performed by the most extreme chastity of virgins and matrons were violated by his adultery and profligacy.

What, then, are we to think? Is this the only thing that he began to desire from mere hearing, when he had never seen it himself? No, there were many other things besides; of which I will select the plundering of that most noble and ancient temple, concerning which you heard witnesses give their evidence at the former pleading. Now, I beseech you, listen to the same story once more, and attend carefully as you hitherto have done. There is an island called Melita, O judges, separated from Sicily by a sufficiently wide and perilous navigation, in which there is a town of the same name, to which Verres never went, though it was for three years a manufactory to him for weaving women's garments. Not far from that town, on a promontory, is an ancient temple of Juno, which was always considered so holy that it was not only always kept inviolate and sacred in those Punic wars, which in those regions were carried on almost wholly by the naval forces, but even by the bands of pirates which ravage those seas. Moreover, it has been handed down to us by tradition that once, when the fleet of King Masinissa was forced to put into these ports, the king's lieutenant took away some ivory teeth of an incredible size out of

she temple, and carried them into Africa, and gave them to Masinissa; that at first the king was delighted with the present, but afterward, when he heard where they had come from, he immediately sent trustworthy men in a quinquere to take those teeth back; and that there was engraved on them in Punic characters, "that Masinissa, the king, had accepted them ignorantly; but that, when he knew the truth, he had taken care that they should be replaced and restored." There was, besides, an immense quantity of ivory, and many ornaments, among which were some ivory Victories of ancient workmanship, and wrought with exquisite skill. Not to dwell too long on this, he took care to have all these things taken down and carried off at one swoop by means of the slaves of the Venus whom he had sent thither for that purpose.

O ye immortal gods! what sort of man is it that I am accusing? Whom is it that I am prosecuting according to our laws, and by this regular process? Concerning whom is it that you are going to give your judicial decision? The deputies from Melita, sent by the public authority of their state, say that the shrine of Juno was plundered; that that man left nothing in that most holy temple; that that place, to which the fleets of enemies often came, where pirates are accustomed to winter almost every year, and which no pirate ever violated, no enemy ever attacked before, was so plundered by that single man that nothing whatever was left in it. What, then, now, are we to say of him as a defendant, of me as an accuser, of this tribunal? Is he proved guilty of grave crimes, or is he brought into this court on mere suspicion? Gods are proved to have been carried off, temples to have been plundered, cities to have been stripped of everything. And of those actions

he has left himself no power of denying one, no plea for defending one. In every particular he is convicted by me; he is detected by the witnesses; he is overwhelmed by his own admissions; he is caught in the evident commission of guilt; and even now he remains here, and in silence recognizes his own crimes as I enumerate them.

I seem to myself to have been too long occupied with one class of crime. I am aware, O judges, that I have to encounter the weariness of your ears and eyes at such a repetition of similar cases; I will, therefore, pass over many instances. But I entreat you, O judges, in the name of the immortal gods, in the name of these very gods of whose honor and worship we have been so long speaking, refresh your minds so as to attend to what I am about to mention, while I bring forward and detail to you that crime of his by which the whole province was roused, and in speaking of which you will pardon me if I appear to go back rather far, and trace the earliest recollections of the religious observances in question. The importance of the affair will not allow me to pass over the atrocity of his guilt with brevity.

It is an old opinion, O judges, which can be proved from the most ancient records and monuments of the Greeks, that the whole island of Sicily was consecrated to Ceres and Libera. Not only did all other nations think so, but the Sicilians themselves were so convinced of it that it appeared a deeply-rooted and innate belief in their minds. For they believe that these goddesses were born in these districts, and that corn was first discovered in this land, and that Libera was carried off, the same goddess whom they call Proserpine, from a grove in the territory of Enna, a place which, because it is situated in the centre

of the island, is called the navel of Sicily. And when Ceres wished to seek her and trace her out, she is said to have lighted her torches at those flames which burst out at the summit of *Ætna*, and carrying these torches before her to have wandered over the whole earth. But Enna, where those things which I am speaking of are said to have been done, is in a high and lofty situation, on the top of which is a large level plain, and springs of water which are never dry. And the whole of the plain is cut off and separated, so as to be difficult of approach. Around it are many lakes and groves, and beautiful flowers at every season of the year; so that the place itself appears to testify to that abduction of the virgin which we have heard of from our boyhood. Near it is a cave turned toward the north, of unfathomable depth, where they say that Father Pluto suddenly rose out of the earth in his chariot, and carried the virgin off from that spot, and that on a sudden, at no great distance from Syracuse, he went down beneath the earth, and that immediately a lake sprang up in that place; and there to this day the Syracusans celebrate anniversary festivals with a most numerous assemblage of both sexes.

On account of the antiquity of this belief, because in those places the traces and almost the cradles of those gods are found, the worship of Ceres of Enna prevails to a wonderful extent, both in private and in public over all Sicily. In truth, many prodigies often attest her influence and divine powers. Her present help is often brought to many in critical circumstances, so that this island appears not only to be loved, but also to be watched over and protected by her. Nor is it the Sicilians only, but even all other tribes and nations greatly worship Ceres of Enna.

In truth, if initiation into those sacred mysteries of the Athenians is sought for with the greatest avidity, to which people Ceres is said to have come in that long wandering of hers, and then she brought them corn, how much greater reverence ought to be paid to her by those people among whom it is certain that she was born, and first discovered corn. And, therefore, in the time of our fathers, at a most disastrous and critical time to the republic, when, after the death of Tiberius Gracchus, there was a fear that great dangers were portended to the state by various prodigies, in the consulship of Publius Mucius and Lucius Calpurnius, recourse was had to the Sibylline books, in which it was found set down, "that the most ancient Ceres ought to be appeased." Then, priests of the Roman people, selected from the most honorable college of decemvirs, although there was in our own city a most beautiful and magnificent temple of Ceres, nevertheless went as far as Enna. For such was the authority and antiquity of the reputation for holiness of that place, that when they went thither, they seemed to be going not to a temple of Ceres, but to Ceres herself. I will not din this into your ears any longer. I have been some time afraid that my speech may appear unlike the usual fashion of speeches at trials, unlike the daily method of speaking. This I say, that this very Ceres, the most ancient, the most holy, the very chief of all sacred things which are honored by every people, and in every nation, was carried off by Caius Verres from her temple and her home. Ye who have been to Enna, have seen a statue of Ceres made of marble, and in the other temple a statue of Libera. They are very colossal and very beautiful, but not exceedingly ancient. There was one of brass, of moderate size,

but extraordinary workmanship, with the torches in its hands, very ancient, by far the most ancient of all those statues which are in that temple; that he carried off, and yet he was not content with that. Before the temple of Ceres, in an open and an uncovered place, there are two statues, one of Ceres, the other of Triptolemus, very beautiful, and of colossal size. Their beauty was their danger, but their size their safety; because the taking of them down and carrying them off appeared very difficult. But in the right hand of Ceres there stood a beautifully-wrought image of Victory; and this he had wrenched out of the hand of Ceres and carried off.

What now must be his feelings at the recollection of his crimes, when I, at the mere enumeration of them, am not only roused to indignation in my mind, but even shudder over my whole body? For thoughts of that temple, of that place, of that holy religion come into my mind. Everything seems present before my eyes—the day on which, when I had arrived at Enna, the priests of Ceres came to meet me with garlands of vervain, and with fillets; the concourse of citizens, among whom, while I was addressing them, there was such weeping and groaning that the most bitter grief seemed to have taken possession of the whole. They did not complain of the absolute way in which the tenths were levied, nor of the plunder of property, nor of the iniquity of tribunals, nor of that man's unhallowed lusts, nor of his violence, nor of the insults by which they had been oppressed and overwhelmed. It was the divinity of Ceres, the antiquity of their sacred observances, the holy veneration due to their temple, which they wished should have atonement made to them by the punishment of that most atrocious and

audacious man. They said that they could endure everything else; that to everything else they were indifferent. This indignation of theirs was so great, that you might suppose that Verres, like another king of hell, had come to Enna and had carried off, not Proserpine, but Ceres herself. And, in truth, that city does not appear to be a city, but a shrine of Ceres. The people of Enna think that Ceres dwells among them; so that they appear to me not to be citizens of that city, but to be all priests, to be all ministers and officers of Ceres. Did you dare to take away out of Enna the statue of Ceres? Did you attempt at Enna to wrench Victory out of the hand of Ceres? to tear one goddess from the other?—nothing of which those men dared to violate, or even to touch, whose qualities were all more akin to wickedness than to religion. For while Publius Popillius and Publius Rupilius were consuls, slaves, runaway slaves, and barbarians, and enemies, were in possession of that place; but yet the slaves were not so much slaves to their own masters as you are to your passions; nor did the runaways flee from their masters as far as you flee from all laws and from all right; nor were the barbarians as barbarous in language and in race as you are in your nature and your habits; nor were the enemies as much enemies to men as you are to the immortal gods. How, then, can a man beg for any mercy who has surpassed slaves in baseness, runaway slaves in rashness, barbarians in wickedness, and enemies in inhumanity?

You heard Theodorus and Numinus and Nicasio, deputies from Enna, say, in the name of their state, that they had this commission from their fellow-citizens, to go to Verres, and to demand from him the restoration of the

statues of Ceres and of Victory. And if they obtained it, then they were to adhere to the ancient customs of the state of Enna, not to give any public testimony against him, although he had oppressed Sicily, since these were the principles which they had received from their ancestors. But if he did not restore them, then they were to go before the tribunal, to inform the judges of the injuries they had received, but, far above all things, to complain of the insults to their religion. And, in the name of the immortal gods, I entreat you, O judges, do not you despise, do not you scorn or think lightly of their complaints. The injuries done to our allies are the present question; the authority of the laws is at stake; the reputation and the honesty of our courts of justice is at stake. And though all these are great considerations, yet this is the greatest of all—the whole province is so imbued with religious feeling, such a superstitious dread arising out of that man's conduct has seized upon the minds of all the Sicilians, that whatever public or private misfortunes happen, appear to befall them because of that man's wickedness. You have heard the Centuripans, the Agyrians, the Catenans, the Herbitans, the Ennans, and many other deputies say, in the name of their states, how great was the solitude in their districts, how great the devastation, how universal the flight of the cultivators of the soil; how deserted, how uncultivated, how desolate every place was. And although there are many and various injuries done by that man to which these things are owing, still this one cause, in the opinion of the Sicilians, is the most weighty of all; for, because of the insults offered to Ceres, they believe that all the crops and gifts of Ceres have perished in these districts. Bring remedies, O judges, to

the insulted religion of the allies; preserve your own, for this is not a foreign religion, nor one with which you have no concern. But even if it were, if you were unwilling to adopt it yourselves, still you ought to be willing to inflict heavy punishment on the man who violated it. But now that the common religion of all nations is attacked in this way, now that these sacred observances are violated which our ancestors adopted and imported from foreign countries, and have honored ever since—sacred observances, which they called Greek observances, as in truth they were—even if we were to wish to be indifferent and cold about these matters, how could we be so?

I will mention the sacking of one city, also, and that the most beautiful and highly decorated of all, the city of Syracuse. And I will produce my proofs of that, O judges, in order at length to conclude and bring to an end the whole history of offences of this sort. There is scarcely any one of you who has not often heard how Syracuse was taken by Marcus Marcellus, and who has not sometimes also read the account in our annals. Compare this peace with that war; the visit of this prætor with the victory of that general; the debauched retinue of the one with the invincible army of the other; the lust of Verres with the continence of Marcellus;—and you will say that Syracuse was built by the man who took it; was taken by the man who received it well established and flourishing. And for the present I omit those things which will be mentioned, and have been already mentioned by me in an irregular manner in different parts of my speech—that the marketplace of the Syracusans, which at the entrance of Marcellus was preserved unpolluted by slaughter, on the arrival of Verres overflowed with the blood of innocent Sicilians;

that the harbor of the Syracusans, which at that time was shut against both our fleets and those of the Carthaginians, was, while Verres was prætor, open to Cilician pirates, or even to a single piratical galley. I say nothing of the violence offered to people of noble birth, of the ravishment of matrons, atrocities which then, when the city was taken, were not committed, neither through the hatred of enemies, nor through military license, nor through the customs of war or the rights of victory. I pass over, I say, all these things which were done by that man for three whole years. Listen rather to acts which are connected with those matters of which I have hitherto been speaking. You have often heard that the city of Syracuse is the greatest of the Greek cities, and the most beautiful of all. It is so, O judges, as it is said to be; for it is so by its situation, which is strongly fortified, and which is on every side by which you can approach it, whether by sea or land, very beautiful to behold. And it has harbors almost inclosed within the walls, and in the sight of the whole city; harbors which have different entrances, but which meet together, and are connected at the other end. By their union a part of the town, which is called the island, being separated from the rest by a narrow arm of the sea, is again joined to and connected with the other by a bridge.

That city is so great that it may be said to consist of four cities of the largest size; one of which, as I have said, is that "Island," which, surrounded by two harbors, projects out toward the mouth and entrance of each. In it there is a palace which did belong to King Hiero, which our prætors are in the habit of using; in it are many sacred buildings, but two, which have a great pre-eminence over all the others—one a temple of Diana, and the other one,

which before the arrival of that man was the most ornamented of all, sacred to Minerva. At the end of this island is a fountain of sweet water, the name of which is Arethusa, of incredible size, very full of fish, which would be entirely overwhelmed by the waves of the sea, if it were not protected from the sea by a rampart and dam of stone. There is also another city at Syracuse, the name of which is Achradina, in which there is a very large forum, most beautiful porticoes, a highly decorated town hall, a most spacious senate house, and a superb temple of Jupiter Olympus; and the other districts of the city are joined together by one broad unbroken street, and divided by many cross-streets, and by private houses. There is a third city, which, because in that district there is an ancient temple of Fortune, is called Tyche, in which there is a spacious gymnasium, and many sacred buildings, and that district is the most frequented and the most populous. There is also a fourth city, which, because it is the last built, is called Neapolis, in the highest part of which there is a very large theatre, and, besides that, there are two temples of great beauty, one of Ceres, the other of Libera, and a statue of Apollo, which is called Temenites, very beautiful and of colossal size; which, if he could have moved them, he would not have hesitated to carry off.

Now I will return to Marcellus, that I may not appear to have entered into this statement without any reason. He, when with his powerful army he had taken this splendid city, did not think it for the credit of the Roman people to destroy and extinguish this splendor, especially as no danger could possibly arise from it; and therefore he spared all the buildings, public as well as private, sacred as well as ordinary, as if he had come with his army for

the purpose of defending them, not of taking them by storm. With respect to the decorations of the city, he had a regard to his own victory, and a regard to humanity; he thought it was due to his victory to transport many things to Rome which might be an ornament to this city, and due to humanity not utterly to strip the city, especially as it was one which he was anxious to preserve. In this division of the ornaments, the victory of Marcellus did not covet more for the Roman people than his humanity reserved to the Syracusans. The things which were transported to Rome we see before the temples of Honor and of Virtue, and also in other places. He put nothing in his own house, nothing in his gardens, nothing in his suburban villa; he thought that his house could only be an ornament to the city if he abstained from carrying the ornaments which belonged to the city to his own house. But he left many things of extraordinary beauty at Syracuse; he violated not the respect due to any god; he laid hands on none. Compare Verres with him; not to compare the man with the man—no such injury must be done to such a man as that, dead though he be; but to compare a state of peace with one of war, a state of law and order, and regular jurisdiction, with one of violence and martial law, and the supremacy of arms; to compare the arrival and retinue of the one with the victory and army of the other.

There is a temple of Minerva in the island, of which I have already spoken, which Marcellus did not touch, which he left full of its treasures and ornaments, but which was so stripped and plundered by Verres, that it seems to have been in the hands, not of an enemy—for enemies, even in war, respect the rights of religion, and the customs

of the country—but of some barbarian pirates. There was a cavalry battle of their king Agathocles, exquisitely painted in a series of pictures, and with these pictures the inside walls of the temple were covered. Nothing could be more noble than those paintings; there was nothing at Syracuse that was thought more worthy going to see. These pictures, Marcus Marcellus, though by that victory of his he had divested everything of its sacred inviolability of character, still, out of respect for religion, never touched; Verres, though, in consequence of the long peace, and the loyalty of the Syracusan people, he had received them as sacred and under the protection of religion, took away all those pictures, and left naked and unsightly those walls whose decorations had remained inviolate for so many ages, and had escaped so many wars: Marcellus, who had vowed that if he took Syracuse he would erect two temples at Rome, was unwilling to adorn the temple which he was going to build with these treasures which were his by right of capture; Verres, who was bound by no vows to Honor or Virtue, as Marcellus was, but only to Venus and to Cupid, attempted to plunder the temple of Minerva. The one was unwilling to adorn gods in the spoil taken from gods, the other transferred the decorations of the virgin Minerva to the house of a prostitute. Besides this, he took away out of the same temple twenty-seven more pictures beautifully painted; among which were likenesses of the kings and tyrants of Sicily, which delighted one, not only by the skill of the painter, but also by reminding us of the men, and by enabling us to recognize their persons. And see now, how much worse a tyrant this man proved to the Syracusans than any of the old ones, as they, cruel as they were, still adorned the temples of the

immortal gods, while this man took away the monuments and ornaments from the gods.

But now what shall I say of the folding-doors of that temple? I am afraid that those who have not seen these things may think that I am speaking too highly of, and exaggerating everything, though no one ought to suspect that I should be so inconsiderate as to be willing that so many men of the highest reputation, especially when they are judges in this cause, who have been at Syracuse, and who have seen all these things themselves, should be witnesses to my rashness and falsehood. I am able to prove this distinctly, O judges, that no more magnificent doors, none more beautifully wrought of gold and ivory, ever existed in any temple. It is incredible how many Greeks have left written accounts of the beauty of these doors; they, perhaps, may admire and extol them too much; be it so, still it is more honorable for our republic, O judges, that our general, in a time of war, should have left those things which appeared to them so beautiful, than that our prætor should have carried them off in a time of peace. On the folding-doors were some subjects most minutely executed in ivory; all these he caused to be taken out; he tore off and took away a very fine head of the Gorgon with snakes for hair; and he showed, too, that he was influenced not only by admiration for the workmanship, but by a desire of money and gain; for he did not hesitate to take away also all the golden knobs from these folding-doors, which were numerous and heavy; and it was not the workmanship of these, but the weight which pleased him. And so he left the folding-doors in such state, that, though they had formerly contributed greatly to the ornament of the temple, they now seemed to have been made only for

the purpose of shutting it up. Am I to speak also of the spears made of grass? for I saw that you were excited at the name of them when the witnesses mentioned them. They were such that it was sufficient to have seen them once, as there was neither any manual labor in them, nor any beauty, but simply an incredible size, which it would be quite sufficient even to hear of, and too much to see them more than once. Did you covet even those?

For the Sappho which was taken away out of the town hall affords you so reasonable an excuse, that it may seem almost allowable and pardonable. That work of Silanion, so perfect, so elegant, so elaborate (I will not say what private man, but), what nation could be so worthy to possess, as the most elegant and learned Verres? Certainly, nothing can be said against it. If any one of us, who are not as happy, who cannot be as refined as that man, should wish to behold anything of the sort, let him go to the temple of Good Fortune, to the monument of Catulus, to the portico of Metellus; let him take pains to get admittance into the Tusculan villa of any one of those men; let him see the forum when decorated, if Verres is ever so kind as to lend any of his treasures to the ædiles. Shall Verres have all these things at home? shall Verres have his house full of, his villas crammed with, the ornaments of temples and cities? Will you still, O judges, bear with the hobby, as he calls it, and pleasures of this vile artisan? a man who was born in such a rank, educated in such a way, and who is so formed, both in mind and body, that he appears a much fitter person to take down statues than to appropriate them. And how great a regret this Sappho which he carried off left behind her, can scarcely be told; for in the first place it was admirably made, and, besides,

it had a very noble Greek epigram engraved upon the pedestal; and would not that learned man, that Grecian, who is such an acute judge of these matters, who is the only man who understands them, if he had understood one letter of Greek, have taken that away too? for now, because it is engraved on an empty pedestal, it both declares what was once on the pedestal, and proves that it has been taken away. What shall I say more? Did you not take away the statue of Pæan from out of the temple of *Æsculapius*, beautifully made, sacred, and holy as it was? a statue which all men went to see for its beauty, and worshipped for its sacred character. What more? was not the statue of *Aristæus* openly taken away by your command out of the temple of *Bacchus*? What more? did you not take away out of the temple of *Jupiter* that most holy statue of *Jupiter Imperator*, which the Greeks call *Οὔπιος*, most beautifully made? What next? did you hesitate to take away out of the temple of *Libera* that most exquisite bust of *Parian marble*, which we used to go to see? And that *Pæan* used to be worshipped among that people together with *Æsculapius*, with anniversary sacrifices. *Aristæus*, who being, as the Greeks report, the son of *Bacchus*, is said to have been the inventor of oil, was consecrated among them together with his father *Bacchus*, in the same temple.

But how great do you suppose was the honor paid to *Jupiter Imperator* in his own temple? You may collect it from this consideration, if you recollect how great was the religious reverence attached to that statue of the same appearance and form which *Flaminius* brought out of *Macedonia*, and placed in the *Capitol*. In truth, there were said to be in the whole world three statues of *Jupiter*

Imperator, of the same class, all beautifully made: one was that one from Macedonia, which we have seen in the Capitol; a second was the one at the narrow straits, which are the mouth of the Euxine Sea; the third was that which was at Syracuse, till Verres came as prætor. Flaminius removed the first from its habitation, but only to place it in the Capitol, that is to say, in the house of Jupiter upon earth; but as to the one that is at the entrance of the Euxine, that, though so many wars have proceeded from the shores of that sea, and though so many have been poured into Pontus, has still remained inviolate and untouched to this day. This third one, which was at Syracuse, which Marcus Marcellus, when in arms and victorious, had seen, which he had spared to the religion of the place, which both the citizens of and settlers in Syracuse were used to worship, and strangers not only visited but often venerated, Caius Verres took away from the temple of Jupiter. To return again to Marcellus. Judge of the case, O judges, in this way; think that more gods were lost to the Syracusans owing to the arrival of Verres than even were owing to the victory of Marcellus. In truth, he is said to have sought diligently for the great Archimedes, a man of the highest genius and skill, and to have been greatly concerned when he heard that he had been killed; but that other man sought for everything which he did seek for, not for the purpose of preserving it, but of carrying it away.

At present, then, all those things which might appear more insignificant, I will, on that account, pass over—how he took away Delphic tables made of marble, beautiful goblets of brass, an immense number of Corinthian vases, out of every sacred temple at Syracuse; and, there—

fore, O judges, those men who are accustomed to take strangers about to all those things which are worth going to see, and to show them every separate thing, whom they call *mystagogi* (or *cicerones*), now have their description of things reversed; for, as they formerly used to show what there was in every place, so now they show what has been taken from every place.

What do you think, then? Do you think that those men are affected with but a moderate indignation? Not so, O judges: in the first place, because all men are influenced by religious feeling, and think that their paternal gods, whom they have received from their ancestors, are to be carefully worshipped and retained by themselves; and, secondly, because this sort of ornament, these works and specimens of art, these statues and paintings, delight men of Greek extraction to an excessive degree; therefore, by their complaints, we can understand that these things appear most bitter to those men which, perhaps, may seem trifling and contemptible to us. Believe me, O judges, although I am aware to a certainty that you yourselves hear the same things; that though both our allies and foreign nations have, during these past years, sustained many calamities and injuries, yet men of Greek extraction have not been, and are not, more indignant at any than at this ruthless plundering of their temples and altars. Although that man may say that he bought these things, as he is accustomed to say, yet, believe me in this, O judges—no city in all Asia or in all Greece has ever sold one statue, one picture, or one decoration of the city, of its own free will to anybody. Unless, perchance, you suppose that, after strict judicial decisions had ceased to take place at Rome, the Greeks then began to sell these things, which

they not only did not sell when there were courts of justice open, but which they even used to buy up; or unless you think that Lucius Crassus, Quintus Scævola, Cains Claudius, most powerful men, whose most splendid ædileships we have seen, had no dealings in those sort of matters with the Greeks, but that those men had such dealings who became ædiles after the destruction of the courts of justice.

Know also that that false pretence of purchase was more bitter to the cities than if any one were privily to filch things, or boldly to steal them and carry them off. For they think it the most excessive baseness that it should be entered on the public records that the city was induced by a price, and by a small price, too, to sell and alienate those things which it had received from men of old. In truth, the Greeks delight to a marvellous degree in those things which we despise. And, therefore, our ancestors willingly allowed those things to remain in numbers among the allies, in order that they might be as splendid and as flourishing as possible under our dominion; and among those nations whom they rendered taxable or tributary, still they left these things, in order that they who take delight in those things which, to us, seem insignificant, might have them as pleasures and consolations in slavery. What do you think that the Rhegians, who now are Roman citizens, would take to allow that marble Venus to be taken from them? What would the Tarentines take to lose the Europa sitting on the Bull? or the Satyr which they have in the temple of Vesta? or their other monuments? What would the Thespians take to lose the statue of Cupid, the only object for which any one ever goes to see Thespiæ? What would the men of Cnidos

take for their marble Venus? or the Coans for their picture of her? or the Ephesians for Alexander? the men of Cyzicus for their Ajax or Medea? What would the Rhodians take for Ialysus? the Athenians for their marble Bacchus, or their picture of Paralus, or their brazen Heifer, the work of Myron? It would be a long business, and an unnecessary one, to mention what is worth going to see among all the different nations in all Asia and Greece; but that is the reason why I am enumerating these things, because I wish you to consider that an incredible indignation must be the feeling of those men from whose cities these things are carried away.

And to say nothing of other nations, judge of the Syracusans themselves. For when I went to Syracuse, I originally believed what I had heard at Rome from that man's friends that the city of Syracuse, on account of the inheritance of Heraclius, was no less friendly to him than the city of the Mamertines, because of their participation in all his booty and robberies. And at the same time I was afraid that, owing to the influence of the high-born and beautiful women at whose will he had directed all the measures of his prætorship for three years, and of the men to whom they were married, I should be opposed not only by an excessive lenity, but even by a feeling of liberality toward that man, if I were to seek for any evidence out of the public records of the Syracusans. Therefore, when at Syracuse, I was chiefly with Roman citizens; I copied out their papers; I inquired into their injuries. As I was a long time occupied by that business, in order to rest a little and to give my mind a respite from care, I returned to those fine documents of Carpinatius; in which, in company with some of the most honor-

able knights of the body of Roman settlers, I unravelled the case of those Verrutii, whom I have mentioned before, but I expected no aid at all, either publicly or privately, from the Syracusans, nor had I any idea of asking for any. While I was doing this, on a sudden Heraclius came to me, who was in office at Syracuse, a man of high birth, who had been priest of Jupiter, which is the highest honor among the Syracusans; he requests of me and of my brother, if we have no objection, to go to their senate; that they were at that moment assembled in full numbers in the senate house, and he said that he made this request to us to attend by command of the senate. At first we were in doubt what to do; but afterward it soon occurred to us that we ought not to shun that assembly or that place.

Therefore we came to the senate house; they all rise at our entry to do us honor. We sat down at the request of the magistrates. Diodorus, the son of Timarchides, who was the first man in that body both in influence and in age, and also, as it seemed to me, in experience and knowledge of business, began to speak; and the first sentence of his speech was to this effect—That the senate and people of Syracuse were grieved and indignant that, though in all the other cities of Sicily I had informed the senate and people of what I proposed for their advantage or for their safety, and though I had received from them all commissions, deputies, letters and evidence, yet in that city I had done nothing of that sort. I answered that deputies from the Syracusans had not been present at Rome in that assembly of the Sicilians when my assistance was entreated by the common resolution of all the deputations, and when the cause of the whole of Sicily

was intrusted to me; and that I could not ask that any decree should be passed against Caius Verres in that senate house in which I saw a gilt statue of Caius Verres. And after I said that such a groaning ensued at the sight and mention of the statue that it appeared to have been placed in the senate house as a monument of his wickedness and not of his services. Then every one for himself, as fast as each could manage to speak, began to give me information of those things which I have just now mentioned; to tell me that the city was plundered—the temples stripped of their treasures—that of the inheritance of Heraclius, which he had adjudged to the men of the palæstra, he had taken by far the greatest share himself; and, indeed, that they could not expect that he should care for the men of the palæstra, when he had taken away even the god who was the inventor of oil; that that statue had neither been made at the public expense nor erected by public authority, but that those men who had been the sharers in the plunder of the inheritance of Heraclius had had it made and placed where it was; and that those same men had been the deputies at Rome, who had been his assistants in dishonesty, his partners in his thefts, and the witnesses of his debaucheries; and that, therefore, I ought the less to wonder if they were wanting to the unanimity of the deputies and to the safety of Sicily.

When I perceived that their indignation at that man's injuries was not only not less, but almost greater than that of the rest of the Sicilians, then I explained my own intentions to them, and my whole plan and system with reference to the whole of the business which I had undertaken; then I exhorted them not to be wanting to the common cause and the common safety, and to rescind that panegyric which they had voted a few days before, being com-

pelled, as they said, by violence and fear. Accordingly, O judges, the Syracusans, that man's clients and friends, do this. First of all, they produce to me the public documents which they had carefully stored up in the most sacred part of the treasury; in which they show me that everything, which I have said had been taken away, was entered, and even more things than I was able to mention. And they were entered in this way. "What had been taken out of the temple of Minerva. . . . This, . . . and that." "What was missing out of the temple of Jupiter." "What was missing out of the temple of Bacchus." As each individual had had the charge of protecting and preserving those things, so it was entered; that each, when according to law he gave in his accounts, being bound to give up what he had received, had begged that he might be pardoned for the absence of these things, and that all had accordingly been released from liability on that account, and that it was kept secret; all which documents I took care to have sealed up with the public seal and brought away. But concerning the public panegyric on him this explanation was given: that at first, when the letters arrived from Verres about the panegyric, a little while before my arrival, nothing had been decreed; and after that, when some of his friends urged them that it ought to be decreed, they were rejected with the greatest outcry and the bitterest reproaches; but when I was on the point of arriving, then he who at that time was the chief governor had commanded them to decree it, and that it had been decreed in such a manner that the panegyric did him more damage than it could have done him good. So now, judges, do you receive the truth of that matter from me just as it was shown to me by them.

It is the custom at Syracuse that, if a motion on any subject is brought before the senate, whoever wishes, gives his opinion on it. No one is asked by name for his sentiments; nevertheless, those are accustomed to speak first of their own accord, and, naturally, according as they are superior in honor or in age; and that precedence is yielded to them by the rest; but, if at any time all are silent, then they are compelled to speak by lot. This was the custom when the motion was made respecting the panegyric of Verres. On which subject at first great numbers speak, in order to delay coming to any vote, and interpose this objection, that formerly, when they had heard that there was a prosecution instituted against Sextus Peducæus, who had deserved admirably well of that city and of the whole province, and when, in return for his numerous and important services, they wished to vote a panegyric on him, they had been prohibited from doing so by Caius Verres; and that it would be an unjust thing, although Peducæus had now no need of their praise, still not to vote that which at one time they had been eager to vote, before decreeing what they would only decree from compulsion. All shout in assent, and say, approvingly, that that is what ought to be done. So the question about Peducæus is put to the senate. Each man gave his opinion in order, according as he had precedence in age and honor. You may learn this from the resolution itself; for the opinions delivered by the chief men are generally recorded. Read:

[The list of speeches made on the subject of Sextus Peducæus is read]

It says who were the chief supporters of the motion.

The vote is carried. Then the question about Verres is put. Tell me, I pray, what happened.

[*The list of speeches made on the subject of Caius Verres. . . .*]

Well, what comes next?

[*As no one rose, and no one delivered his opinion . . .*]

What is this?

[*They proceed by lot*]

Why was this? Was no one a willing praiser of your prætorship, or a willing defender of you from danger, especially when by being so he might have gained favor with the prætor? No one. Those very men who used to feast with you, your advisers and accomplices, did not venture to utter a word. In that very senate house in which a statue of yourself and a naked statue of your son were standing, was there no one whom even your naked son in a province stripped naked could move to compassion? Moreover, they inform me also of this, that they had passed the vote of panegyric in such a form that all men might see that it was not a panegyric, but rather a satire, to remind every one of his shameful and disastrous prætorship. For, in truth, it was drawn up in these words: "Because he had scourged no one." From which you are to understand that he had caused most noble and innocent men to be executed. "Because he had administered the affairs of the province with vigilance," when all his vigils were well known to have been devoted to debauchery and adultery; moreover, there was this clause added, which the defendant could never venture to produce, and the accuser would never cease to dwell upon: "Because Verres had kept all pirates at a distance from the island

of Sicily"; men who, in his time, had entered even into the "island" of Syracuse. And, after I had received this information from them, I departed from the senate house with my brother, in order that they might decree what they chose.

Immediately they pass a decree. First, "That my brother Lucius should be connected with the city by ties of hospitality"; because he had shown the same goodwill to the Syracusans that I had always felt myself. That they not only wrote at that time, but also had engraved on brazen tablets and presented to us. Truly very fond of you are your Syracusans whom you are always talking of, who think it quite a sufficient reason for forming an intimate connection with your accuser, that he is going to be your accuser, and that he has come among them for the purpose of prosecuting inquiries against you. After that a decree is passed, not with any difference of opinion, but almost unanimously, "That the panegyric which had been decreed to Caius Verres be rescinded." But, when not only the vote had been come to, but when it had even been drawn up in due form and entered in the records, an appeal is made to the prætor. But who makes this appeal? Any magistrate? No. Any senator? Not even that. Any Syracusan? Far from it. Who, then, appeals to the prætor? The man who had been Verres's quæstor, Cæsetius. Oh, the ridiculous business! Oh, the deserted man! O man despaired of and abandoned by the Sicilian magistracy! In order to prevent the Sicilians passing a resolution of the senate, or from obtaining their rights according to their own customs and their own laws, an appeal is made to the prætor, not by any friend of his, not by any

connection, not, in short, by any Sicilian, but by his own quæstor. Who saw this? Who heard it? That just and wise prætor orders the senate to be adjourned. A great multitude flocks to me. First of all, the senators cry out that their rights are being taken away; that their liberty is being taken away. The people praise the senate and thank them. The Roman citizens do not leave me. And on that day I had no harder task than with all my exertions to prevent violent hands being laid on the man who made that appeal. When we had gone before the prætor's tribunal, he deliberates, forsooth, diligently and carefully what decision he shall give; for, before I say one word, he rises from his seat and departs. And so we departed from the forum when it was now nearly evening.

The next day, the first thing in the morning, I beg of him to allow the Syracusans to give me a copy of the resolution which they had passed the day before. But he refuses, and says that it is a great shame for me to have made a speech in a Greek senate; and that, as for my having spoken in the Greek language to Greeks, that was a thing which could not be endured at all. I answered the man as I could, as I chose, and as I ought. Among other things, I recollect that I said that it was easy to be seen how great was the difference between him and the great Numidicus, the real and genuine Metellus. That that Metellus had refused to assist with his panegyric Lucius Lucullus, his sister's husband, with whom he was on the very best terms, but that he was procuring panegyrics from cities for a man totally unconnected with himself, by violence and compulsion. But when I understood that it was many recent messengers, and many letters, not of introduction, but of credit that had had so much influence

over him, at the suggestion of the Syracusans themselves I make a seizure of those documents in which the resolutions of the senate were recorded. And now behold a fresh confusion and strife. That, however, you may not suppose that he was without any friends or connections at Syracuse, that he was entirely desolate and forsaken, a man of the name of Theomnastus, a man ridiculously crazy, whom the Syracusans call Theocratus, attempted to detain those documents; a man in such a condition that the boys follow him, and that every one laughs at him every time he opens his mouth. But his craziness, which is ridiculous to others, was then, in truth, very troublesome to me. For while he was foaming at the mouth, his eyes glaring, and he crying out as loud as he could that I was attacking him with violence, we came together before the tribunal. Then I began to beg to be allowed to seal up and carry away the records. He spoke against me; he denied that there had been any regular resolution of the senate passed since an appeal had been made to the prætor. He said that a copy of it ought not to be given to me. I read the act that I was to be allowed all documents and records. He, like a crazy man as he was, urged that our laws had nothing to do with him. That intelligent prætor decided that he did not choose, as the resolutions of the senate had no business ever to be ratified, to allow me to take a copy of it to Rome. Not to make a long story of it, if I had not threatened the man vigorously, if I had not read to him the provisions of the act passed in this case, and the penalties enacted by it, I should not have been allowed to have the documents. But that crazy fellow, who had declaimed against me most violently on behalf of Verres, when he found he did not

succeed, in order, I suppose, to recover my favor, gives me a book in which all Verres's Syracusan thefts were set down, which I had already been informed of by, and had a list of from them.

Now, then, let the Mamertines praise you, who are the only men of all that large province who wish you to get off; but let them praise you on condition that Heius, who is the chief man of that deputation, is present; let them praise you on condition that they are here ready to reply to me on those points concerning which they are questioned. And that they may not be taken by surprise on a sudden, this is what I shall ask them:—Are they bound to furnish a ship to the Roman people? They will admit it. Have they supplied it while Verres was prætor? They will say, No. Have they built an enormous transport at the public expense which they have given to Verres? They will not be able to deny it. Has Verres taken corn from them to send to the Roman people, as his predecessor did? They will say, No. What soldiers or sailors have they furnished during those three years? They will say, they furnished none at all. They will not be able to deny that Messana has been the receiver of all his plunder and all his robberies. They will confess that an immense quantity of things were exported from that city; and besides that, that this large vessel given to him by the Mamertines, departed loaded when the prætor left Sicily. You are welcome, then, to that panegyric of the Mamertines. As for the city of Syracuse, we see that that feels toward you as it has been treated by you; and among them that infamous Verrean festival, instituted by you, has been abolished. In truth, it was a most unseemly thing for honors such as belong to the gods to be paid to the man

who had carried off the images of the gods. In truth, that conduct of the Syracusans would be deservedly reproached if, when they had struck a most celebrated and solemn day of festival games out of their annals, because on that day Syracuse was said to have been taken by Marcellus, they should, notwithstanding, celebrate a day of festival in the name of Verres; though he had plundered the Syracusans of all which that day of disaster had left them. But observe the shamelessness and arrogance of the man, O judges, who not only instituted this disgraceful and ridiculous Verrean festival out of the money of Heraclius, but who also ordered the Marcellian festival to be abolished, in order that they might every year offer sacrifices to the man by whose means they had lost the sacred festivals which they had ever observed, and had lost their national deities, and that they might take away the festival days in honor of that family by whose means they had recovered all their other festivals.

THE FIRST PHILIPPIC, OR FIRST ORATION AGAINST
MARCUS ANTONIUS

BEFORE, O conscript fathers, I say those things concerning the republic which I think myself bound to say at the present time, I will explain to you briefly the cause of my departure from, and of my return to, the city. When I hoped that the republic was at last recalled to a proper respect for your wisdom and for your authority, I thought that it became me to remain in a sort of sentinelship, which was imposed upon me by my position as a senator and a man of consular rank. Nor did I depart anywhere, nor did I ever take my eyes off from

the republic, from the day on which we were summoned to meet in the temple of Tellus; in which temple, I, as far as was in my power, laid the foundations of peace, and renewed the ancient precedent set by the Athenians; I even used the Greek word, which that city employed in those times in allaying discords, and gave my vote that all recollection of the existing dissensions ought to be effaced by everlasting oblivion.

The oration then made by Marcus Antonius was an admirable one; his disposition, too, appeared excellent; and lastly, by his means and by his sons', peace was ratified with the most illustrious of the citizens; and everything else was consistent with this beginning. He invited the chief men of the state to those deliberations which he held at his own house concerning the state of the republic; he referred all the most important matters to this order. Nothing was at that time found among the papers of Caius Cæsar except what was already well known to everybody; and he gave answers to every question that was asked of him with the greatest consistency. Were any exiles restored? He said that one was, and only one. Were any immunities granted? He answered, None. He wished us even to adopt the proposition of Servius Sulpicius, that most illustrious man, that no tablet purporting to contain any decree or grant of Cæsar's should be published after the Ides of March were expired. I pass over many other things, all excellent—for I am hastening to come to a very extraordinary act of virtue of Marcus Antonius. He utterly abolished from the constitution of the republic the Dictatorship, which had by this time attained to the authority of regal power. And that measure was not even offered to us for discussion. He brought with him a decree

of the senate, ready drawn up, ordering what he chose to have done; and when it had been read, we all submitted to his authority in the matter with the greatest eagerness; and, by another resolution of the senate, we returned him thanks in the most honorable and complimentary language.

A new light, as it were, seemed to be brought over us, now that not only the kingly power which we had endured, but all fear of such power for the future, was taken away from us; and a great pledge appeared to have been given by him to the republic that he did wish the city to be free, when he utterly abolished out of the republic the name of dictator, which had often been a legitimate title, on account of our late recollection of a perpetual dictatorship. A few days afterward the senate was delivered from the danger of bloodshed, and a hook was fixed into that runaway slave who had usurped the name of Caius Marius. And all these things he did in concert with his colleague. Some other things that were done were the acts of Dola-bella alone; but, if his colleague had not been absent, would, I believe, have been done by both of them in concert.

For when enormous evil was insinuating itself into the republic, and was gaining more strength day by day; and when the same men were erecting a tomb in the forum, who had performed that irregular funeral; and when abandoned men, with slaves like themselves, were every day threatening with more and more vehemence all the houses and temples of the city; so severe was the rigor of Dola-bella, not only toward the audacious and wicked slaves, but also toward the profligate and unprincipled freemen, and so prompt was his overthrow of that accursed pillar, that it seems marvellous to me that the subsequent time has been so different from that one day.

For behold, on the first of June, on which day they had given notice that we were all to attend the senate, everything was changed. Nothing was done by the senate, but many and important measures were transacted by the agency of the people, though that people was both absent and disapproving. The consuls elect said that they did not dare to come into the senate. The liberators of their country were absent from that city from the neck of which they had removed the yoke of slavery; though the very consuls themselves professed to praise them in their public harangues and in all their conversation. Those who were called Veterans, men of whose safety this order had been most particularly careful, were instigated not to the preservation of those things which they had, but to cherish hopes of new booty. And as I preferred hearing of those things to seeing them, and as I had an honorary commission as lieutenant, I went away, intending to be present on the first of January, which appeared likely to be the first day of assembling the senate.

I have now explained to you, O conscript fathers, my design in leaving the city. Now I will briefly set before you, also, my intention in returning, which may perhaps appear more unaccountable. As I had avoided Brundisium, and the ordinary route into Greece, not without good reason, on the first of August I arrived at Syracuse, because the passage from that city into Greece was said to be a good one. And that city, with which I had so intimate a connection, could not, though it was very eager to do so, detain me more than one night. I was afraid that my sudden arrival among my friends might cause some suspicion if I remained there at all. But after the winds had driven me, on my departure from Sicily, to Leucopetra,

which is a promontory of the Rhegian district, I went up the gulf from that point, with the view of crossing over. And I had not advanced far before I was driven back by a foul wind to the very place which I had just quitted. And as the night was stormy, and as I had lodged that night in the villa of Publius Valerius, my companion and intimate friend, and as I remained all the next day at his house waiting for a fair wind, many of the citizens of the municipality of Rhegium came to me. And of them there were some who had lately arrived from Rome; from them I first heard of the harangue of Marcus Antonius, with which I was so much pleased that, after I had read it, I began for the first time to think of returning. And not long afterward the edict of Brutus and Cassius is brought to me; which (perhaps because I love those men, even more for the sake of the republic than of my own friendship for them) appeared to me, indeed, to be full of equity. They added besides (for it is a very common thing for those who are desirous of bringing good news to invent something to make the news which they bring seem more joyful) that parties were coming to an agreement; that the senate was to meet on the first of August; that Antonius having discarded all evil counsellors, and having given up the provinces of Gaul, was about to return to submission to the authority of the senate.

But on this I was inflamed with such eagerness to return, that no oars or winds could be fast enough for me; not that I thought that I should not arrive in time, but lest I should be later than I wished in congratulating the republic; and I quickly arrived at Velia, where I saw Brutus; how grieved I was, I cannot express. For it seemed to be a discreditable thing for me myself, that I

should venture to return into that city from which Brutus was departing, and that I should be willing to live safely in a place where he could not. But he himself was not agitated in the same manner that I was; for, being elevated with the consciousness of his great and glorious exploit, he had no complaints to make of what had befallen him, though he lamented your fate exceedingly. And it was from him that I first heard what had been the language of Lucius Piso, in the senate of August; who although he was but little assisted (for that I heard from Brutus himself) by those who ought to have seconded him, still according to the testimony of Brutus (and what evidence can be more trustworthy?), and to the avowal of every one whom I saw afterward, appeared to me to have gained great credit. I hastened hither, therefore, in order that as those who were present had not seconded him, I might do so; not with the hope of doing any good, for I neither hoped for that, nor did I well see how it was possible; but in order that if anything happened to me (and many things appeared to be threatening me out of the regular course of nature, and even of destiny), I might still leave my speech on this day as a witness to the republic of my everlasting attachment to its interests.

Since, then, O conscript fathers, I trust that the reason of my adopting each determination appears praiseworthy to you, before I begin to speak of the republic, I will make a brief complaint of the injury which Marcus Antonius did me yesterday; to whom I am friendly, and I have at all times admitted having received some services from him which make it my duty to be so.

What reason had he then for endeavoring, with such

bitter hostility, to force me into the senate yesterday? Was I the only person who was absent? Have you not repeatedly had thinner houses than yesterday? Or was a matter of such importance under discussion, that it was desirable for even sick men to be brought down? Hannibal, I suppose, was at the gates, or there was to be a debate about peace with Pyrrhus; on which occasion it is related that even the great Appius, old and blind as he was, was brought down to the senate house. There was a motion being made about some supplications; a kind of measure when senators are not usually wanting; for they are under the compulsion, not of pledges, but of the influence of those men whose honor is being complimented; and the case is the same when the motion has reference to a triumph. The consuls are so free from anxiety at these times, that it is almost entirely free for a senator to absent himself if he pleases. And as the general custom of our body was well known to me, and as I was hardly recovered from the fatigue of my journey, and was vexed with myself, I sent a man to him, out of regard for my friendship to him, to tell him that I should not be there. But he, in the hearing of you all, declared that he would come with masons to my house; this was said with too much passion and very intemperately. For, for what crime is there such a heavy punishment appointed as that, that any one should venture to say in this assembly that he, with the assistance of a lot of common operatives, would pull down a house which had been built at the public expense in accordance with a vote of the senate? And who ever employed such compulsion as the threat of such an injury as that to a senator? or what severer punishment has ever been imposed for absence than the forfeiture of a pledge, or a fine?

But if he had known what opinion I should have delivered on the subject, he would have remitted somewhat of the rigor of his compulsion.

Do you think, O conscript fathers, that I would have voted for the resolution which you adopted against your own wills, of mingling funeral obsequies with supplications? of introducing inexplicable impiety into the republic? of decreeing supplications in honor of a dead man? I say nothing about who the man was. Even had he been that great Lucius Brutus who himself also delivered the republic from kingly power, and who has produced posterity nearly five hundred years after himself of similar virtue, and equal to similar achievements—even then I could not have been induced to join any dead man in a religious observance paid to the immortal gods; so that a supplication should be addressed by public authority to a man who has nowhere a sepulchre at which funeral obsequies may be celebrated.

I, O conscript fathers, should have delivered my opinion, which I could easily have defended against the Roman people, if any heavy misfortune had happened to the republic, such as war, or pestilence, or famine; some of which, indeed, do exist already, and I have my fears lest others are impending. But I pray that the immortal gods may pardon this act, both to the Roman people, which does not approve of it, and to this order, which voted it with great unwillingness. What? may I not speak of the other misfortunes of the republic?—At all events it is in my power, and it always will be in my power, to uphold my own dignity and to despise death. Let me have only the power to come into this house, and I will never shrink from the danger of declaring my opinion!

And, O conscript fathers, would that I had been able to be present on the first of August; not that I should have been able to do any good, but to prevent any one saying that not one senator of consular rank (as was the case then) was found worthy of that honor and worthy of the republic. And this circumstance indeed gives me great pain, that men who have enjoyed the most honorable distinctions which the Roman people can confer did not second Lucius Piso, the proposer of an excellent opinion. Is it for this that the Roman people made us consuls, that, being placed on the loftiest and most honorable step of dignity, we should consider the republic of no importance? Not only did no single man of consular dignity indicate his agreement with Lucius Piso by his voice, but they did not venture even to look as if they agreed with him. What, in the name of all that is horrible, is the meaning of this voluntary slavery?—Some submission may have been unavoidable: nor do I require this from every one of the men who deliver their opinions from the consular bench; the case of those men whose silence I pardon is different from that of those whose expression of their sentiments I require; and I do grieve that those men have fallen under the suspicion of the Roman people, not only as being afraid—which of itself would be shameful enough—but as having different private causes for being wanting to their proper dignity.

Wherefore, in the first place, I both feel and acknowledge great obligations to Lucius Piso, who considered not what he was able to effect in the republic, but what it was his own duty to do; and, in the next place, I entreat of you, O conscript fathers, even if you have not quite the courage to agree with my speech and to adopt my advice,

at all events to listen to me with kindness as you have always hitherto done.

In the first place, then, I declare my opinion that the acts of Cæsar ought to be maintained: not that I approve of them (for who indeed can do that?), but because I think that we ought above all things to have regard to peace and tranquillity. I wish that Antonius himself were present, provided he had no advocates with him. But I suppose he may be allowed to feel unwell, a privilege which he refused to allow me yesterday. He would then explain to me, or rather to you, O conscript fathers, to what extent he himself defended the acts of Cæsar. Are all the acts of Cæsar which may exist in the bits of note-books, and memoranda, and loose papers, produced on his single authority, and indeed not even produced, but only recited, to be ratified? And shall the acts which he caused to be engraved on brass, in which he declared that the edicts and laws passed by the people were valid forever, be considered as of no power? I think, indeed, that there is nothing so well entitled to be called the acts of Cæsar as Cæsar's laws. Suppose he gave any one a promise, is that to be ratified, even if it were a promise that he himself was unable to perform? As, in fact, he has failed to perform many promises made to many people. And a great many more of those promises have been found since his death than the number of all the services which he conferred on and did to people during all the years that he was alive would amount to.

But all those things I do not change, I do not meddle with. Nay, I defend all his good acts with the greatest earnestness. Would that the money remained in the temple of Opis! Blood-stained, indeed, it may be, but still

needful at these times, since it is not restored to those to whom it really belongs. Let that, however, be squandered, too, if it is so written in his acts. Is there anything whatever that can be called so peculiarly the act of that man who, while clad in the robe of peace, was yet invested with both civil and military command in the republic, as a law of his? Ask for the acts of Gracchus, the Sempsonian laws will be brought forward; ask for those of Sylla, you will have the Cornelian laws. What more? In what acts did the third consulship of Cnæus Pompeius consist? Why, in his laws. And if you could ask Cæsar himself what he had done in the city and in the garb of peace, he would reply that he had passed many excellent laws; but his memoranda he would either alter or not produce at all; or, if he did produce them, he would not class them among his acts. But, however, I allow even these things to pass for acts; at some things I am content to wink; but I think it intolerable that the acts of Cæsar in the most important instances, that is to say, in his laws, are to be annulled for their sake.

What law was ever better, more advantageous, more frequently demanded, in the best ages of the republic, than the one which forbade the prætorian provinces to be retained more than a year, and the consular provinces more than two? If this law be abrogated, do you think that the acts of Cæsar are maintained? What? are not all the laws of Cæsar respecting judicial proceedings abrogated by the law which has been proposed concerning the third decury? And are you the defenders of the acts of Cæsar who overturn his laws? Unless, indeed, anything which, for the purpose of recollecting it, he entered in a notebook, is to be counted among his acts, and defended, how-

ever unjust or useless it may be; and that which he proposed to the people in the comitia centuriata and carried is not to be accounted one of the acts of Cæsar. But what is that third decury? The decury of centurions, says he. What? was not the judicature open to that order by the Julian law, and even before that by the Pompeian and Aurelian laws? The income of the men, says he, was exactly defined. Certainly, not only in the case of a centurion, but in the case, too, of a Roman knight. Therefore, men of the highest honor and of the greatest bravery, who have acted as centurions, are and have been judges. I am not asking about those men, says he. Whoever has acted as centurion, let him be a judge. But if you were to propose a law, that whoever had served in the cavalry, which is a higher post, should be a judge, you would not be able to induce any one to approve of that; for a man's fortune and worth ought to be regarded in a judge. I am not asking about those points, says he; I am going to add as judges common soldiers of the legion of Alaudæ; for our friends say that that is the only measure by which they can be saved. O what an insulting compliment it is to those men whom you summon to act as judges though they never expected it! For the effect of the law is, to make those men judges in the third decury who do not dare to judge with freedom. And in that how great, O ye immortal gods! is the error of those men who have desired that law. For the meaner the condition of each judge is, the greater will be the severity of judgment with which he will seek to efface the idea of his meanness; and he will strive rather to appear worthy of being classed in the honorable decuries than to have deservedly ranked in a disreputable one.

Another law was proposed, that men who had been condemned of violence and treason may appeal to the public if they please. Is this now a law, or rather an abrogation of all laws? For who is there at this day to whom it is an object that that law should stand? No one is accused under those laws; there is no one whom we think likely to be so accused. For measures which have been carried by force of arms will certainly never be impeached in a court of justice. But the measure is a popular one. I wish, indeed, that you were willing to promote any popular measure; for, at present, all the citizens agree with one mind and one voice in their view of its bearing on the safety of the republic.

What is the meaning, then, of the eagerness to pass the law which brings with it the greatest possible infamy, and no popularity at all? For what can be more discreditable than for a man who has committed treason against the Roman people by acts of violence, after he has been condemned by a legal decision to be able to return to that very course of violence on account of which he has been condemned? But why do I argue any more about this law? as if the object aimed at were to enable any one to appeal? The object is, the inevitable consequence must be, that no one can ever be prosecuted under those laws. For what prosecutor will be found insane enough to be willing, after the defendant has been condemned, to expose himself to the fury of a hired mob? or what judge will be bold enough to venture to condemn a criminal, knowing that he will immediately be dragged before a gang of hireling operatives? It is not, therefore, a right of appeal that is given by that law, but two most salutary laws and modes of judicial investigation that are abolished.

And what is this but exhorting young men to be turbulent, seditious, mischievous citizens?

To what extent of mischief will it not be possible to instigate the frenzy of the tribunes now that these two rights of impeachment for violence and for treason are annulled? What more? Is not this a substitution of a new law for the laws of Cæsar, which enact that every man who has been convicted of violence, and also every man who has been convicted of treason, shall be interdicted from fire and water? And, when those men have a right of appeal given them, are not the acts of Cæsar rescinded? And those acts, O conscript fathers, I, who never approved of them, have still thought it advisable to maintain for the sake of concord; so that I not only did not think that the laws which Cæsar had passed in his lifetime ought to be repealed, but I did not approve of meddling with those even which since the death of Cæsar you have seen produced and published.

Men have been recalled from banishment by a dead man; the freedom of the city has been conferred, not only on individuals, but on entire nations and provinces by a dead man; our revenues have been diminished by the granting of countless exemptions by a dead man. Therefore do we defend these measures which have been brought from his house on the authority of a single, but, I admit, a very excellent individual; and as for the laws which he, in your presence, read, and declared, and passed—in the passing of which he gloried, and on which he believed that the safety of the republic depended, especially those concerning provinces and concerning judicial proceedings—can we, I say, we who defend the acts of Cæsar, think that those laws deserve to be upset?

And yet, concerning those laws which were proposed, we have, at all events, the power of complaining; but concerning those which are actually passed we have not even had that privilege. For they, without any proposal of them to the people, were passed before they were framed. Men ask what is the reason why I, or why any one of you, O conscript fathers, should be afraid of bad laws while we have virtuous tribunes of the people? We have men ready to interpose their veto; ready to defend the republic with the sanctions of religion. We ought to be strangers to fear. What do you mean by interposing the veto? says he; what are all these sanctions of religion which you are talking about? Those, forsooth, on which the safety of the republic depends. We are neglecting those things, and thinking them too old-fashioned and foolish. The forum will be surrounded, every entrance of it will be blocked up; armed men will be placed in garrison, as it were, at many points. What then?—whatever is accomplished by those means will be law. And you will order, I suppose, all those regularly-passed decrees to be engraved on brazen tablets. “The consuls consulted the people in regular form” (Is this the way of consulting the people that we have received from our ancestors?), “and the people voted it with due regularity.” What people? that which was excluded from the forum? Under what law did they do so? under that which has been wholly abrogated by violence and arms? But I am saying all this with reference to the future; because it is the part of a friend to point out evils which may be avoided; and if they never ensue that will be the best refutation of my speech. I am speaking of laws which have been proposed; concerning which you have still full power to decide either

way. I am pointing out the defects; away with them! I am denouncing violence and arms; away with them, too!

You and your colleague, O Dolabella, ought not, indeed, to be angry with me for speaking in defence of the republic. Although I do not think that you yourself will be; I know your willingness to listen to reason. They say that your colleague, in this fortune of his, which he himself thinks so good, but which would seem to me more favorable if (not to use any harsh language) he were to imitate the example set him by the consulship of his grandfathers and of his uncle—they say that he has been exceedingly offended. And I see what a formidable thing it is to have the same man angry with me and also armed; especially at a time when men can use their swords with such impunity. But I will propose a condition which I myself think reasonable, and which I do not imagine Marcus Antonius will reject. If I have said anything insulting against his way of life or against his morals, I will not object to his being my bitterest enemy. But if I have maintained the same habits that I have already adopted in the republic—that is, if I have spoken my opinions concerning the affairs of the republic with freedom—in the first place, I beg that he will not be angry with me for that; but, in the next place, if I cannot obtain my first request, I beg at least that he will show his anger only as he legitimately may show it to a fellow-citizen.

Let him employ arms, if it is necessary, as he says it is, for his own defence: only let not those arms injure those men who have declared their honest sentiments in the affairs of the republic. Now, what can be more reasonable than this demand? But if, as has been said to me by some of his intimate friends, every speech which is at all contrary

to his inclination is violently offensive to him, even if there be no insult in it whatever; then we will bear with the natural disposition of our friend. But those men, at the same time, say to me, "You will not have the same license granted to you who are the adversary of Cæsar as might be claimed by Piso, his father-in-law." And then they warn me of something which I must guard against; and, certainly, the excuse which sickness supplies me with, for not coming to the senate, will not be a more valid one than that which is furnished by death.

But, in the name of the immortal gods! for while I look upon you, O Dolabella, who are most dear to me, it is impossible for me to keep silence respecting the error into which you are both falling; for I believe that you, being both men of high birth, entertaining lofty views, have been eager to acquire, not money, as some too credulous people suspect, a thing which has at all times been scorned by every honorable and illustrious man, nor power procured by violence and authority such as never ought to be endured by the Roman people, but the affection of your fellow-citizens, and glory. But glory is praise for deeds which have been done, and the fame earned by great services to the republic; which is approved of by the testimony borne in its favor, not only by every virtuous man, but also by the multitude. I would tell you, O Dolabella, what the fruit of good actions is, if I did not see that you have already learned it by experience beyond all other men.

What day can you recollect in your whole life as ever having beamed on you with a more joyful light than the one on which, having purified the forum, having routed the throng of wicked men, having inflicted due punish-

ment on the ringleaders in wickedness, and having delivered the city from conflagration and from fear of massacre, you returned to your house? What order of society, what class of people, what rank of nobles even was there who did not then show their zeal in praising and congratulating you? Even I, too, because men thought that you had been acting by my advice in those transactions, received the thanks and congratulations of good men in your name. Remember, I pray you, O Dolabella, the unanimity displayed on that day in the theatre, when every one, forgetful of the causes on account of which they had been previously offended with you, showed that in consequence of your recent service they had banished all recollection of their former indignation. Could you, O Dolabella (it is with great concern that I speak)—could you, I say, forfeit this dignity with equanimity?

And you, O Marcus Antonius (I address myself to you, though in your absence), do you not prefer that day on which the senate was assembled in the temple of Tellus, to all those months during which some who differ greatly in opinion from me think that you have been happy? What a noble speech was that of yours about unanimity! From what apprehensions were the veterans, and from what anxiety was the whole state relieved by you on that occasion! when, having laid aside your enmity against him, you on that day first consented that your present colleague should be your colleague, forgetting that the auspices had been announced by yourself as augur of the Roman people; and when your little son was sent by you to the Capitol to be a hostage for peace. On what day was the senate ever more joyful than on that

day? or when was the Roman people more delighted? which had never met in greater numbers in any assembly whatever. Then, at last, we did appear to have been really delivered by brave men, because, as they had willed it to be, peace was following liberty. On the next day, on the day after that, on the third day, and on all the following days, you went on without intermission, giving every day, as it were, some fresh present to the republic; but the greatest of all presents was that when you abolished the name of the dictatorship. This was, in effect, branding the name of the dead Cæsar with everlasting ignominy, and it was your doing—yours, I say. For as, on account of the wickedness of one Marcus Manlius, by a resolution of the Manlian family it is unlawful that any patrician should be called Manlius, so you, on account of the hatred excited by one dictator, have utterly abolished the name of dictator.

When you had done these mighty exploits for the safety of the republic, did you repent of your fortune, or of the dignity and renown and glory which you had acquired? Whence, then, is this sudden change? I cannot be induced to suspect that you have been caught by the desire of acquiring money; every one may say what he pleases, but we are not bound to believe such a thing; for I never saw anything sordid or anything mean in you. Although a man's intimate friends do sometimes corrupt his natural disposition, still I know your firmness; and I only wish that, as you avoid that fault, you had been able also to escape all suspicion of it.

What I am more afraid of is lest, being ignorant of the true path to glory, you should think it glorious for you to have more power by yourself than all the rest of the people

put together, and lest you should prefer being feared by your fellow-citizens to being loved by them. And if you do think so, you are ignorant of the road to glory. For a citizen to be dear to his fellow-citizens, to deserve well of the republic, to be praised, to be respected, to be loved, is glorious; but to be feared, and to be an object of hatred, is odious, detestable; and, moreover, pregnant with weakness and decay. And we see that, even in the play, the very man who said,

"What care I though all men should hate my name,
So long as fear accompanies their hate?"

found that it was a mischievous principle to act upon.

I wish, O Antonius, that you could recollect your grandfather, of whom, however, you have repeatedly heard me speak. Do you think that he would have been willing to deserve even immortality at the price of being feared in consequence of his licentious use of arms? What he considered life, what he considered prosperity, was the being equal to the rest of the citizens in freedom, and chief of them all in worth. Therefore, to say no more of the prosperity of your grandfather, I should prefer that most bitter day of his death to the domination of Lucius Cinna, by whom he was most barbarously slain.

But why should I seek to make an impression on you by my speech? For, if the end of Caius Cæsar cannot influence you to prefer being loved to being feared, no speech of any one will do any good or have any influence with you; and those who think him happy are themselves miserable. No one is happy who lives on such terms that he may be put to death not merely with impunity, but

even to the great glory of his slayer. Wherefore, change your mind, I entreat you, and look back upon your ancestors, and govern the republic in such a way that your fellow-citizens may rejoice that you were born; without which no one can be happy nor illustrious.

And, indeed, you have both of you had many judgments delivered respecting you by the Roman people, by which I am greatly concerned that you are not sufficiently influenced. For what was the meaning of the shouts of the innumerable crowd of citizens collected at the gladiatorial games? or of the verses made by the people? or of the extraordinary applause at the sight of the statue of Pompeius? and at that sight of the two tribunes of the people who are opposed to you? Are these things a feeble indication of the incredible unanimity of the entire Roman people? What more? Did the applause at the games of Apollo, or, I should rather say, testimony and judgment there given by the Roman people, appear to you of small importance? Oh! happy are those men who, though they themselves were unable to be present on account of the violence of arms, still were present in spirit, and had a place in the breasts and hearts of the Roman people. Unless, perhaps, you think that it was Accius who was applauded on that occasion, and who bore off the palm sixty years after his first appearance, and not Brutus, who was absent from the games which he himself was exhibiting, while at that most splendid spectacle the Roman people showed their zeal in his favor though he was absent, and soothed their own regret for their deliverer by uninterrupted applause and clamor.

I myself, indeed, am a man who have at all times despised that applause which is bestowed by the vulgar crowd,

but at the same time, when it is bestowed by those of the highest, and of the middle, and of the lowest rank, and, in short, by all ranks together, and when those men who were previously accustomed to aim at nothing but the favor of the people keep aloof, I then think that, not mere applause, but a deliberate verdict. If this appears to you unimportant, which is in reality most significant, do you also despise the fact of which you have had experience—namely, that the life of Aulus Hirtius is so dear to the Roman people? For it was sufficient for him to be esteemed by the Roman people as he is; to be popular among his friends, in which respect he surpasses everybody; to be beloved by his own kinsmen, who do love him beyond measure; but in whose case before do we ever recollect such anxiety and such fear being manifested? Certainly in no one's.

What, then, are we to do? In the name of the immortal gods, can you interpret these facts, and see what is their purport? What do you think that those men think of your lives, to whom the lives of those men who they hope will consult the welfare of the republic are so dear? I have reaped, O conscript fathers, the reward of my return, since I have said enough to bear testimony of my consistency whatever event may befall me, and since I have been kindly and attentively listened to by you. And if I have such opportunities frequently without exposing both myself and you to danger, I shall avail myself of them. If not, as far as I can, I shall reserve myself not for myself, but rather for the republic. I have lived long enough for the course of human life, or for my own glory. If any additional life is granted to me, it shall be bestowed not so much on myself as on you and on the republic.

THE SECOND PHILIPPIC, OR SECOND ORATION
AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

TO WHAT destiny of mine, O conscript fathers, shall I say that it is owing that none for the last twenty years has been an enemy to the republic without at the same time declaring war against me? Nor is there any necessity for naming any particular person; you yourselves recollect instances in proof of my statement. They have all hitherto suffered severer punishments than I could have wished for them; but I marvel that you, O Antonius, do not fear the end of those men whose conduct you are imitating. And in others I was less surprised at this. None of those men of former times was a voluntary enemy to me; all of them were attacked by me for the sake of the republic. But you, who have never been injured by me, not even by a word, in order to appear more audacious than Catiline, more frantic than Clodius, have, of your own accord, attacked me with abuse, and have considered that your alienation from me would be a recommendation of you to impious citizens.

What am I to think? that I have been despised? I see nothing either in my life, or in my influence in the city, or in my exploits, or even in the moderate abilities with which I am endowed, which Antonius can despise. Did he think that it was easiest to disparage me in the senate? a body which has borne its testimony in favor of many most illustrious citizens that they governed the republic well, but in favor of me alone, of all men, that I preserved it. Or did he wish to contend with me in a

rivalry of eloquence? This, indeed, is an act of generosity? for what could be a more fertile or richer subject for me than to have to speak in defence of myself, and against Antonius? This, in fact, is the truth. He thought it impossible to prove to the satisfaction of those men who resembled himself, that he was an enemy to his country, if he was not also an enemy to me. And before I make him any reply on the other topics of his speech, I will say a few words respecting the friendship formerly subsisting between us, which he has accused me of violating—for that I consider a most serious charge.

He has complained that I pleaded once against his interest. Was I not to plead against one with whom I was quite unconnected, in behalf of an intimate acquaintance, of a dear friend? Was I not to plead against interest acquired not by hopes of virtue, but by the disgrace of youth? Was I not to plead against an injustice which that man procured to be done by the obsequiousness of a most iniquitous interposer of his veto, not by any law regulating the privileges of the prætor? But I imagine that this was mentioned by you, in order that you might recommend yourself to the citizens, if they all recollected that you were the son-in-law of a freedman, and that your children were the grandsons of Quintus Fadius, a freedman.

But you had entirely devoted yourself to my principles (for this is what you said); you had been in the habit of coming to my house. In truth, if you had done so, you would more have consulted your own character and your reputation for chastity. But you did not do so, nor, if you had wished it, would Caius Curio have ever suffered you to do so. You have said that you retired in my favor from the contest for the augurship. Oh, the incredible au-

dacity! oh, the monstrous impudence of such an assertion! For, at the time when Cnæus Pompeius and Quintus Hortensius named me as augur, after I had been wished for as such by the whole college (for it was not lawful for me to be put in nomination by more than two members of the college), you were notoriously insolvent, nor did you think it possible for your safety to be secured by any other means than by the destruction of the republic. But was it possible for you to stand for the augurship at a time when Curio was not in Italy? or even, at the time when you were elected, could you have got the votes of one single tribe without the aid of Curio? whose intimate friends even were convicted of violence for having been too zealous in your favor.

But I availed myself of your friendly assistance. Of what assistance? Although the instance which you cite I have myself at all times openly admitted. I preferred confessing that I was under obligations to you, to letting myself appear to any foolish person not sufficiently grateful. However, what was the kindness that you did me? not killing me at Brundisium? Would you then have slain the man whom the conqueror himself, who conferred on you, as you used to boast, the chief rank among all his robbers, had desired to be safe, and had enjoined to go to Italy? Grant that you could have slain him, is not this, O conscript fathers, such a kindness as is done by banditti, who are contented with being able to boast that they have granted their lives to all those men whose lives they have not taken? and if that were really a kindness, then those who slew that man by whom they themselves had been saved, and whom you yourself are in the habit of styling most illustrious men, would never have acquired such im-

mortal glory. But what sort of kindness is it, to have abstained from committing nefarious wickedness? It is a case in which it ought not to appear so delightful to me not to have been killed by you, as miserable, that it should have been in your power to do such a thing with impunity. However, grant that it was a kindness, since no greater kindness could be received from a robber, still in what point can you call me ungrateful? Ought I not to complain of the ruin of the republic, lest I should appear ungrateful toward you? But in that complaint, mournful indeed and miserable, but still unavoidable for a man of that rank in which the senate and people of Rome have placed me, what did I say that was insulting? that was otherwise than moderate? that was otherwise than friendly? and what instance was it not of moderation to complain of the conduct of Marcus Antonius, and yet to abstain from any abusive expressions? especially when you had scattered abroad all relics of the republic; when everything was on sale at your house by the most infamous traffic; when you confessed that those laws which had never been promulgated had been passed with reference to you, and by you; when you, being augur, had abolished the auspices, being consul, had taken away the power of interposing the veto; when you were escorted in the most shameful manner by armed guards; when, worn out with drunkenness and debauchery, you were every day performing all sorts of obscenities in that chaste house of yours. But I, as if I had to contend against Marcus Crassus, with whom I have had many severe struggles, and not with a most worthless gladiator, while complaining in dignified language of the state of the republic, did not say one word which could be called personal. There-

fore, to-day I will make him understand with what great kindness he was then treated by me.

But he also read letters which he said that I had sent to him, like a man devoid of humanity and ignorant of the common usages of life. For who ever, who was even but slightly acquainted with the habits of polite men, produced in an assembly and openly read letters which had been sent to him by a friend, just because some quarrel had arisen between them? Is not this destroying all companionship in life, destroying the means by which absent friends converse together? How many jests are frequently put in letters, which, if they were produced in public, would appear stupid! How many serious opinions, which, for all that, ought not to be published! Let this be a proof of your utter ignorance of courtesy. Now mark, also, his incredible folly. What have you to oppose to me, O you eloquent man, as you seem at least to *Mustela Tamisius*, and to *Tiro Numisius*? And while these men are standing at this very time in the sight of the senate with drawn swords, I too will think you an eloquent man if you will show how you would defend them if they were charged with being assassins. However, what answer would you make if I were to deny that I ever sent those letters to you? By what evidence could you convict me? by my handwriting? Of handwriting indeed you have a lucrative knowledge. How can you prove it in that manner? for the letters are written by an amanuensis. By this time I envy your teacher, who for all that payment, which I shall mention presently, has taught you to know nothing.

For what can be less like, I do not say an orator, but a man, than to reproach an adversary with a thing which

if he denies by one single word, he who has reproached him cannot advance one step further? But I do not deny it; and in this very point I convict you not only of inhumanity but also of madness. For what expression is there in those letters which is not full of humanity and service and benevolence? and the whole of your charge amounts to this, that I do not express a bad opinion of you in those letters; that in them I wrote as to a citizen, and as to a virtuous man, not as to a wicked man and a robber. But your letters I will not produce, although I fairly might, now that I am thus challenged by you; letters in which you beg of me that you may be enabled by my consent to procure the recall of some one from exile; and you will not attempt it if I have any objection, and you prevail on me by your entreaties. For why should I put myself in the way of your audacity? when neither the authority of this body, nor the opinion of the Roman people, nor any laws are able to restrain you. However, what was the object of your addressing these entreaties to me, if the man for whom you were entreating was already restored by a law of Cæsar's? I suppose the truth was, that he wished it to be done by me as a favor; in which matter there could not be any favor done even by himself, if a law was already passed for the purpose.

But as, O conscript fathers, I have many things which I must say both in my own defence and against Marcus Antonius, one thing I ask you, that you will listen to me with kindness while I am speaking for myself; the other I will insure myself, namely, that you shall listen to me with attention while speaking against him. At the same time also, I beg this of you; that if you have been acquainted with my moderation and modesty throughout

my whole life, and especially as a speaker, you will not, when to-day I answer this man in the spirit in which he has attacked me, think that I have forgotten my usual character. I will not treat him as a consul, for he did not treat me as a man of consular rank; and although he in no respect deserves to be considered a consul, whether we regard his way of life, or his principle of governing the republic, or the manner in which he was elected, I am beyond all dispute a man of consular rank.

That, therefore, you might understand what sort of a consul he professed to be himself, he reproached me with my consulship—a consulship which, O conscript fathers, was in name, indeed, mine, but in reality yours. For what did I determine, what did I contrive, what did I do, that was not determined, contrived, or done, by the counsel and authority and in accordance with the sentiments of this order? And have you, O wise man, O man not merely eloquent, dared to find fault with these actions before the very men by whose counsel and wisdom they were performed? But who was ever found before, except Publius Clodius, to find fault with my consulship? And his fate indeed awaits you, as it also awaited Caius Curio; since that is now in your house which was fatal to each of them.

Marcus Antonius disapproves of my consulship; but it was approved of by Publius Servilius—to name that man first of the men of consular rank who had died most recently. It was approved of by Quintus Catulus, whose authority will always carry weight in this republic; it was approved of by the two Luculli, by Marcus Crassus, by Quintus Hortensius, by Caius Curio, by Caius Piso, by Marcus Glabrio, by Marcus Lepidus, by Lucius Volcatius, by

Caius Figulus, by Decimus Silanus and Lucius Murena, who at that time were the consuls elect; the same consulship also which was approved of by those men of consular rank was approved of by Marcus Cato; who escaped many evils by departing from this life, and especially the evil of seeing you consul. But, above all, my consulship was approved of by Cnæus Pompeius, who, when he first saw me, as he was leaving Syria, embracing me and congratulating me, said, that it was owing to my services that he was about to see his country again. But why should I mention individuals? It was approved of by the senate, in a very full house, so completely, that there was no one who did not thank me as if I had been his parent, who did not attribute to me the salvation of his life, of his fortunes, of his children, and of the republic.

But, since the republic has been now deprived of those men whom I have named, many and illustrious as they were, let us come to the living, since two of the men of consular rank are still left to us: Lucius Cotta, a man of the greatest genius and the most consummate prudence, proposed a supplication in my honor for those very actions with which you find fault, in the most complimentary language, and those very men of consular rank whom I have named, and the whole senate, adopted his proposal; an honor which has never been paid to any one else in the garb of peace from the foundation of the city to my time. With what eloquence, with what firm wisdom, with what a weight of authority did Lucius Cæsar, your uncle, pronounce his opinion against the husband of his own sister, your stepfather. But you, when you ought to have taken him as your adviser and tutor in all your designs, and in the whole conduct of your life, preferred

being like your stepfather to resembling your uncle. I, who had no connection with him, acted by his counsels while I was consul. Did you, who were his sister's son, ever once consult him on the affairs of the republic?

But who are they whom Antonius does consult? O ye immortal gods, they are men whose birthdays we have still to learn. To-day Antonius is not coming down. Why? He is celebrating the birthday feast at his villa. In whose honor? I will name no one. Suppose it is in honor of some Phormio, or Gnatho, or even Ballio. Oh, the abominable profligacy of the man! oh, how intolerable is his impudence, his debauchery, and his lust! Can you, when you have one of the chiefs of the senate, a citizen of singular virtue, so nearly related to you, abstain from ever consulting him on the affairs of the republic, and consult men who have no property whatever of their own, and are draining yours?

Yes, your consulship, forsooth, is a salutary one for the state, mine a mischievous one. Have you so entirely lost all shame as well as all chastity, that you could venture to say this in that temple in which I was consulting that senate which formerly in the full enjoyment of its honors presided over the world? And did you place around it abandoned men armed with swords? But you have dared besides (what is there which you would not dare?) to say that the Capitoline Hill, when I was consul, was full of armed slaves. I was offering violence to the senate, I suppose, in order to compel the adoption of those infamous decrees of the senate. O wretched man, whether those things are not known to you (for you know nothing that is good), or whether they are, when you dare to speak so shamelessly before such men! For what Roman knight

was there, what youth of noble birth except you, what man of any rank or class who recollected that he was a citizen, who was not on the Capitoline Hill while the senate was assembled in this temple? who was there, who did not give in his name? Although there could not be provided checks enough, nor were the books able to contain their names.

In truth, when wicked men, being compelled by the revelations of the accomplices, by their own handwriting, and by what I may almost call the voices of their letters, were confessing that they had planned the parricidal destruction of their country, and that they had agreed to burn the city, to massacre the citizens, to devastate Italy, to destroy the republic; who could have existed without being roused to defend the common safety? especially when the senate and people of Rome had a leader then; and if they had one now like he was then, the same fate would befall you which did overtake them.

He asserts that the body of his stepfather was not allowed burial by me. But this is an assertion that was never made by Publius Clodius, a man whom, as I was deservedly an enemy of his, I grieve now to see surpassed by you in every sort of vice. But how could it occur to you to recall to our recollection that you had been educated in the house of Publius Lentulus? Were you afraid that we might think that you could have turned out as infamous as you are by the mere force of nature, if your natural qualities had not been strengthened by education?

But you are so senseless that throughout the whole of your speech you were at variance with yourself; so that you said things which had not only no coherence with each other, but which were most inconsistent with and

contradictory to one another; so that there was not so much opposition between you and me as there was between you and yourself. You confessed that your step-father had been implicated in that enormous wickedness, yet you complained that he had had punishment inflicted on him. And by doing so you praised what was peculiarly my achievement, and blamed that which was wholly the act of the senate. For the detection and arrest of the guilty parties was my work, their punishment was the work of the senate. But that eloquent man does not perceive that the man against whom he is speaking is being praised by him, and that those before whom he is speaking are being attacked by him. But now what an act, I will not say of audacity (for he is anxious to be audacious), but (and that is what he is not desirous of) what an act of folly, in which he surpasses all men, is it to make mention of the Capitoline Hill, at a time when armed men are actually between our benches—when men, armed with swords, are now stationed in this same temple of Concord, O ye immortal gods, in which, while I was consul, opinions most salutary to the state were delivered, owing to which it is that we are all alive at this day.

Accuse the senate; accuse the equestrian body, which at that time was united with the senate; accuse every order of society, and all the citizens, as long as you confess that this assembly at this very moment is besieged by Ityrean soldiers. It is not so much a proof of audacity to advance these statements so impudently, as of utter want of sense to be unable to see their contradictory nature. For what is more insane than, after you yourself have taken up arms to do mischief to the republic, to reproach another with having taken them up to secure its safety? On one

occasion you attempted even to be witty. O ye good gods, how little did that attempt suit you! And yet you are a little to be blamed for your failure in that instance, too. For you might have got some wit from your wife, who was an actress. "Arms to the gown must yield." Well, have they not yielded? But afterward the gown yielded to your arms. Let us inquire then whether it was better for the arms of wicked men to yield to the freedom of the Roman people, or that our liberty should yield to your arms. Nor will I make any further reply to you about the verses. I will only say briefly that you do not understand them, nor any other literature whatever. That I have never at any time been wanting to the claims that either the republic or my friends had upon me; but nevertheless that in all the different sorts of composition on which I have employed myself, during my leisure hours, I have always endeavored to make my labors and my writings such as to be some advantage to our youth, and some credit to the Roman name. But, however, all this has nothing to do with the present occasion. Let us consider more important matters.

You have said that Publius Clodius was slain by my contrivance. What would men have thought if he had been slain at the time when you pursued him in the forum with a drawn sword, in the sight of all the Roman people; and when you would have settled his business if he had not thrown himself up the stairs of a bookseller's shop, and, shutting them against you, checked your attack by that means? And I confess that at that time I favored you, but even you yourself do not say that I had advised your attempt. But as for Milo, it was not possible even for me to favor his action. For he had finished the busi-

ness before any one could suspect that he was going to do it. Oh, but I advised it. I suppose Milo was a man of such a disposition that he was not able to do a service to the republic if he had not some one to advise him to do it. But I rejoiced at it. Well, suppose I did; was I to be the only sorrowful person in the city, when every one else was in such delight? Although that inquiry into the death of Publius Clodius was not instituted with any great wisdom. For what was the reason for having a new law to inquire into the conduct of the man who had slain him, when there was a form of inquiry already established by the laws? However, an inquiry was instituted. And have you now been found, so many years afterward, to say a thing which, at the time that the affair was under discussion, no one ventured to say against me? But as to the assertion that you have dared to make, and that at great length too, that it was by my means that Pompeius was alienated from his friendship with Cæsar, and that on that account it was my fault that the civil war was originated; in that you have not erred so much in the main facts as (and that is of the greatest importance) in the times.

When Marcus Bibulus, a most illustrious citizen, was consul, I omitted nothing which I could possibly do or attempt to draw off Pompeius from his union with Cæsar. In which, however, Cæsar was more fortunate than I, for he himself drew off Pompeius from his intimacy with me. But afterward, when Pompeius joined Cæsar with all his heart, what could have been my object in attempting to separate them then? It would have been the part of a fool to hope to do so, and of an impudent man to advise it. However, two occasions did arise, on which I gave

Pompeius advice against Cæsar. You are at liberty to find fault with my conduct on those occasions if you can. One was when I advised him not to continue Cæsar's government for five years more. The other, when I advised him not to permit him to be considered as a candidate for the consulship when he was absent. And if I had been able to prevail on him in either of these particulars, we should never have fallen into our present miseries.

Moreover, I also, when Pompeius had now devoted to the service of Cæsar all his own power, and all the power of the Roman people, and had begun when it was too late to perceive all those things which I had foreseen long before, and when I saw that a nefarious war was about to be waged against our country, I never ceased to be the adviser of peace, and concord, and some arrangement. And that language of mine was well known to many people—"I wish, O Cnæus Pompeius, that you had either never joined in a confederacy with Caius Cæsar, or else that you had never broken it off. The one conduct would have become your dignity, and the other would have been suited to your prudence." This, O Marcus Antonius, was at all times my advice both respecting Pompeius and concerning the republic. And if it had prevailed, the republic would still be standing, and you would have perished through your own crimes, and indigence, and infamy.

But these are all old stories now. This charge, however, is quite a modern one, that Cæsar was slain by my contrivance. I am afraid, O conscript fathers, lest I should appear to you to have brought up a sham accuser against myself (which is a most disgraceful thing to do); a man not only to distinguish me by the praises which are my due, but to load me also with those which do not belong

to me. For who ever heard my name mentioned as an accomplice in that most glorious action? and whose name has been concealed who was in the number of that gallant band? Concealed, do I say? Whose name was there which was not at once made public? I should sooner say that some men had boasted in order to appear to have been concerned in that conspiracy, though they had in reality known nothing of it, than that any one who had been an accomplice in it could have wished to be concealed. Moreover, how likely it is, that among such a number of men, some obscure, some young men who had not the wit to conceal any one, my name could possibly have escaped notice! Indeed, if leaders were wanted for the purpose of delivering the country, what need was there of my instigating the Bruti, one of whom saw every day in his house the image of Lucius Brutus, and the other saw also the image of Ahala? Were these the men to seek counsel from the ancestors of others rather than from their own? and out of doors rather than at home? What? Caius Cassius, a man of that family which could not endure, I will not say the domination, but even the power of any individual—he, I suppose, was in need of me to instigate him? a man who, even without the assistance of these other most illustrious men, would have accomplished this same deed in Cilicia, at the mouth of the river Cydnus, if Cæsar had brought his ships to that bank of the river which he had intended, and not to the opposite one. Was Cnæus Domitius spurred on to seek to recover his dignity, not by the death of his father, a most illustrious man, nor by the death of his uncle, nor by the deprivation of his own dignity, but by my advice and authority? Did I persuade Caius Trebonius? a man

whom I should not have ventured even to advise. On which account the republic owes him even a larger debt of gratitude, because he preferred the liberty of the Roman people to the friendship of one man, and because he preferred overthrowing arbitrary power to sharing it. Was I the instigator whom Lucius Tillius Cimber followed? a man whom I admired for having performed that action, rather than ever expected that he would perform it; and I admired him on this account, that he was unmindful of the personal kindnesses which he had received, but mindful of his country. What shall I say of the two Servilii? Shall I call them Cascas, or Ahalas? and do you think that those men were instigated by my authority rather than by their affection for the republic? It would take a long time to go through all the rest; and it is a glorious thing for the republic that they were so numerous, and a most honorable thing also for themselves.

But recollect, I pray you, how that clever man convicted me of being an accomplice in the business. When Cæsar was slain, says he, Marcus Brutus immediately lifted up on high his bloody dagger, and called on Cicero by name; and congratulated him on liberty being recovered. Why on me above all men? Because I knew of it beforehand? Consider rather whether this was not his reason for calling on me, that, when he had performed an action very like those which I myself had done, he called me above all men to witness that he had been an imitator of my exploits. But you, O stupidest of all men, do not you perceive that if it is a crime to have wished that Cæsar should be slain—which you accuse me of having wished—it is a crime also to have rejoiced at his death? For what is the difference between a man who has advised an action

and one who has approved of it? or what does it signify whether I wished it to be done, or rejoice that it has been done? Is there any one then, except you yourself and those men who wished him to become a king, who was unwilling that that deed should be done, or who disapproved of it after it was done? All men, therefore, are guilty as far as this goes. In truth, all good men, as far as it depended on them, bore a part in the slaying of Cæsar. Some did not know how to contrive it, some had not courage for it, some had no opportunity—every one had the inclination.

However, remark the stupidity of this fellow—I should rather say, of this brute beast. For thus he spoke—"Marcus Brutus, whom I name to do him honor, holding aloft his bloody dagger, called upon Cicero, from which it must be understood that he was privy to the action." Am I then called wicked by you because you suspect that I suspected something; and is he who openly displayed his reeking dagger named by you that you may do him honor? Be it so. Let this stupidity exist in your language: how much greater is it in your actions and opinions! Arrange matters in this way at last, O consul; pronounce the cause of the Bruti, of Caius Cassius, of Cnæus Domitius, of Caius Trebonius and the rest to be whatever you please to call it: sleep off that intoxication of yours, sleep it off and take breath. Must one apply a torch to you to waken you while you are sleeping over such an important affair? Will you never understand that you have to decide whether those men who performed that action are homicides or assertors of freedom?

For just consider a little; and for a moment think of the business like a sober man. I who, as I myself confess,

am an intimate friend of those men, and, as you accuse me, an accomplice of theirs, deny that there is any medium between these alternatives. I confess that they, if they be not deliverers of the Roman people and saviors of the republic, are worse than assassins, worse than homicides, worse, even, than parricides: since it is a more atrocious thing to murder the father of one's country than one's own father. You wise and considerate man, what do you say to this? If they are parricides, why are they always named by you, both in this assembly and before the Roman people, with a view to do them honor? Why has Marcus Brutus been, on your motion, excused from obedience to the laws, and allowed to be absent from the city more than ten days? Why were the games of Apollo celebrated with incredible honor to Marcus Brutus? why were provinces given to Brutus and Cassius? why were quæstors assigned to them? why was the number of their lieutenants augmented? And all these measures were owing to you. They are not homicides then. It follows that in your opinion they are deliverers of their country, since there can be no other alternative. What is the matter? Am I embarrassing you? For, perhaps, you do not quite understand propositions which are stated disjunctively. Still this is the sum total of my conclusion: that since they are acquitted by you of wickedness they are at the same time pronounced most worthy of the very most honorable rewards.

Therefore, I will now proceed again with my oration. I will write to them, if any one by chance should ask whether what you have imputed to me be true, not to deny it to any one. In truth, I am afraid that it must be considered either a not very creditable thing to them that

they should have concealed the fact of my being an accomplice; or else a most discreditable one to me that I was invited to be one, and that I shirked it. For what greater exploit (I call you to witness, O august Jupiter!) was ever achieved not only in this city, but in all the earth? What more glorious action was ever done? What deed was ever more deservedly recommended to the everlasting recollection of men? Do you, then, shut me up with the other leaders in the partnership in this design, as in the Trojan horse? I have no objection; I even thank you for doing so, with whatever intent you do it. For the deed is so great a one that I cannot compare the unpopularity which you wish to excite against me on account of it with its real glory.

For who can be happier than those men whom you boast of having now expelled and driven from the city? What place is there either so deserted or so uncivilized, as not to seem to greet and to covet the presence of those men wherever they have arrived? What men are so clownish as not, when they have once beheld them, to think that they have reaped the greatest enjoyment that life can give? And what posterity will be ever so forgetful, what literature will ever be found so ungrateful, as not to cherish their glory with undying recollection? Enrol me, then, I beg, in the number of those men.

But one thing I am afraid you may not approve of. For, if I had really been one of their number, I should have not only got rid of the king, but of the kingly power also out of the republic; and if I had been the author of the piece, as it is said, believe me, I should not have been contented with one act, but should have finished the whole play. Although, if it be a crime to

have wished that Cæsar might be put to death, beware, I pray you, O Antonius, of what must be your own case, as it is notorious that you, when at Narbo, formed a plan of the same sort with Caius Trebonius; and it was on account of your participation in that design that, when Cæsar was being killed, we saw you called aside by Trebonius. But I (see how far I am from any horrible inclination toward) praise you for having once in your life had a righteous intention; I return you thanks for not having revealed the matter; and I excuse you for not having accomplished your purpose. That exploit required a man.

And if any one should institute a prosecution against you, and employ that test of old Cassius, "who reaped any advantage from it?" take care, I advise you, lest you suit that description. Although, in truth, that action was, as you used to say, an advantage to every one who was not willing to be a slave, still it was so to you above all men, who are not merely not a slave, but are actually a king; who delivered yourself from an enormous burden of debt at the temple of Ops; who, by your dealings with the account-books, there squandered a countless sum of money; who have had such vast treasures brought to you from Cæsar's house; at whose own house there is set up a most lucrative manufactory of false memoranda and autographs, and a most iniquitous market of lands, and towns, and exemptions, and revenues. In truth, what measure except the death of Cæsar could possibly have been any relief to your indigent and insolvent condition? You appear to be somewhat agitated. Have you any secret fear that you yourself may appear to have had some connection with that crime? I will release you from all apprehension; no one will ever believe it; it is not

like you to deserve well of the republic; the most illustrious men in the republic are the authors of that exploit; I only say that you are glad it was done; I do not accuse you of having done it.

I have replied to your heaviest accusations, I must now also reply to the rest of them.

You have thrown in my teeth the camp of Pompeius and all my conduct at that time. At which time, indeed, if, as I have said before, my counsels and my authority had prevailed, you would this day be in indigence, we should be free, and the republic would not have lost so many generals and so many armies. For I confess that, when I saw that these things certainly would happen, which now have happened, I was as greatly grieved as all the other virtuous citizens would have been if they had foreseen the same things. I did grieve, I did grieve, O conscript fathers, that the republic which had once been saved by your counsels and mine, was fated to perish in a short time. Nor was I so inexperienced in and ignorant of this nature of things as to be disheartened on account of a fondness for life, which, while it endured, would wear me out with anguish, and when brought to an end would release me from all trouble. But I was desirous that those most illustrious men, the lights of the republic, should live: so many men of consular rank, so many men of prætorian rank, so many most honorable senators; and besides them all the flower of our nobility and of our youth; and the armies of excellent citizens. And if they were still alive, under ever such hard conditions of peace (for any sort of peace with our fellow-citizens appeared to me more desirable than civil war), we should be still this day enjoying the republic.

And if my opinion had prevailed, and if those men, the preservation of whose lives was my main object, elated with the hope of victory, had not been my chief opposers, to say nothing of other results, at all events you would never have continued in this order, or rather in this city. But say you, my speech alienated from me the regard of Pompeius? Was there any one to whom he was more attached? any one with whom he conversed or shared his counsels more frequently? It was, indeed, a great thing that we, differing as we did respecting the general interests of the republic, should continue in uninterrupted friendship. But I saw clearly what his opinions and views were, and he saw mine equally. I was for providing for the safety of the citizens in the first place, in order that we might be able to consult their dignity afterward. He thought more of consulting their existing dignity. But because each of us had a definite object to pursue, our disagreement was the more endurable. But what that extraordinary and almost godlike man thought of me is known to those men who pursued him to Paphos from the battle of Pharsalia. No mention of me was ever made by him that was not the most honorable that could be, that was not full of the most friendly regret for me; while he confessed that I had had the most foresight, but that he had had more sanguine hopes. And do you dare taunt me with the name of that man whose friend you admit that I was, and whose assassin you confess yourself?

However, let us say no more of that war, in which you were too fortunate. I will not reply even with those jests to which you have said that I gave utterance in the camp. That camp was, in truth, full of anxiety, but although men are in great difficulties, still, provided they

are men, they sometimes relax their minds. But the fact that the same man finds fault with my melancholy, and also with my jokes, is a great proof that I was very moderate in each particular.

You have said that no inheritances come to me. Would that this accusation of yours were a true one; I should have more of my friends and connections alive. But how could such a charge ever come into your head? For I have received more than twenty millions of sesterces in inheritances. Although in this particular I admit that you have been more fortunate than I. No one has ever made me his heir except he was a friend of mine, in order that my grief of mind for his loss might be accompanied also with some gain, if it was to be considered as such. But a man whom you never even saw, Lucius Rubrius, of Casinum, made you his heir. And see now how much he loved you, who, though he did not know whether you were white or black, passed over the son of his brother, Quintus Fufius, a most honorable Roman knight, and most attached to him, whom he had on all occasions openly declared his heir (he never even names him in his will), and he makes you his heir whom he had never seen, or, at all events, had never spoken to.

I wish you would tell me, if it is not too much trouble, what sort of countenance Lucius Turselius was of; what sort of height; from what municipal town he came; and of what tribe he was a member. "I know nothing," you will say, "about him, except what farms he had." Therefore, he, disinheriting his brother, made you his heir. And besides these instances, this man has seized on much other property belonging to men wholly unconnected with him, to the exclusion of the legitimate heirs, as if he himself were

the heir. Although the thing that struck me with most astonishment of all was that you should venture to make mention of inheritances, when you yourself had not received the inheritance of your own father.

And was it in order to collect all these arguments, O you most senseless of men, that you spent so many days in practicing declamation in another man's villa? Although, indeed (as your most intimate friends usually say), you are in the habit of declaiming, not for the purpose of whetting your genius, but of working off the effects of wine. And, indeed, you employ a master to teach you jokes, a man appointed by your own vote and that of your boon companions; a rhetorician, whom you have allowed to say whatever he pleased against you, a thoroughly facetious gentleman; but there are plenty of materials for speaking against you and against your friends. But just see now what a difference there is between you and your grandfather. He used with great deliberation to bring forth arguments advantageous to the cause he was advocating; you pour forth in a hurry the sentiments which you have been taught by another. And what wages have you paid this rhetorician? Listen, listen, O conscript fathers, and learn the blows which are inflicted on the republic. You have assigned, O Antonius, two thousand acres of land, in the Leontine district, to Sextus Clodius, the rhetorician, and those, too, exempt from every kind of tax, for the sake of putting the Roman people to such a vast expense that you might learn to be a fool. Was this gift, too, O you most audacious of men, found among Cæsar's papers? But I will take another opportunity to speak about the Leontine and the Campanian district; where he has stolen lands from the

republic to pollute them with most infamous owners. For now, since I have sufficiently replied to all his charges, I must say a little about our corrector and censor himself. And yet I will not say all I could, in order that if I have often to battle with him I may always come to the contest with fresh arms; and the multitude of his vices and atrocities will easily enable me to do so.

Shall we then examine your conduct from the time when you were a boy? I think so. Let us begin at the beginning. Do you recollect that, while you were still clad in the *prætexta*, you became a bankrupt? That was the fault of your father, you will say. I admit that. In truth, such a defence is full of filial affection. But it is peculiarly suited to your own audacity that you sat among the fourteen rows of the knights, though by the Roscian law there was a place appointed for bankrupts, even if any one had become such by the fault of fortune and not by his own. You assumed the manly gown, which you soon made a womanly one: at first a public prostitute, with a regular price for your wickedness, and that not a low one. But very soon Curio stepped in, who carried you off from your public trade, and, as if he had bestowed a matron's robe upon you, settled you in a steady and durable wedlock. No boy bought for the gratification of passion was ever so wholly in the power of his master as you were in Curio's. How often has his father turned you out of his house? How often has he placed guards to prevent you from entering? while you, with night for your accomplice, lust for your encourager, and wages for your compeller, were let down through the roof. That house could no longer endure your wickedness. Do you

not know that I am speaking of matters with which I am thoroughly acquainted? Remember that time when Curio, the father, lay weeping in his bed; his son, throwing himself at my feet, with tears recommended to me you; he entreated me to defend you against his own father, if he demanded six millions of sesterces of you; for that he had been bail for you to that amount. And he himself, burning with love, declared positively that because he was unable to bear the misery of being separated from you he should go into banishment. And at that time what misery of that most flourishing family did I allay, or rather did I remove! I persuaded the father to pay the son's debts; to release the young man, endowed as he was with great promise of courage and ability, by the sacrifice of part of his family estate; and to use his privileges and authority as a father to prohibit him not only from all intimacy with, but from every opportunity of meeting you. When you recollected that all this was done by me, would you have dared to provoke me by abuse if you had not been trusting to those swords which we behold?

But let us say no more of your profligacy and debauchery. There are things which it is not possible for me to mention with honor; but you are all the more free for that, inasmuch as you have not scrupled to be an actor in scenes which a modest enemy cannot bring himself to mention.

Mark now, O conscript fathers, the rest of his life, which I will touch upon rapidly. For my inclination hastens to arrive at those things which he did in the time of the civil war, amid the greatest miseries of the republic, and at those things which he does every day. And I beg of you, though they are far better

known to you than they are to me, still to listen attentively, as you are doing, to my relation of them. For in such cases as this it is not the mere knowledge of such actions that ought to excite the mind, but the recollection of them also. Although we must at once go into the middle of them, lest otherwise we should be too long in coming to the end.

He was very intimate with Clodius at the time of his tribuneship; he, who now enumerates the kindnesses which he did me. He was the firebrand to handle all conflagrations; and even in his house he attempted something. He himself well knows what I allude to. From thence he made a journey to Alexandria, in defiance of the authority of the senate, and against the interests of the republic, and in spite of religious obstacles; but he had Gabinius for his leader, with whom whatever he did was sure to be right. What were the circumstances of his return from thence? what sort of return was it? He went from Egypt to the furthest extremity of Gaul before he returned home. And what was his home? For at that time every man had possession of his own house; and you had no house anywhere, O Antonius. House, do you say? what place was there in the whole world where you could set your foot on anything that belonged to you, except Mienum, which you farmed with your partners, as if it had been Sisapo?

You came from Gaul to stand for the quæstorship. Dare to say that you went to your own father before you came to me. I had already received Cæsar's letters, begging me to allow myself to accept of your excuses; and, therefore, I did not allow you even to mention thanks. After that I was treated with respect by you, and you

received attentions from me in your canvass for the quæstorship. And it was at that time, indeed, that you endeavored to slay Publius Clodius in the forum, with the approbation of the Roman people; and though you made the attempt of your own accord, and not at my instigation, still you clearly alleged that you did not think, unless you slew him, that you could possibly make amends to me for all the injuries which you had done me. And this makes me wonder why you should say that Milo did that deed at my instigation; when I never once exhorted you to do it, who, of your own accord, attempted to do me the same service. Although, if you had persisted in it, I should have preferred allowing the action to be set down entirely to your own love of glory rather than to my influence.

You were elected quæstor. On this, immediately, without any resolution of the senate authorizing such a step, without drawing lots, without procuring any law to be passed, you hastened to Cæsar. For you thought the camp the only refuge on earth for indigence, and debt, and profligacy—for all men, in short, who were in a state of utter ruin. Then, when you had recruited your resources again by his largesses and your own robberies (if, indeed, a person can be said to recruit who only acquires something which he may immediately squander), you hastened, being again a beggar, to the tribuneship, in order that in that magistracy you might, if possible, behave like your friend.

Listen now, I beseech you, O conscript fathers, not to those things which he did indecently and profligately to his own injury and to his own disgrace as a private individual; but to the actions which he did impiously and wickedly

against us and our fortunes—that is to say, against the whole republic. For it is from his wickedness that you will find that the beginning of all these evils has arisen.

For when, in the consulship of Lucius Lentulus and Marcus Marcellus, you, on the first of January, were anxious to prop up the republic, which was tottering and almost falling, and were willing to consult the interests of Caius Cæsar himself, if he would have acted like a man in his senses, then this fellow opposed to your counsels his tribuneship, which he had sold and handed over to the purchaser, and exposed his own neck to that axe under which many have suffered for smaller crimes. It was against you, O Marcus Antonius, that the senate, while still in the possession of its rights, before so many of its luminaries were extinguished, passed that decree which, in accordance with the usage of our ancestors, is at times passed against an enemy who is a citizen. And have you dared, before these conscript fathers, to say anything against me, when I have been pronounced by this order to be the savior of my country, and when you have been declared by it to be an enemy of the republic? The mention of that wickedness of yours has been interrupted, but the recollection of it has not been effaced. As long as the race of men, as long as the name of the Roman people shall exist (and that, unless it is prevented from being so by your means, will be everlasting), so long will that most mischievous interposition of your veto be spoken of. What was there that was being done by the senate, either ambitiously or rashly, when you, one single young man, forbade the whole order to pass decrees concerning the safety of the republic? and when you did so, not once only, but repeatedly? nor

would you allow any one to plead with you in behalf of the authority of the senate; and yet, what did any one entreat of you, except that you would not desire the republic to be entirely overthrown and destroyed; when neither the chief men of the state by their entreaties, nor the elders by their warnings, nor the senate in a full house by pleading with you, could move you from the determination which you had already sold and, as it were, delivered to the purchaser? Then it was, after having tried many other expedients previously, that a blow was of necessity struck at you which had been struck at only few men before you, and which none of them had ever survived. Then it was that this order armed the consuls, and the rest of the magistrates who were invested with either military or civil command against you, and you never would have escaped them, if you had not taken refuge in the camp of Cæsar.

It was you, you, I say, O Marcus Antonius, who gave Caius Cæsar, desirous as he already was to throw everything into confusion, the principal pretext for waging war against his country. For what other pretence did he allege? what cause did he give for his own most frantic resolution and action, except that the power of interposition by the veto had been disregarded, the privileges of the tribunes taken away, and Antonius's rights abridged by the senate? I say nothing of how false, how trivial these pretences were; especially when there could not possibly be any reasonable cause whatever to justify any one in taking up arms against his country. But I have nothing to do with Cæsar. You must unquestionably allow that the cause of that ruinous war existed in your person.

O miserable man, if you are aware, more miserable still

if you are not aware, that this is recorded in writings, is handed down to men's recollection, that our very latest posterity in the most distant ages will never forget this fact, that the consuls were expelled from Italy, and with them Cnæus Pompeius, who was the glory and light of the empire of the Roman people; that all the men of consular rank, whose health would allow them to share in that disaster and that flight, and the prætors, and men of prætorian rank, and the tribunes of the people, and a great part of the senate, and all the flower of the youth of the city, and, in a word, the republic itself was driven out and expelled from its abode. As, then, there is in seeds the cause which produces trees and plants, so of this most lamentable war you were the seed. Do you, O conscript fathers, grieve that these armies of the Roman people have been slain? It is Antonius who slew them. Do you regret your most illustrious citizens? It is Antonius, again, who has deprived you of them. The authority of this order is overthrown; it is Antonius who has overthrown it. Everything, in short, which we have seen since that time (and what misfortune is there that we have not seen?) we shall, if we argue rightly, attribute wholly to Antonius. As Helen was to the Trojans, so has that man been to this republic—the cause of war, the cause of mischief, the cause of ruin. The rest of his tribuneship was like the beginning. He did everything which the senate had labored to prevent, as being impossible to be done consistently with the safety of the republic. And see, now, how gratuitously wicked he was even in accomplishing his wickedness.

He restored many men who had fallen under misfortune. Among them no mention was made of his uncle. If he was severe, why was he not so to every one? If he

was merciful, why was he not merciful to his own relations? But I say nothing of the rest. He restored Licinius Lenticula, a man who had been condemned for gambling, and who was a fellow-gamester of his own. As if he could not play with a condemned man; but in reality, in order to pay by a straining of the law in his favor what he had lost by the dice. What reason did you allege to the Roman people why it was desirable that he should be restored? I suppose you said that he was absent when the prosecution was instituted against him; that the cause was decided without his having been heard in his defence; that there was not by a law any judicial proceeding established with reference to gambling; that he had been put down by violence or by arms; or lastly, as was said in the case of your uncle, that the tribunal had been bribed with money. Nothing of this sort was said. Then he was a good man, and one worthy of the republic. That, indeed, would have been nothing to the purpose, but still, since being condemned does not go for much, I would forgive you if that were the truth. Does not he restore to the full possession of his former privileges the most worthless man possible—one who would not hesitate to play at dice even in the forum, and who had been convicted under the law which exists respecting gambling—does not he declare in the most open manner his own propensities?

Then in this same tribuneship, when Cæsar while on his way into Spain had given him Italy to trample on, what journeys did he make in every direction! how did he visit the municipal towns! I know that I am only speaking of matters which have been discussed in every one's conversation, and that the things which I am saying

and am going to say are better known to every one who was in Italy at that time than to me, who was not. Still I mention the particulars of his conduct, although my speech cannot possibly come up to your own personal knowledge. When was such wickedness ever heard of as existing upon earth? or shamelessness? or such open infamy?

The tribune of the people was borne along in a chariot, lictors crowned with laurel preceded him; among whom, on an open litter, was carried an actress; whom honorable men, citizens of the different municipalities, coming out from their towns under compulsion to meet him, saluted not by the name by which she was well known on the stage, but by that of Volumnia. A car followed full of pimps; then a lot of debauched companions; and then his mother, utterly neglected, followed the mistress of her profligate son, as if she had been her daughter-in-law. O the disastrous fecundity of that miserable woman! With the marks of such wickedness as this did that fellow stamp every municipality, and prefecture, and colony, and, in short, the whole of Italy.

To find fault with the rest of his actions, O conscript fathers, is difficult, and somewhat unsafe. He was occupied in war; he glutted himself with the slaughter of citizens who bore no resemblance to himself. He was fortunate—if at least there can be any good fortune in wickedness. But since we wish to show a regard for the veterans, although the cause of the soldiers is very different from yours; they followed their chief; you went to seek for a leader; still (that I may not give you any pretence for stirring up odium against me among them), I will say nothing of the nature of the war.

When victorious, you returned with the legions from Thessaly to Brundisium. There you did not put me to death. It was a great kindness! For I confess that you could have done it. Although there was no one of those men who were with you at that time who did not think that I ought to be spared. For so great is men's affection for their country, that I was sacred even in the eyes of your legions, because they recollected that the country had been saved by me. However, grant that you did give me what you did not take away from me; and that I have my life as a present from you, since it was not taken from me by you; was it possible for me, after all your insults, to regard that kindness of yours as I regarded it at first, especially after you saw that you must hear this reply from me?

You came to Brundisium, to the bosom and embraces of your actress. What is the matter? Am I speaking falsely? How miserable is it not to be able to deny a fact which it is disgraceful to confess! If you had no shame before the municipal towns, had you none even before your veteran army? For what soldier was there who did not see her at Brundisium? who was there who did not know that she had come so many days' journey to congratulate you? who was there who did not grieve that he was so late in finding out how worthless a man he had been following?

Again you made a tour through Italy, with that same actress for your companion. Cruel and miserable was the way in which you led your soldiers into the towns; shameful was the pillage in every city, of gold and silver, and above all, of wine. And besides all this, while Cæsar knew nothing about it, as he was at Alexandria, Antonius, by

the kindness of Cæsar's friends, was appointed his master of the horse. Then he thought that he could live with Hippia by virtue of his office, and that he might give horses which were the property of the state to Sergius the buffoon. At that time he had selected for himself to live in, not the house which he now dishonors, but that of Marcus Piso. Why need I mention his decrees, his robberies, the possessions of inheritances which were given him, and those too which were seized by him? Want compelled him; he did not know where to turn. That great inheritance from Lucius Rubrius, and that other from Lucius Turselius, had not yet come to him. He had not yet succeeded as an unexpected heir to the place of Cnæus Pompeius, and of many others who were absent. He was forced to live like a robber, having nothing beyond what he could plunder from others.

However, we will say nothing of these things, which are acts of a more hardy sort of villany. Let us speak rather of his meaner descriptions of worthlessness. You, with those jaws of yours, and those sides of yours, and that strength of body suited to a gladiator, drank such quantities of wine at the marriage of Hippia, that you were forced to vomit the next day in the sight of the Roman people. O action disgraceful not merely to see, but even to hear of! If this had happened to you at supper amid those vast drinking-cups of yours, who would not have thought it scandalous? But in an assembly of the Roman people, a man holding a public office, a master of the horse, to whom it would have been disgraceful even to belch, vomiting filled his own bosom and the whole tribunal with fragments of what he had been eating reeking with wine. But he himself confesses this among his

other disgraceful acts. Let us proceed to his more splendid offences.

Cæsar came back from Alexandria, fortunate, as he seemed at least to himself; but in my opinion no one can be fortunate who is unfortunate for the republic. The spear was set up in front of the temple of Jupiter Stator, and the property of Cnæus Pompeius Magnus (miserable that I am, for even now that my tears have ceased to flow, my grief remains deeply implanted in my heart)—the property, I say, of Cnæus Pompeius the Great was submitted to the pitiless voice of the auctioneer. On that one occasion the state forgot its slavery, and groaned aloud; and though men's minds were enslaved, as everything was kept under by fear, still the groans of the Roman people were free. While all men were waiting to see who would be so impious, who would be so mad, who would be so declared an enemy to gods and to men as to dare to mix himself up with that wicked auction, no one was found except Antonius, even though there were plenty of men collected round that spear who would have dared anything else. One man alone was found to dare to do that which the audacity of every one else had shrunk from and shuddered at. Were you, then, seized with such stupidity—or, I should rather say, with such insanity—as not to see that if you, being of the rank in which you were born, acted as a broker at all, and above all as a broker in the case of Pompeius's property, you would be execrated and hated by the Roman people, and that all gods and all men must at once become and forever continue hostile to you? But with what violence did that glutton immediately proceed to take possession of the property of that man, to whose valor it had been owing that the Roman people had been

more terrible to foreign nations, while his justice had made it dearer to them.

When, therefore, this fellow had begun to wallow in the treasures of that great man, he began to exult like a buffoon in a play, who has lately been a beggar, and has become suddenly rich. But, as some poet or other says—

“Ill-gotten gains come quickly to an end.”

It is an incredible thing, and almost a miracle, how he in a few, not months, but days, squandered all that vast wealth. There was an immense quantity of wine, an excessive abundance of very valuable plate, much precious apparel, great quantities of splendid furniture, and other magnificent things in many places, such as one was likely to see belonging to a man who was not indeed luxurious, but who was very wealthy. Of all this in a few days there was nothing left. What Charybdis was ever so voracious? Charybdis, do I say? Charybdis, if she existed at all, was only one animal. The ocean, I swear most solemnly, appears scarcely capable of having swallowed up such numbers of things so widely scattered, and distributed in such different places, with such rapidity. Nothing was shut up, nothing sealed up, no list was made of anything. Whole storehouses were abandoned to the most worthless of men. Actors seized on this, actresses on that; the house was crowded with gamblers, and full of drunken men; people were drinking all day, and that too in many places; there were added to all this expense (for this fellow was not invariably fortunate) heavy gambling losses. You might see, in the cellars of the slaves, couches covered with the most richly embroidered counterpanes of Cnæus Pompeius. Wonder not, then, that all

these things were so soon consumed. Such profligacy as that could have devoured not only the patrimony of one individual, however ample it might have been (as indeed his was), but whole cities and kingdoms.

And then his houses and gardens! Oh, the cruel audacity! Did you dare to enter into that house? Did you dare to cross that most sacred threshold? and to show your most profligate countenance to the household gods who protect that abode? A house which for a long time no one could behold, no one could pass by without tears! Are you not ashamed to dwell so long in that house? one in which, stupid and ignorant as you are, still you can see nothing which is not painful to you.

When you behold those beaks of ships in the vestibule, and those warlike trophies, do you fancy that you are entering into a house which belongs to you? It is impossible. Although you are devoid of all sense and all feeling—as in truth you are—still you are acquainted with yourself, and with your trophies, and with your friends. Nor do I believe that you, either waking or sleeping, can ever act with quiet sense. It is impossible but that, were you ever so drunk and frantic—as in truth you are—when the recollection of the appearance of that illustrious man comes across you, you should be roused from sleep by your fears, and often stirred up to madness if awake. I pity even the walls and the roof. For what had that house ever beheld except what was modest, except what proceeded from the purest principles and from the most virtuous practice? For that man was, O conscript fathers, as you yourselves know, not only illustrious abroad, but also admirable at home; and not more praiseworthy for his exploits in foreign countries than for his domestic ar-

rangements. Now in this house every bedchamber is a brothel, and every dining-room a cookshop. Although he denies this. Do not, do not make inquiries. He is become economical. He desired that mistress of his to take possession of whatever belonged to her, according to the laws of the Twelve Tables. He has taken his keys from her, and turned her out of doors. What a well-tried citizen! of what proved virtue is he! the most honorable passage in whose life is the one when he divorced himself from this actress.

But how constantly does he harp on the expression "the consul Antonius!" This amounts to say "that most debauched consul," "that most worthless of men, the consul." For what else is Antonius? For if any dignity were implied in the name, then, I imagine, your grandfather would sometimes have called himself "the consul Antonius." But he never did. My colleague, your own uncle, would have called himself so. Unless you are the only Antonius. But I pass over those offences which have no peculiar connection with the part you took in harassing the republic; I return to that in which you bore so principal a share—that is, to the civil war; and it is mainly owing to you that that was originated, and brought to a head, and carried on.

Though you yourself took no personal share in it, partly through timidity, partly through profligacy, you had tasted, or rather had sucked in, the blood of fellow-citizens: you had been in the battle of Pharsalia as a leader; you had slain Lucius Domitius, a most illustrious and high-born man; you had pursued and put to death in the most barbarous manner many men who had escaped from the battle, and whom Cæsar would perhaps have saved, as he did some others.

And after having performed these exploits, what was the reason why you did not follow Cæsar into Africa; especially when so large a portion of the war was still remaining? And accordingly, what place did you obtain about Cæsar's person after his return from Africa? What was your rank? He whose quæstor you had been when general, whose master of the horse when he was dictator, to whom you had been the chief cause of war, the chief instigator of cruelty, the sharer of his plunder, his son, as you yourself said, by inheritance, proceeded against you for the money which you owed for the house and gardens, and for the other property which you had bought at that sale. At first you answered fiercely enough; and that I may not appear prejudiced against you in every particular, you used a tolerably just and reasonable argument. "What, does Caius Cæsar demand money of me? why should he do so, any more than I should claim it of him? Was he victorious without my assistance? No; and he never could have been. It was I who supplied him with a pretext for civil war; it was I who proposed mischievous laws; it was I who took up arms against the consuls and generals of the Roman people, against the senate and people of Rome, against the gods of the country, against its altars and hearths, against the country itself. Has he conquered for himself alone? Why should not those men whose common work the achievement is have the booty also in common?" You were only claiming your right, but what had that to do with it? He was the more powerful of the two.

Therefore, stopping all your expostulations, he sent his soldiers to you, and to your sureties; when all on a sudden out came that splendid catalogue of yours. How men did

laugh! That there should be so vast a catalogue, that there should be such a numerous and various list of possessions, of all of which, with the exception of a portion of Misenum, there was nothing which the man who was putting them up to sale could call his own. And what a miserable sight was the auction. A little apparel of Pompeius's, and that stained; a few silver vessels belonging to the same man, all battered; some slaves in wretched condition; so that we grieved that there was anything remaining to be seen of these miserable relics. This auction, however, the heirs of Lucius Rubrius prevented from proceeding, being armed with a decree of Cæsar to that effect. The spendthrift was embarrassed. He did not know which way to turn. It was at this very time that an assassin sent by him was said to have been detected with a dagger in the house of Cæsar. And of this Cæsar himself complained in the senate, inveighing openly against you. Cæsar departs to Spain, having granted you a few days' delay for making the payment, on account of your poverty. Even then you do not follow him. Had so good a gladiator as you retired from business so early? Can any one then fear a man who was as timid as this man in upholding his party, that is, in upholding his own fortunes?

After some time he at last went into Spain; but, as he says, he could not arrive there in safety. How then did Dolabella manage to arrive there? Either, O Antonius, that cause ought never to have been undertaken, or when you had undertaken it, it should have been maintained to the end. Thrice did Cæsar fight against his fellow-citizens; in Thessaly, in Africa, and in Spain. Dolabella was present at all these battles. In the battle in Spain he even received a wound. If you ask my opinion, I wish he

had not been there. But still, if his design at first was blamable, his consistency and firmness were praiseworthy. But what shall we say of you? In the first place, the children of Cnæus Pompeius sought to be restored to their country. Well, this concerned the common interests of the whole party. Besides that, they sought to recover their household gods, the gods of their country, their altars, their hearths, the tutelar gods of their family; all of which you had seized upon. And when they sought to recover those things by force of arms which belonged to them by the laws, who was it most natural (although in unjust and unnatural proceedings what can there be that is natural?)—still, who was it most natural to expect would fight against the children of Cnæus Pompeius? Who? Why, you who had bought their property. Were you at Narbo to be sick over the tables of your entertainers, while Dolabella was fighting your battles in Spain?

And what return was that of yours from Narbo? He even asked why I had returned so suddenly from my expedition. I have just briefly explained to you, O conscript fathers, the reason of my return. I was desirous, if I could, to be of service to the republic even before the first of January. For, as to your question, how I had returned; in the first place, I returned by daylight, not in the dark; in the second place, I returned in shoes, and in my Roman gown, not in any Gallic slippers, or barbarian mantle. And even now you keep looking at me; and, as it seems, with great anger. Surely you would be reconciled to me if you knew how ashamed I am of your worthlessness, which you yourself are not ashamed of. Of all the profligate conduct of all the world, I never saw, I never heard of any more shameful than yours. You, who fancied

yourself a master of the horse, when you were standing for, or I should rather say begging for the consulship for the ensuing year, ran in Gallic slippers and a barbarian mantle about the municipal towns and colonies of Gaul, from which we used to demand the consulship when the consulship was stood for and not begged for.

But mark now the trifling character of the fellow. When about the tenth hour of the day he had arrived at Red Rocks, he skulked into a little petty wine-shop, and, hiding there, kept on drinking till evening. And from thence getting into a gig and being driven rapidly to the city, he came to his own house with his head veiled. "Who are you?" says the porter. "An express from Marcus." He is at once taken to the woman for whose sake he had come; and he delivered the letter to her. And when she had read it with tears (for it was written in a very amorous style, but the main subject of the letter was that he would have nothing to do with that actress for the future; that he had discarded all his love for her, and transferred it to his correspondent), when she, I say, wept plentifully, this soft-hearted man could bear it no longer; he uncovered his head and threw himself on her neck. Oh, the worthless man (for what else can I call him? there is no more suitable expression for me to use)! was it for this that you disturbed the city by nocturnal alarms, and Italy with fears of many days' duration, in order that you might show yourself unexpectedly, and that a woman might see you before she hoped to do so? And he had at home a pretence of love; but out of doors a cause more discreditable still, namely, lest Lucius Plancus should sell up his sureties. But after you had been produced in the assembly by one of the tribunes of the people, and had replied

that you had come on your own private business, you made even the people full of jokes against you. But, however, we have said too much about trifles. Let us come to more important subjects.

You went a great distance to meet Cæsar on his return from Spain. You went rapidly, you returned rapidly, in order that we might see that, if you were not brave, you were at least active. You again became intimate with him; I am sure I do not know how. Cæsar had this peculiar characteristic; whoever he knew to be utterly ruined by debt, and needy, even if he knew him also to be an audacious and worthless man, he willingly admitted him to his intimacy. You, then, being admirably recommended to him by these circumstances, were ordered to be appointed consul, and that, too, as his own colleague. I do not make any complaint against Dolabella, who was at that time acting under compulsion, and was cajoled and deceived. But who is there who does not know with what great perfidy both of you treated Dolabella in that business? Cæsar induced him to stand for the consulship. • After having promised it to him, and pledged himself to aid him, he prevented his getting it, and transferred it to himself. And you indorsed his treachery with your own eagerness.

The first of January arrives. We are convened in the senate. Dolabella inveighed against him with much more fluency and premeditation than I am doing now. And what things were they which he said in his anger, O ye good gods! First of all, after Cæsar had declared that before he departed he would order Dolabella to be made consul (and they deny that he was a king who was always doing and saying something of this sort)—but after Cæsar

had said this, then this virtuous augur said that he was invested with a pontificate of that sort, that he was able, by means of the auspices, either to hinder or to vitiate the comitia, just as he pleased; and he declared that he would do so. And here, in the first place, remark the incredible stupidity of the man. For what do you mean? Could you not just as well have done what you said you had now the power to do by the privileges with which that pontificate had invested you, even if you were not an augur, if you were consul? Perhaps you could even do it more easily. For we augurs have only the power of announcing that the auspices are being observed, but the consuls and other magistrates have the right also of observing them whenever they choose. Be it so. You said this out of ignorance. For one must not demand prudence from a man who is never sober. But still remark his impudence. Many months before, he said in the senate that he would either prevent the comitia from assembling for the election of Dolabella by means of the auspices, or that he would do what he actually did do. Can any one divine beforehand what defect there will be in the auspices, except the man who has already determined to observe the heavens? which, in the first place, it is forbidden by law to do at the time of the comitia. And if any one has been observing the heavens, he is bound to give notice of it, not after the comitia are assembled, but before they are held. But this man's ignorance is joined to impudence, nor does he know what an augur ought to know, nor do what a modest man ought to do. And just recollect the whole of his conduct during his consulship from that day up to the ides of March. What licitor was ever so humble, so abject? He himself had no power at all; he begged

everything of others; and, thrusting his head into the hind part of his litter, he begged favors of his colleagues, to sell them himself afterward.

Behold, the day of the comitia for the election of Dolabella arrives. The prerogative century draws its lot. He is quiet. The vote is declared; he is still silent. The first class is called. Its vote is declared. Then, as is the usual course, the votes are announced. Then the second class. And all this is done faster than I have told it. When the business is over that excellent augur (you would say he must be Caius Lælius) says—"We adjourn it to another day." Oh, the monstrous impudence of such a proceeding! What had you seen? what had you perceived? what had you heard? For you did not say that you had been observing the heavens, and, indeed, you do not say so this day. That defect, then, has arisen which you, on the first of January, had already foreseen would arise, and which you had predicted so long before. Therefore, in truth, you have made a false declaration respecting the auspices, to your own great misfortune, I hope, rather than to that of the republic. You laid the Roman people under the obligations of religion; you, as augur, interrupted an augur; you, as consul, interrupted a consul by a false declaration concerning the auspices.

I will say no more, lest I should seem to be pulling to pieces the acts of Dolabella; which must inevitably some time or other be brought before our college. But take notice of the arrogance and insolence of the fellow. As long as you please, Dolabella is a consul irregularly elected; again, while you please, he is a consul elected with all proper regard to the auspices. If it means nothing when an augur gives this notice in those words in

which you gave notice, then confess that you, when you said—"We adjourn this to another day," were not sober. But if those words have any meaning, then I, an augur, demand of my colleague to know what that meaning is.

But lest by any chance, while enumerating his numerous exploits, our speech should pass over the finest action of Marcus Antonius, let us come to the Lupercalia.

He does not dissemble, O conscript fathers; it is plain that he is agitated; he perspires; he turns pale. Let him do what he pleases, provided he is not sick, and does not behave as he did in the Minucian colonnade. What defence can be made for such beastly behavior? I wish to hear, that I may see the fruit of those high wages of that rhetorician, of that land given in Leontini. Your colleague was sitting in the rostra, clothed in purple robe, on a golden chair, wearing a crown. You mount the steps; you approach his chair (if you were a priest of Pan, you ought to have recollected that you were consul, too); you display a diadem. There is a groan over the whole forum. Where did the diadem come from? For you had not picked it up when lying on the ground, but you had brought it from home with you, a premeditated and deliberately planned wickedness. You placed the diadem on his head amid the groans of the people; he rejected it amid great applause. You then alone, O wicked man, were found, both to advise the assumption of kingly power, and to wish to have him for your master who was your colleague; and also to try what the Roman people might be able to bear and to endure. Moreover, you even sought to move his pity; you threw yourself at his feet as a suppliant; begging for what? to be a slave? You might beg it for yourself, when you had lived in

such a way from the time that you were a boy that you could bear everything, and would find no difficulty in being a slave; but certainly you had no commission from the Roman people to try for such a thing for them.

Oh, how splendid was that eloquence of yours, when you harangued the people stark naked! What could be more foul than this? more shameful than this? more deserving of every sort of punishment? Are you waiting for me to prick you more? This that I am saying must tear you and bring blood enough if you have any feeling at all. I am afraid that I may be detracting from the glory of some most eminent men. Still my indignation shall find a voice. What can be more scandalous than for that man to live who placed a diadem on a man's head, when every one confesses that that man was deservedly slain who rejected it? And, moreover, he caused it to be recorded in the annals, under the head of Luper calia, "That Marcus Antonius, the consul, by command of the people, had offered the kingdom to Caius Cæsar, perpetual dictator; and that Cæsar had refused to accept it." I now am not much surprised at your seeking to disturb the general tranquillity; at your hating not only the city but the light of day; and at your living with a pack of abandoned robbers, disregarding the day, and yet regarding nothing beyond the day. For where can you be safe in peace? What place can there be for you where laws and courts of justice have sway, both of which you, as far as in you lay, destroyed by the substitution of kingly power? Was it for this that Lucius Tarquinius was driven out; that Spurius Cassius, and Spurius Mælius, and Marcus Manlius were slain; that many years afterward a king might be established at Rome by Marcus Antonius, though the

bare idea was impiety? However, let us return to the auspices.

With respect to all the things which Cæsar was intending to do in the senate on the ides of March, I ask whether you have done anything? I heard, indeed, that you had come down prepared, because you thought that I intended to speak about your having made a false statement respecting the auspices, though it was still necessary for us to respect them. The fortune of the Roman people saved us from that day. Did the death of Cæsar also put an end to your opinion respecting the auspices? But I have come to mention that occasion which must be allowed to precede those matters which I had begun to discuss. What a flight was that of yours! What alarm was yours on that memorable day! How, from the consciousness of your wickedness, did you despair of your life! How, while flying, were you enabled secretly to get home by the kindness of those men who wished to save you, thinking you would show more sense than you do! O how vain have at all times been my too true predictions of the future! I told those deliverers of ours in the Capitol, when they wished me to go to you to exhort you to defend the republic, that as long as you were in fear you would promise everything, but that as soon as you had emancipated yourself from alarm you would be yourself again. Therefore, while the rest of the men of consular rank were going backward and forward to you, I adhered to my opinion, nor did I see you at all that day, or the next; nor did I think it possible for an alliance between virtuous citizens and a most unprincipled enemy to be made, so as to last, by any treaty or engagement whatever. The third day I came into the temple of

Tellus, even then very much against my will, as armed men were blockading all the approaches. What a day was that for you, O Marcus Antonius! Although you showed yourself all on a sudden an enemy to me; still I pity you for having envied yourself.

What a man, O ye immortal gods! and how great a man might you have been, if you had been able to preserve the inclination you displayed that day;—we should still have peace which was made then by the pledge of a hostage, a boy of noble birth, the grandson of Marcus Bambalio. Although it was fear that was then making you a good citizen, which is never a lasting teacher of duty; your own audacity, which never departs from you as long as you are free from fear, has made you a worthless one. Although even at that time, when they thought you an excellent man, though I, indeed, differed from that opinion, you behaved with the greatest wickedness while presiding at the funeral of the tyrant, if that ought to be called a funeral. All that fine panegyric was yours, that commiseration was yours, that exhortation was yours. It was you—you, I say—who hurled those firebrands, both those with which your friend himself was nearly burned, and those by which the house of Lucius Bellienus was set on fire and destroyed. It was you who let loose those attacks of abandoned men, slaves for the most part, which we repelled by violence and our own personal exertions; it was you who set them on to attack our houses. And yet you, as if you had wiped off all the soot and smoke in the ensuing days, carried those excellent resolutions in the Capitol that no document conferring any exemption, or granting any favor, should be published after the ides of March. You recollect yourself what you said about the exiles;

you know what you said about the exemption; but the best thing of all was that you forever abolished the name of the dictatorship in the republic. Which act appeared to show that you had conceived such a hatred of kingly power that you took away all fear of it for the future, on account of him who had been the last dictator.

To other men the republic now seemed established, but it did not appear so at all to me, as I was afraid of every sort of shipwreck, as long as you were at the helm. Have I been deceived? or, was it possible for that man long to continue unlike himself? While you were all looking on, documents were fixed up over the whole Capitol, and exemptions were being sold, not merely to individuals, but to entire states. The freedom of the city was also being given now not to single persons only, but to whole provinces. Therefore, if these acts are to stand—and stand they cannot if the republic stands too—then, O conscript fathers, you have lost whole provinces; and not the revenues only, but the actual empire of the Roman people has been diminished by a market this man held in his own house.

Where are the seven hundred millions of sesterces which were entered in the account-books which are in the temple of Ops? a sum lamentable indeed, as to the means by which it was procured, but still one which, if it were not restored to those to whom it belonged, might save us from taxes. And how was it, that when you owed forty millions of sesterces on the fifteenth of March, you had ceased to owe them by the first of April? Those things are quite countless which were purchased of different people, not without your knowledge; but there was one excellent decree posted up in the Capitol affecting King Déiotarus, a

most devoted friend to the Roman people. And when that decree was posted up, there was no one who, amid all his indignation, could restrain his laughter. For who ever was a more bitter enemy to another than Caesar was to Deiotarus? He was as hostile to him as he was to this order, to the equestrian order, to the people of Massilia, and to all men whom he knew to look on the republic of the Roman people with attachment. But this man, who neither present nor absent could ever obtain from him any favor or justice while he was alive, became quite an influential man with him when he was dead. When present with him in his house he had called for him though he was his host, he had made him give in his accounts of his revenue, he had exacted money from him; he had established one of his Greek retainers in his tetrarchy, and he had taken Armenia from him, which had been given to him by the senate. While he was alive he deprived him of all these things; now that he is dead, he gives them back again. And in what words? At one time he says, "that it appears to him to be just . . ." at another, "that it appears not to be unjust. . . ." What a strange combination of words! But while alive (I know this, for I always supported Deiotarus, who was at a distance) he never said that anything which we were asking for, for him, appeared just to him. A bond for ten millions of sesterces was entered into in the women's apartment (where many things have been sold, and are still being sold), by his ambassadors, well-meaning men, but timid and inexperienced in business, without my advice or that of the rest of the hereditary friends of the monarch. And I advise you to consider carefully what you intend to do with reference to this bond. For the king himself, of his

own accord, without waiting for any of Cæsar's memoranda, the moment that he heard of his death, recovered his own rights by his own courage and energy. He, like a wise man, knew that this was always the law, that those men from whom the things which tyrants had taken away had been taken, might recover them when the tyrants were slain. No lawyer, therefore, not even he who is your lawyer and yours alone, and by whose advice you do all these things, will say that anything is due to you by virtue of that bond for those things which had been recovered before that bond was executed. For he did not purchase them of you; but, before you undertook to sell him his own property, he had taken possession of it. He was a man—we, indeed, deserve to be despised, who hate the author of the actions, but uphold the actions themselves.

Why need I mention the countless mass of papers, the innumerable autographs which have been brought forward? writings of which there are imitators who sell their forgeries as openly as if they were gladiators' play-bills. Therefore, there are now such heaps of money piled up in that man's house, that it is weighed out instead of being counted. But how blind is avarice! Lately, too, a document has been posted up by which the most wealthy cities of the Cretans are released from tribute; and by which it is ordained that after the expiration of the consulship of Marcus Brutus, Crete shall cease to be a province. Are you in your senses? Ought you not to be put in confinement? Was it possible for there really to be a decree of Cæsar's exempting Crete after the departure of Marcus Brutus, when Brutus had no connection whatever with Crete while Cæsar was alive? But by the sale of this decree (that you may not, O conscript fathers, think it wholly ineffectual)

you have lost the province of Crete. There was nothing in the world which any one wanted to buy that this fellow was not ready to sell.

Cæsar too, I suppose, made the law about the exiles which you have posted up. I do not wish to press upon any one in misfortune; I only complain, in the first place, that the return of those men has had discredit thrown upon it; whose cause Cæsar judged to be different from that of the rest; and in the second place, I do not know why you do not mete out the same measure to all. For there cannot be more than three or four left. Why do not they who are in similar misfortune enjoy a similar degree of your mercy? Why do you treat them as you treated your uncle? about whom you refused to pass a law when you were passing one about all the rest; and whom at the same time you encouraged to stand for the censorship, and instigated him to a canvass, which excited the ridicule and the complaint of every one.

But why did you not hold that comitia? Was it because a tribune of the people announced that there had been an ill-omened flash of lightning seen? When you have any interest of your own to serve, then auspices are all nothing; but when it is only your friends who are concerned, then you become scrupulous. What more? Did you not also desert him in the matter of the septemvirate? "Yes, for he interfered with me." What were you afraid of? I suppose you were afraid that you would be able to refuse him nothing if he were restored to the full possession of his rights. You loaded him with every species of insult, a man whom you ought to have considered in the place of a father to you, if you had had any piety or natural affection at all. You put away his daughter, your own

cousin, having already looked out and provided yourself beforehand with another. That was not enough. You accused a most chaste woman of misconduct. What can go beyond this? Yet you were not content with this. In a very full senate held on the first of January, while your uncle was present, you dared to say that this was your reason for hatred of Dolabella, that you had ascertained that he had committed adultery with your cousin and your wife. Who can decide whether it was more shameless of you to make such profligate and such impious statements against that unhappy woman in the senate, or more wicked to make them against Dolabella, or more scandalous to make them in the presence of her father, or more cruel to make them at all?

However, let us return to the subject of Cæsar's written papers. How were they verified by you? For the acts of Cæsar were for peace' sake confirmed by the senate; that is to say, the acts which Cæsar had really done, not those which Antonius said that Cæsar had done. Where do all these come from? By whom are they produced and vouched for? If they are false, why are they ratified? If they are true, why are they sold? But the vote which was come to enjoined you, after the first of June, to make an examination of Cæsar's acts with the assistance of a council. What council did you consult? whom did you ever invite to help you? what was the first of June that you waited for? Was it that day on which you, having travelled all through the colonies where the veterans were settled, returned escorted by a band of armed men?

Oh, what a splendid progress of yours was that in the months of April and May, when you attempted even to lead a colony to Capua! How you made your escape from

thence, or rather how you barely made your escape, we all know. And now you are still threatening that city. I wish you would try, and we should not then be forced to say "barely." However, what a splendid progress of yours that was! Why need I mention your preparations for banquets, why your frantic hard drinking? Those things are only an injury to yourself; these are injuries to us. We thought that a great blow was inflicted on the republic when the Campanian district was released from the payment of taxes, in order to be given to the soldiery; but you have divided it among your partners in drunkenness and gambling. I tell you, O conscript fathers, that a lot of buffoons and actresses have been settled in the district of Campania. Why should I now complain of what has been done in the district of Leontini? Although formerly these lands of Campania and Leontini were considered part of the patrimony of the Roman people, and were productive of great revenue, and very fertile. You gave your physician three thousand acres; what would you have done if he had cured you? and two thousand to your master of oratory; what would you have done if he had been able to make you eloquent? However, let us return to your progress, and to Italy.

You led a colony to Casilinum, a place to which Cæsar had previously led one. You did indeed consult me by letter about the colony of Capua (but I should have given you the same answer about Casilinum), whether you could legally lead a new colony to a place where there was a colony already. I said that a new colony could not be legally conducted to an existing colony, which had been established with a due observance of the auspices, as long as it remained in a flourishing state; but I wrote

you word that new colonists might be enrolled among the old ones. But you, elated and insolent, disregarding all the respect due to the auspices, led a colony to Casilinum, whither one had been previously led a few years before; in order to erect your standard there, and to mark out the line of the new colony with a plow. And by that plow you almost grazed the gate of Capua, so as to diminish the territory of that flourishing colony. After this violation of all religious observances, you hasten off to the estate of Marcus Varro, a most conscientious and upright man, at Casinum. By what right? with what face do you do this? By just the same, you will say, as that by which you entered on the estates of the heirs of Lucius Rubrius, or of the heirs of Lucius Turselius, or on other innumerable possessions. If you got the right from any auction, let the auction have all the force to which it is entitled; let writings be of force, provided they are the writings of Cæsar, and not your own; writings by which you are bound, not those by which you have released yourself from obligation.

But who says that the estate of Varro at Casinum was ever sold at all? who ever saw any notice of that auction? who ever heard the voice of the auctioneer? You say that you sent a man to Alexandria to buy it of Cæsar. It was too long to wait for Cæsar himself to come! But who ever heard (and there was no man about whose safety more people were anxious) that any part whatever of Varro's property had been confiscated? What? what shall we say if Cæsar even wrote you that you were to give it up? What can be said strong enough for such enormous impudence? Remove for a while those swords which we see around us. You shall now see that the cause of Cæsar's

auctions is one thing, and that of your confidence and rashness is another. For not only shall the owner drive you from that estate, but any one of his friends, or neighbors, or hereditary connections, and any agent, will have the right to do so.

But how many days did he spend revelling in the most scandalous manner in that villa! From the third hour there was one scene of drinking, gambling and vomiting. Alas for the unhappy house itself! how different a master from its former one has it fallen to the share of! Although, how is he the master at all? but by how different a person has it been occupied! For Marcus Varro used it as a place of retirement for his studies, not as a theatre for his lusts. What noble discussions used to take place in that villa! what ideas were originated there! what writings were composed there! The laws of the Roman people, the memorials of our ancestors, the consideration of all wisdom and all learning, were the topics that used to be dwelt on then—but now, while you were the intruder there (for I will not call you the master), every place was resounding with the voices of drunken men; the pavements were floating with wine; the walls were dripping; nobly-born boys were mixing with the basest hirelings; prostitutes with mothers of families. Men came from Casinum, from Aquinum, from Interamna to salute him. No one was admitted. That, indeed, was proper. For the ordinary marks of respect were unsuited to the most profligate of men. When going from thence to Rome he approached Aquinum, a pretty numerous company (for it is a populous municipality) came out to meet him. But he was carried through the town in a covered litter, as if he had been dead. The people of Aquinum acted foolishly, no doubt; but still

they were in his road. What did the people of Anagnia do? who, although they were out of his line of road, came down to meet him, in order to pay him their respects, as if he were consul. It is an incredible thing to say, but still it was only too notorious at the time, that he returned nobody's salutation; especially as he had two men of Anagnia with him, Mustela and Laco; one of whom had the care of his swords, and the other of his drinking-cups.

Why should I mention the threats and insults with which he inveighed against the people of Teanum Sidicinum, with which he harassed the men of Puteoli, because they had adopted Caius Cassius and the Bruti as their patrons? a choice dictated, in truth, by great wisdom, and great zeal, benevolence, and affection for them; not by violence and force of arms, by which men have been compelled to choose you, and Basilus, and others like you both—men whom no one would choose to have for his own clients, much less to be their client himself.

In the meantime, while you yourself were absent, what a day was that for your colleague when he overturned that tomb in the forum, which you were accustomed to regard with veneration! And when that action was announced to you, you—as is agreed upon by all who were with you at the time—fainted away. What happened afterward I know not. I imagine that terror and arms got the mastery. At all events, you dragged your colleague down from his heaven; and you rendered him, not even now like yourself, at all events very unlike his own former self.

After that what a return was that of yours to Rome! How great was the agitation of the whole city! We recollected Cinna being too powerful; after him we had seen

Sylla with absolute authority, and we had lately beheld Cæsar acting as king. There were perhaps swords, but they were sheathed, and they were not very numerous. But how great and how barbaric a procession is yours! Men follow you in battle array with drawn swords; we see whole litters full of shields borne along. And yet by custom, O conscript fathers, we have become inured and callous to these things. When on the first of June we wished to come to the senate, as it had been ordained, we were suddenly frightened and forced to flee. But he, as having no need of a senate, did not miss any of us, and rather rejoiced at our departure, and immediately proceeded to those marvellous exploits of his. He who had defended the memoranda of Cæsar for the sake of his own profit, overturned the laws of Cæsar—and good laws, too—for the sake of being able to agitate the republic. He increased the number of years that magistrates were to enjoy their provinces; moreover, though he was bound to be the defender of the acts of Cæsar, he rescinded them both with reference to public and private transactions.

In public transactions nothing is more authoritative than law; in private affairs the most valid of all deeds is a will. Of the laws, some he abolished without giving the least notice; others he gave notice of bills to abolish. Wills he annulled; though they have been at all times held sacred even in the case of the very meanest of the citizens. As for the statues and pictures which Cæsar bequeathed to the people, together with his gardens, those he carried away, some to the house which belonged to Pompeius, and some to Scipio's villa.

And are you then diligent in doing honor to Cæsar's memory? Do you love him even now that he is dead?

What greater honor had he obtained than that of having a holy cushion, an image, a temple, and a priest? As then Jupiter, and Mars, and Quirinus have priests, so Marcus Antonius is the priest of the god Julius. Why then do you delay? why are not you inaugurated? Choose a day; select some one to inaugurate you; we are colleagues; no one will refuse. O you detestable man, whether you are the priest of a tyrant, or of a dead man! I ask you then, whether you are ignorant what day this is? Are you ignorant that yesterday was the fourth day of the Roman games in the Circus? and that you yourself submitted a motion to the people, that a fifth day should be added besides, in honor of Cæsar? Why are we not all clad in the prætexta? Why are we permitting the honor which by your law was appointed for Cæsar to be deserted? Had you no objection to so holy a day being polluted by the addition of supplications, while you did not choose it to be so by the addition of ceremonies connected with a sacred cushion? Either take away religion in every case, or preserve it in every case.

You will ask whether I approve of his having a sacred cushion, a temple and a priest? I approve of none of those things. But you, who are defending the acts of Cæsar, what reason can you give for defending some, and disregarding others? unless, indeed, you choose to admit that you measure everything by your own gain, and not by his dignity. What will you now reply to these arguments (for I am waiting to witness your eloquence; I knew your grandfather, who was a most eloquent man, but I know you to be a more undisguised speaker than he was; he never harangued the people naked; but we have seen your breast, man, without disguise as you are)? Will

you make any reply to these statements? will you dare to open your mouth at all? Can you find one single article in this long speech of mine to which you trust that you can make any answer? However, we will say no more of what is past.

But this single day, this very day that now is, this very moment while I am speaking, defend your conduct during this very moment, if you can. Why has the senate been surrounded with a belt of armed men? Why are your satellites listening to me sword in hand? Why are not the folding-doors of the temple of Concord open? Why do you bring men of all nations the most barbarous, Ityrians, armed with arrows, into the forum? He says that he does so as a guard. Is it not, then, better to perish a thousand times than to be unable to live in one's own city without a guard of armed men? But believe me, there is no protection in that—a man must be defended by the affection and goodwill of his fellow-citizens, not by arms. The Roman people will take them from you, will wrest them from your hands; I wish that they may do so while we are still safe. But however you treat us, as long as you adopt those counsels, it is impossible for you, believe me, to last long. In truth, that wife of yours, who is so far removed from covetousness, and whom I mention without intending any slight to her, has been too long owing her third payment to the state. The Roman people has men to whom it can intrust the helm of the state; and wherever they are, there is all the defence of the republic, or rather, there is the republic itself; which as yet has only avenged, but has not re-established itself. Truly and surely has the republic most high-born youths ready to defend it—though they may for a time keep in the back-

ground from a desire for tranquillity, still they can be recalled by the republic at any time.

The name of peace is sweet, the thing itself is most salutary. But between peace and slavery there is a wide difference. Peace is liberty in tranquillity; slavery is the worst of all evils—to be repelled, if need be, not only by war, but even by death. But if those deliverers of ours have taken themselves away out of our sight, still they have left behind the example of their conduct. They have done what no one else had done. Brutus pursued Tarquinius with war; who was a king when it was lawful for a king to exist in Rome. Spurius Cassius, Spurius Mælius, and Marcus Manlius were all slain because they were suspected of aiming at regal power. These are the first men who have ever ventured to attack, sword in hand, a man who was not aiming at regal power, but actually reigning. And their action is not only of itself a glorious and godlike exploit, but it is also one put forth for our imitation; especially since by it they have acquired such glory as appears hardly to be bounded by heaven itself. For although in the very consciousness of a glorious action there is a certain reward, still I do not consider immortality of glory a thing to be despised by one who is himself mortal.

Recollect, then, O Marcus Antonius, that day on which you abolished the dictatorship. Set before you the joy of the senate and people of Rome; compare it with this infamous market held by you and by your friends; and then you will understand how great is the difference between praise and profit. But, in truth, just as some people, through some disease which has blunted the senses, have no conception of the niceness of food, so men who are lustful, avaricious, and criminal, have no taste for true

glory. But if praise cannot allure you to act rightly, still cannot even fear turn you away from the most shameful actions? You are not afraid of the courts of justice. If it is because you are innocent, I praise you; if because you trust in your power of overbearing them by violence, are you ignorant of what that man has to fear, who on such an account as that does not fear the courts of justice?

But if you are not afraid of brave men and illustrious citizens, because they are prevented from attacking you by your armed retinue, still, believe me, your own fellows will not long endure you. And what a life is it, day and night to be fearing danger from one's own people! Unless, indeed, you have men who are bound to you by greater kindnesses than some of those men by whom he was slain were bound to Cæsar; or unless there are points in which you can be compared with him.

In that man were combined genius, method, memory, literature, prudence, deliberation, and industry. He had performed exploits in war which, though calamitous for the republic, were, nevertheless, mighty deeds. Having for many years aimed at being a king, he had with great labor, and much personal danger, accomplished what he intended. He had conciliated the ignorant multitude by presents, by monuments, by largesses of food, and by banquets; he had bound his own party to him by rewards, his adversaries by the appearances of clemency. Why need I say much on such a subject? He had already brought a free city, partly by fear, partly by patience, into a habit of slavery.

With him I can, indeed, compare you as to your desire to reign; but in all other respects you are in no degree to be compared to him. But from the many evils which by

him have been burned into the republic, there is still this good, that the Roman people has now learned how much to believe every one, to whom to trust itself, and against whom to guard. Do you never think of these things? And do you not understand that it is enough for brave men to have learned how noble a thing it is as to the act, how grateful it is as to the benefit done, how glorious as to the fame acquired, to slay a tyrant? When men could not bear him, do you think they will bear you? Believe me, the time will come when men will race with one another to do this deed, and when no one will wait for the tardy arrival of an opportunity.

Consider, I beg you, Marcus Antonius, do some time or other consider the republic: think of the family of which you are born, not of the men with whom you are living. Be reconciled to the republic. However, do you decide on your conduct. As to mine, I myself will declare what that shall be. I defended the republic as a young man, I will not abandon it now that I am old. I scorned the sword of Catiline, I will not quail before yours. No, I will rather cheerfully expose my own person, if the liberty of the city can be restored by my death.

May the indignation of the Roman people at last bring forth what it has been so long laboring with. In truth, if twenty years ago in this very temple I asserted that death could not come prematurely upon a man of consular rank, with how much more truth must I now say the same of an old man? To me, indeed, O conscript fathers, death is now even desirable, after all the honors which I have gained, and the deeds which I have done. I only pray for these two things: one, that dying I may leave the Roman people free. No greater boon than this can be

granted me by the immortal gods. The other, that every one may meet with a fate suitable to his deserts and conduct toward the republic.

THE THIRD PHILIPPIC, OR THIRD ORATION AGAINST
MARCUS ANTONIUS

WE have been assembled at length, O conscript fathers, altogether later than the necessities of the republic required; but still we are assembled; a measure which I, indeed, have been every day demanding; inasmuch as I saw that a nefarious war against our altars and our hearths, against our lives and our fortunes, was, I will not say being prepared, but being actually waged by a profligate and desperate man. People are waiting for the first of January. But Antonius is not waiting for that day, who is now attempting with an army to invade the province of Decimus Brutus, a most illustrious and excellent man. And when he has procured reinforcements and equipments there, he threatens that he will come to this city. What is the use, then, of waiting, or of even a delay for the very shortest time? For although the first of January is at hand, still a short time is a long one for people who are not prepared. For a day, or I should rather say an hour, often brings great disasters, if no precautions are taken. And it is not usual to wait for a fixed day for holding a council, as it is for celebrating a festival. But if the first of January had fallen on the day when Antonius first fled from the city, or if people had not waited for it, we should by this time have no war at all. For we should easily have crushed

the audacity of that frantic man by the authority of the senate and the unanimity of the Roman people. And now, indeed, I feel confident that the consuls elect will do so, as soon as they enter on their magistracy. For they are men of the highest courage, of the most consummate wisdom, and they will act in perfect harmony with each other. But my exhortations to rapid and instant action are prompted by a desire not merely for victory, but for speedy victory.

For how long are we to trust to the prudence of an individual to repel so important, so cruel, and so nefarious a war? Why is not the public authority thrown into the scale as quickly as possible?

Caius Cæsar, a young man, or, I should rather say, almost a boy, endued with an incredible and godlike degree of wisdom and valor, at the time when the frenzy of Antonius was at its height, and when his cruel and mischievous return from Brundisium was an object of apprehension to all, while we neither desired him to do so, nor thought of such a measure, nor ventured even to wish it (because it did not seem practicable), collected a most trustworthy army from the invincible body of veteran soldiers, and has spent his own patrimony in doing so. Although I have not used the expression which I ought—for he has not spent it, he has invested it in the safety of the republic.

And although it is not possible to requite him with all the thanks to which he is entitled, still we ought to feel all the gratitude toward him which our minds are capable of conceiving. For who is so ignorant of public affairs, so entirely indifferent to all thoughts of the republic, as not to see that, if Marcus Antonius could have come with

those forces which he made sure that he should have, from Brundisium to Rome, as he threatened, there would have been no description of cruelty which he would not have practiced? A man who in the house of his entertainer at Brundisium ordered so many most gallant men and virtuous citizens to be murdered, and whose wife's face was notoriously besprinkled with the blood of men dying at his and her feet. Who is there of us, or what good man is there at all, whom a man stained with this barbarity would ever have spared; especially as he was coming hither much more angry with all virtuous men than he had been with those whom he had massacred there? And from this calamity Cæsar has delivered the republic by his own individual prudence (and, indeed, there were no other means by which it could have been done). And if he had not been born in this republic we should, owing to the wickedness of Antonius, now have no republic at all.

For this is what I believe, this is my deliberate opinion, that if that one young man had not checked the violence and inhuman projects of that frantic man, the republic would have been utterly destroyed. And to him we must, O conscript fathers (for this is the first time, met in such a condition, that, owing to his good service, we are at liberty to say freely what we think and feel), we must, I say, this day give authority, so that he may be able to defend the republic, not because that defence has been voluntarily undertaken by him, but also because it has been intrusted to him by us.

Nor (since now after a long interval we are allowed to speak concerning the republic) is it possible for us to be silent about the Martial legion. For what single man has ever been braver, what single man has ever been more de-

voted to the republic than the whole of the Martial legion? which, as soon as it had decided that Marcus Antonius was an enemy of the Roman people, refused to be a companion of his insanity; deserted him though consul; which, in truth, it would not have done if it had considered him as consul, who, as it saw, was aiming at nothing and preparing nothing but the slaughter of the citizens, and the destruction of the state. And that legion has encamped at Alba. What city could it have selected either more suitable for enabling it to act, or more faithful, or full of more gallant men, or of citizens more devoted to the republic?

The fourth legion, imitating the virtue of this legion, under the leadership of Lucius Egnatuleius, the quæstor, a most virtuous and intrepid citizen, has also acknowledged the authority and joined the army of Caius Cæsar.

We, therefore, O conscript fathers, must take care that those things which this most illustrious young man, this most excellent of all men has of his own accord done, and still is doing, be sanctioned by our authority; and the admirable unanimity of the veterans, those most brave men, and of the Martial and of the fourth legion, in their zeal for the re-establishment of the republic, be encouraged by our praise and commendation. And let us pledge ourselves this day that their advantage, and honors, and rewards shall be cared for by us as soon as the consuls elect have entered on their magistracy.

And the things which I have said about Cæsar and about his army are, indeed, already well known to you. For by the admirable valor of Cæsar, and by the firmness of the veteran soldiers, and by the admirable discernment of those legions which have followed our authority, and the liberty of the Roman people, and the valor of

Cæsar, Antonius has been repelled from his attempts upon our lives. But these things, as I have said, happened before; but this recent edict of Decimus Brutus, which has just been issued, can certainly not be passed over in silence. For he promises to preserve the province of Gaul in obedience to the senate and people of Rome. O citizen, born for the republic; mindful of the name he bears; imitator of his ancestors! Nor, indeed, was the acquisition of liberty so much an object of desire to our ancestors when Tarquinius was expelled, as, now that Antonius is driven away, the preservation of it is to us. Those men had learned to obey kings ever since the foundation of the city, but we from the time when the kings were driven out have forgotten how to be slaves. And that Tarquinius, whom our ancestors expelled, was not either considered or called cruel or impious, but only The Proud. That vice which we have often borne in private individuals, our ancestors could not endure even in a king.

Lucius Brutus could not endure a proud king. Shall Decimus Brutus submit to the kingly power of a man who is wicked and impious? What atrocity did Tarquinius ever commit equal to the innumerable acts of the sort which Antonius has done and is still doing? Again, the kings were used to consult the senate; nor, as is the case when Antonius holds a senate, were armed barbarians ever introduced into the council of the king. The kings paid due regard to the auspices, which this man, though consul and augur, has neglected, not only by passing laws in opposition to the auspices, but also by making his colleague (whom he himself had appointed irregularly, and had falsified the auspices in order to do so) join in passing them. Again, what king was ever so preposterously impudent as

to have all the profits, and kindnesses, and privileges of his kingdom on sale? But what immunity is there, what rights of citizenship, what rewards that this man has not sold to individuals, and to cities, and to entire provinces? We have never heard of anything base or sordid being imputed to Tarquinius. But at the house of this man gold was constantly being weighed out in the spinning room, and money was being paid, and in one single house every soul who had any interest in the business was selling the whole empire of the Roman people. We have never heard of any executions of Roman citizens by the orders of Tarquinius; but this man both at Suessa murdered the man whom he had thrown into prison, and at Brundisium massacred about three hundred most gallant men and most virtuous citizens. Lastly, Tarquinius was conducting a war in defence of the Roman people at the very time when he was expelled. Antonius was leading an army against the Roman people at the time when, being abandoned by the legions, he cowered at the name of Cæsar and at his army, and neglecting the regular sacrifices, he offered up before daylight vows which he could never mean to perform; and at this very moment he is endeavoring to invade a province of the Roman people. The Roman people, therefore, has already received and is still looking for greater services at the hand of Decimus Brutus than our ancestors received from Lucius Brutus, the founder of this race and name which we ought to be so anxious to preserve.

But, while all slavery is miserable, to be slave to a man who is profligate, unchaste, effeminate, never, not even while in fear, sober, is surely intolerable. He, then, who keeps this man out of Gaul, especially by his own

private authority, judges, and judges most truly, that he is not consul at all. We must take care, therefore, O conscript fathers, to sanction the private decision of Decimus Brutus by public authority. Nor, indeed, ought you to have thought Marcus Antonius consul at any time since the Lupercalia. For on the day when he, in the sight of the Roman people, harangued the mob, naked, perfumed, and drunk, and labored, moreover, to put a crown on the head of his colleague, on that day he abdicated not only the consulship, but also his own freedom. At all events he himself must at once have become a slave, if Cæsar had been willing to accept from him that ensign of royalty. Can I, then, think him a consul, can I think him a Roman citizen, can I think him a freeman, can I even think him a man, who, on that shameful and wicked day, showed what he was willing to endure while Cæsar lived, and what he was anxious to obtain himself after he was dead?

Nor is it possible to pass over in silence the virtue and the firmness and the dignity of the province of Gaul. For that is the flower of Italy; that is the bulwark of the empire of the Roman people; that is the chief ornament of our dignity. But so perfect is the unanimity of the municipal towns and colonies of the province of Gaul that all men in that district appear to have united together to defend the authority of this order and the majesty of the Roman people. Wherefore, O tribunes of the people, although you have not actually brought any other business before us beyond the question of protection, in order that the consuls may be able to hold the senate with safety on the first of January, still you appear to me to have acted with great wisdom and great prudence in giving an opportunity of debating the general circumstances of the re-

public. For when you decided that the senate could not be held with safety, without some protection or other, you, at the same time, asserted by that decision that the wickedness and audacity of Antonius was still continuing its practices within our walls.

Wherefore, I will embrace every consideration in my opinion which I am now going to deliver, a course to which you, I feel sure, have no objection; in order that authority may be conferred by us on admirable generals, and that hope of reward may be held out by us to gallant soldiers, and that a formal decision may be come to, not by words only, but also by actions, that Antonius is not only not a consul, but is even an enemy. For if he be consul, then the legions which have deserted the consul deserve beating to death. Cæsar is wicked, Brutus is impious, since they, of their own heads, have levied an army against the consul. But if new honors are to be sought out for the soldiers on account of their divine and immortal merits, and if it is quite impossible to show gratitude enough to the generals, who is there who must not think that man a public enemy, whose conduct is such that those who are in arms against him are considered the saviors of the republic?

Again, how insulting is he in his edicts! how ignorant! how like a barbarian! In the first place, how has he heaped abuse on Cæsar, in terms drawn from his recollection of his own debauchery and profligacy. For where can we find any one who is chaster than this young man? who is more modest? where have we among our youth a more illustrious example of the old-fashioned strictness? Who, on the other hand, is more profligate than the man who abuses him? He reproaches the son of Caius Cæsar

with his want of noble blood, when even his natural father, if he had been alive, would have been made consul. His mother is a woman of Aricia. You might suppose he was saying a woman of Tralles, or of Ephesus. Just see how we all who come from the municipal towns—that is to say, absolutely all of us—are looked down upon; for how few of us are there who do not come from those towns? and what municipal town is there which he does not despise who looks with such contempt on Aricia; a town most ancient as to its antiquity; if we regard its rights, united with us by treaty; if we regard its vicinity, almost close to us; if we regard the high character of its inhabitants, most honorable? It is from Aricia that we have received the Voconian and Atinian laws; from Aricia have come many of those magistrates who have filled our curule chairs, both in our fathers' recollection and in our own; from Aricia have sprung many of the best and bravest of the Roman knights. But if you disapprove of a wife from Aricia, why do you approve of one from Tusculum? Although the father of this most virtuous and excellent woman, Marcus Atius Balbus, a man of the highest character, was a man of prætorian rank; but the father of your wife—a good woman, at all events a rich one—a fellow of the name of Bambalio, was a man of no account at all. Nothing could be lower than he was, a fellow who got his surname as a sort of insult, derived from the hesitation of his speech and the stolidity of his understanding. Oh, but your grandfather was nobly born. Yes, he was that Tuditanus who used to put on a cloak and buskins, and then go and scatter money from the rostra among the people. I wish he had bequeathed his contempt of money to his descendants! You have, indeed, a most glorious

nobility of family! But how does it happen that the son of a woman of Aricia appears to you to be ignoble, when you are accustomed to boast of a descent on the mother's side which is precisely the same? Besides, what insanity is it for that man to say anything about the want of noble birth in men's wives, when his father married Numitoria of Fregellæ, the daughter of a traitor, and when he himself has begotten children of the daughter of a freedman. However, those illustrious men Lucius Philippus, who has a wife who came from Aricia, and Caius Marcellus, whose wife is the daughter of an Arician, may look to this; and I am quite sure that they have no regrets on the score of the dignity of those admirable women.

Moreover, Antonius proceeds to name Quintus Cicero, my brother's son, in his edict; and is so mad as not to perceive that the way in which he names him is a panegyric on him. For what could happen more desirable for this young man than to be known by every one to be the partner of Cæsar's counsels, and the enemy of the frenzy of Antonius? But this gladiator has dared to put in writing that he had designed the murder of his father and of his uncle. Oh, the marvellous impudence, and audacity, and temerity of such an assertion! to dare to put this in writing against that young man, whom I and my brother, on account of his amiable manners, and pure character, and splendid abilities, vie with one another in loving, and to whom we incessantly devote our eyes, and ears, and affections! And as to me, he does not know whether he is injuring or praising me in those same edicts. When he threatens the most virtuous citizens with the same punishment which I inflicted on the most wicked and infamous of men, he seems to praise me as if he were

desirous of copying me; but when he brings up again the memory of that most illustrious exploit, then he thinks that he is exciting some odium against me in the breasts of men like himself.

But what is it that he has done himself? When he had published all these edicts, he issued another, that the senate was to meet in a full house on the twenty-fourth of November. On that day he himself was not present. But what were the terms of his edict? These, I believe, are the exact words of the end of it: "If any one fails to attend, all men will be at liberty to think him the adviser of my destruction and of most ruinous counsels." What are ruinous counsels? those which relate to the recovery of the liberty of the Roman people? Of those counsels I confess that I have been and still am an adviser and prompter to Cæsar. Although he did not stand in need of any one's advice; but still I spurred on the willing horse, as it is said. For what good man would not have advised putting you to death, when on your death depended the safety and life of every good man, and the liberty and dignity of the Roman people?

But when he had summoned us all by so severe an edict, why did he not attend himself? Do you suppose that he was detained by any melancholy or important occasion? He was detained drinking and feasting. If, indeed, it deserves to be called a feast, and not rather gluttony. He neglected to attend on the day mentioned in his edict; and he adjourned the meeting to the twenty-eighth. He then summoned us to attend in the Capitol; and at that temple he did arrive himself, coming up through some mine left by the Gauls. Men came, having been summoned, some of them indeed men of high distinction,

but forgetful of what was due to their dignity. For the day was such, the report of the object of the meeting such, such too the man who had convened the senate, that it was discreditable for a senate to feel no fear for the result. And yet to those men who had assembled he did not dare to say a single word about Cæsar, though he had made up his mind to submit a motion respecting him to the senate. There was a man of consular rank who had brought a resolution ready drawn up. Is it not now admitting that he is himself an enemy, when he does not dare to make a motion respecting a man who is leading an army against him while he is consul? For it is perfectly plain that one of the two must be an enemy; nor is it possible to come to a different decision respecting adverse generals. If then Caius Cæsar be an enemy, why does the consul submit no motion to the senate? If he does not deserve to be branded by the senate, then what can the consul say, who, by his silence respecting him, has confessed that he himself is an enemy? In his edicts he styles him Spartacus, while in the senate he does not venture to call him even a bad citizen.

But in the most melancholy circumstances what mirth does he not provoke? I have committed to memory some short phrases of one edict, which he appears to think particularly clever; but I have not as yet found any one who has understood what he intended by them. "That is no insult which a worthy man does." Now, in the first place, what is the meaning of "worthy"? For there are many men worthy of punishment, as he himself is. Does he mean what a man does who is invested with any dignity? if so, what insult can be greater? Moreover, what is the meaning of "doing an insult"? Who ever uses

such an expression? Then comes, "Nor any fear which an enemy threatens." What then? is fear usually threatened by a friend? Then came many similar sentences. Is it not better to be dumb than to say what no one can understand? Now see why his tutor, exchanging plows for plows, has had given to him in the public domain of the Roman people two thousand acres of land in the Leontine district, exempt from all taxes, for making a stupid man still stupider at the public expense.

However, these perhaps are trifling matters. I ask now, why all on a sudden he became so gentle in the senate, after having been so fierce in his edicts? For what was the object of threatening Lucius Cassius, a most fearless - tribune of the people, and a most virtuous and loyal citizen, with death if he came to the senate? of expelling Decimus Carfulenus, a man thoroughly attached to the republic, from the senate by violence and threats of death? of interdicting Titus Canutius, by whom he had been repeatedly and deservedly harassed by most legitimate attacks, not only from the temple itself but from all approach to it? What was the resolution of the senate which he was afraid that they would stop by the interposition of their veto? That, I suppose, respecting the supplication in honor of Marcus Lepidus, a most illustrious man! Certainly there was a great danger of our hindering an ordinary compliment to a man on whom we were every day thinking of conferring some extraordinary honor. However, that he might not appear to have had no reason at all for ordering the senate to meet, he was on the point of bringing forward some motion about the republic, when the news about the fourth legion came; which entirely bewildered him, and hastening to flee away, he

took a division on the resolution for decreeing this supplication, though such a proceeding had never been heard of before.

But what a setting out was his after this! what a journey when he was in his robe as a general! How did he shun all eyes, and the light of day, and the city, and the forum! How miserable was his flight! how shameful! how infamous! Splendid, too, were the decrees of the senate passed on the evening of that very day; very religiously solemn was the allotment of the provinces; and heavenly indeed was the opportunity, when every one got exactly what he thought most desirable. You are acting admirably, therefore, O tribunes of the people, in bringing forward a motion about the protection of the senate and consuls; and most deservedly are we all bound to feel and to prove to you the greatest gratitude for your conduct. - For how can we be free from fear and danger while menaced by such covetousness and audacity? And as for that ruined and desperate man, what more hostile decision can be passed upon him than has already been passed by his own friends? His most intimate friend, a man connected with me too, Lucius Lentulus, and also Publius Naso, a man destitute of covetousness, have shown that they think that they have no provinces assigned them, and that the allotments of Antonius are invalid. Lucius Philippus, a man thoroughly worthy of his father and grandfather and ancestors, has done the same. The same is the opinion of Marcus Turanius, a man of the greatest integrity and purity of life. The same is the conduct of Publius Oppius; and those very men—who, influenced by their friendship for Marcus Antonius, have attributed to him more power than they would perhaps really approve

of—Marcus Piso, my own connection, a most admirable man and virtuous citizen, and Marcus Vehilius, a man of equal respectability, have both declared that they would obey the authority of the senate. Why should I speak of Lucius Cinna? whose extraordinary integrity, proved under many trying circumstances, makes the glory of his present admirable conduct less remarkable; he has altogether disregarded the province assigned to him; and so has Caius Cestius, a man of great and firm mind.

Who are there left then to be delighted with this heaven-sent allotment? Lucius Antonius and Marcus Antonius! O happy pair! for there is nothing that they wished for more. Caius Antonius has Macedonia. Happy, too, is he! For he was constantly talking about this province. Caius Calvisius has Africa. Nothing could be more fortunate, for he had only just departed from Africa, and, as if he had divined that he should return, he left two lieutenants at Utica. Then Marcus Iccius has Sicily, and Quintus Cassius Spain. I do not know what to suspect. I fancy the lots which assigned these two provinces were not quite so carefully attended to by the gods.

O Caius Cæsar (I am speaking of the young man), what safety have you brought to the republic! How unforeseen has it been! how sudden! for if he did these things when flying, what would he have done when he was pursuing? In truth, he had said in a harangue that he would be the guardian of the city; and that he would keep his army at the gates of the city till the first of May. What a fine guardian (as the proverb goes) is the wolf of the sheep! Would Antonius have been a guardian of the city, or its plunderer and destroyer? And he said too that he would come into the city and go out as he pleased. What more

need I say? Did he not say, in the hearing of all the people, while sitting in front of the temple of Castor, that no one should remain alive but the conqueror?

On this day, O conscript fathers, for the first time after a long interval do we plant our foot and take possession of liberty. Liberty, of which, as long as I could be, I was not only the defender, but even the savior. But when I could not be so, I rested; and I bore the misfortunes and misery of that period without abjectness, and not without some dignity. But as for this most foul monster, who could endure him, or how could any one endure him? What is there in Antonius except lust, and cruelty, and wantonness, and audacity? Of these materials he is wholly made up. There is in him nothing ingenuous, nothing moderate, nothing modest, nothing virtuous. Wherefore, since the matter has come to such a crisis that the question is whether he is to make atonement to the republic for his crimes, or we are to become slaves, let us at last, I beseech you, by the immortal gods, O conscript fathers, adopt our fathers' courage, and our fathers' virtue, so as either to recover the liberty belonging to the Roman name and race, or else to prefer death to slavery. We have borne and endured many things which ought not to be endured in a free city: some of us out of a hope of recovering our freedom, some from too great a fondness for life. But if we have submitted to these things, which necessity and a sort of force which may seem almost to have been put on us by destiny, have compelled us to endure; though, in point of fact, we have not endured them; are we also to bear with the most shameful and inhuman tyranny of this profligate robber?

What will he do in his passion, if ever he has the

power, who, when he is not able to show his anger against any one, has been the enemy of all good men? What will he not dare to do when victorious, who, without having gained any victory, has committed such crimes as these since the death of Cæsar? has emptied his well-filled house? has pillaged his gardens? has transferred to his own mansion all their ornaments? has sought to make his death a pretext for slaughter and conflagration? who, while he has carried two or three resolutions of the senate which have been advantageous to the republic, has made everything else subservient to his own acquisition of gain and plunder? who has put up exemptions and annuities to sale? who has released cities from obligations? who has removed whole provinces from subjection to the Roman empire? who has restored exiles? who has passed forged laws in the name of Cæsar, and has continued to have forged decrees engraved on brass and fixed up in the Capitol, and has set up in his own house a domestic market for all things of that sort? who has imposed laws on the Roman people? and who, with armed troops and guards, has excluded both the people and the magistrates from the forum? who has filled the senate with armed men? and has introduced armed men into the temple of Concord when he was holding a senate there? who ran down to Brundisium to meet the legions, and then murdered all the centurions in them who were well affected to the republic? who endeavored to come to Rome with his army to accomplish our massacre and the utter destruction of the city?

And he, now that he has been prevented from succeeding in this attempt by the wisdom and forces of Cæsar, and the unanimity of the veterans, and the valor of the

legions, even now that his fortunes are desperate, does not diminish his audacity, nor, mad that he is, does he cease proceeding in his headlong career of fury. He is leading his mutilated army into Gaul; with one legion, and that too wavering in its fidelity to him, he is waiting for his brother Lucius, as he cannot find any one more nearly like himself than him. But now what slaughter is this man, who has thus become a captain instead of a matador, a general instead of a gladiator, making, wherever he sets his foot! He destroys stores, he slays the flocks and herds, and all the cattle, wherever he finds them; his soldiers revel in their spoil; and he himself, in order to imitate his brother, drowns himself in wine. Fields are laid waste; villas are plundered; matrons, virgins, well-born boys are carried off and given up to the soldiery; and Marcus Antonius has done exactly the same wherever he has led his army.

Will you open your gates to these most infamous brothers? will you ever admit them into the city? will you not rather, now that the opportunity is offered to you, now that you have generals ready, and the minds of the soldiers eager for the service, and all the Roman people unanimous, and all Italy excited with the desire to recover its liberty—will you not, I say, avail yourself of the kindness of the immortal gods? You will never have an opportunity if you neglect this one. He will be hemmed in in the rear, in the front, and in flank, if he once enters Gaul. Nor must he be attacked by arms alone, but by our decrees also. Mighty is the authority, mighty is the name of the senate when all its members are inspired by one and the same resolution. Do you not see how the forum is crowded? how the Roman people is on tiptoe

with the hope of recovering its liberty? which now, beholding us, after a long interval, meeting here in numbers, hopes too that we are also met in freedom.

It was in expectation of this day that I avoided the wicked army of Marcus Antonius, at a time when he, while inveighing against me, was not aware for what an occasion I was reserving myself and my strength. If at that time I had chosen to reply to him, while he was seeking to begin the massacre with me, I should not now be able to consult the welfare of the republic. But now that I have this opportunity, I will never, O conscript fathers, neither by day nor by night, cease considering what ought to be thought concerning the liberty of the Roman people, and concerning your dignity. And whatever ought to be planned or done, I not only will never shrink from, but I will offer myself for, and beg to have intrusted to me. This is what I did before while it was in my power; when it was no longer in my power to do so, I did nothing. But now it is not only in my power, but it is absolutely necessary for me, unless we prefer being slaves to fighting with all our strength and courage to avoid being slaves. The immortal gods have given us these protectors, Cæsar for the city, Brutus for Gaul. For if he had been able to oppress the city we must have become slaves at once; if he had been able to get possession of Gaul, then it would not have been long before every good man must have perished and all the rest have been enslaved.

Now then that this opportunity is afforded to you, O conscript fathers, I entreat you in the name of the immortal gods, seize upon it; and recollect at last that you are the chief men of the most honorable council on the whole face of the earth. Give a token to the Roman

people that your wisdom shall not fail the republic, since that too professes that its valor shall never desert it either. There is no need for my warning you: there is no one so foolish as not to perceive that if we go to sleep over this opportunity we shall have to endure a tyranny which will be not only cruel and haughty, but also ignominious and flagitious. You know the insolence of Antonius; you know his friends; you know his whole household. To be slaves to lustful, wanton, debauched, profligate, drunken gamblers, is the extremity of misery combined with the extremity of infamy. And if now (but may the immortal gods avert the omen!) that worst of fates shall befall the republic, then, as brave gladiators take care to perish with honor, let us too, who are the chief men of all countries and nations, take care to fall with dignity rather than to live as slaves with ignominy.

There is nothing more detestable than disgrace; nothing more shameful than slavery. We have been born to glory and to liberty; let us either preserve them or die with dignity. Too long have we concealed what we have felt: now at length it is revealed: every one has plainly shown what are his feelings to both sides, and what are his inclinations. There are impious citizens, measured by the love I bear my country, too many; but in proportion to the multitude of well-affected ones, very few; and the immortal gods have given the republic an incredible opportunity and chance for destroying them. For, in addition to the defences which we already have, there will soon be added consuls of consummate prudence, and virtue, and concord, who have already deliberated and pondered for many months on the freedom of the Roman people. With these men for our advisers and leaders,

with the gods assisting us, with ourselves using all vigilance and taking great precautions for the future, and with the Roman people acting with unanimity, we shall indeed be free in a short time, and the recollection of our present slavery will make liberty sweeter.

Moved by these considerations, since the tribunes of the people have brought forward a motion to insure that the senate shall be able to meet in safety on the first of January, and that we may be able to deliver our sentiments on the general welfare of the state with freedom, I give my vote that Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls elect, do take care that the senate be enabled to meet in safety on the first of January; and, as an edict has been published by Decimus Brutus, imperator and consul elect, I vote that the senate thinks that Decimus Brutus, imperator and consul, deserves excellently well of the republic, inasmuch as he is upholding the authority of the senate, and the freedom and empire of the Roman people; and as he is also retaining the province of Gallia Citerior, a province full of virtuous and brave men, and of citizens most devoted to the republic, and his army, in obedience to the senate, I vote that the senate judges that he, and his army, and the municipalities and colonies of the province of Gaul, have acted and are acting properly, and regularly, and in a manner advantageous to the republic. And the senate thinks that it will be for the general interests of the republic that the provinces which are at present occupied by Decimus Brutus and by Lucius Plancus, both imperators, and consuls elect, and also by the officers who are in command of provinces, shall continue to be held by them in accordance with the provisions of the Julian law, until each of these officers has a

successor appointed by a resolution of the senate; and that they shall take care to maintain those provinces and armies in obedience to the senate and people of Rome, and as a defence to the republic. And since, by the exertions and valor and wisdom of Caius Cæsar, and by the admirable unanimity of the veteran soldiers, who, obeying his authority, have been and are a protection to the republic, the Roman people has been defended, and is at this present time being defended, from the most serious dangers. And as the Martial legion has encamped at Alba, in a municipal town of the greatest loyalty and courage, and has devoted itself to the support of the authority of the senate, and of the freedom of the Roman people; and as the fourth legion, behaving with equal wisdom and with the same virtue, under the command of Lucius Egnatuleius, the quæstor, an illustrious citizen, has defended and is still defending the authority of the senate and the freedom of the Roman people; I give my vote, That it is and shall be an object of anxious care to the senate to pay due honor and to show due gratitude to them for their exceeding services to the republic: and that the senate hereby orders that when Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls elect, have entered on their office, they take the earliest opportunity of consulting this body on these matters, as shall seem to them expedient for the republic, and worthy of their own integrity and loyalty.

THE FOURTH PHILIPPIC, OR FOURTH ORATION
AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

THE great numbers in which you are here met this day, O Romans, and this assembly, greater than, it seems to me, I ever remember, inspires me with both an exceeding eagerness to defend the republic, and with a great hope of re-establishing it. Although my courage, indeed, has never failed; what has been unfavorable is the time; and the moment that that has appeared to show any dawn of light, I at once have been the leader in the defence of your liberty. And if I had attempted to have done so before, I should not be able to do so now. For this day, O Romans (that you may not think it is but a trifling business in which we have been engaged), the foundations have been laid for future actions. For the senate has no longer been content with styling Antonius an enemy in words, but it has shown by actions that it thinks him one. And now I am much more elated still, because you, too, with such great unanimity, and with such a clamor, have sanctioned our declaration that he is an enemy.

And, indeed, O Romans, it is impossible but that either the men must be impious who have levied armies against the consul, or else that he must be an enemy against whom they have rightly taken arms. And this doubt the senate has this day removed—not, indeed, that there really was any; but it has prevented the possibility of there being any. Caius Cæsar, who has upheld and who is still up-

holding the republic and your freedom by his zeal and wisdom, and at the expense of his patrimonial estate, has been complimented with the highest praises of the senate.

I praise you—yes, I praise you greatly, O Romans, when you follow with the most grateful minds the name of that most illustrious youth, or rather boy; for his actions belong to immortality, the name of youth only to his age. I can recollect many things; I have heard of many things; I have read of many things; but in the whole history of the whole world I have never known anything like this. For, when we were weighed down with slavery, when the evil was daily increasing, when we had no defence, while we were in dread of the pernicious and fatal return of Marcus Antonius from Brundisium, this young man adopted the design which none of us had ventured to hope for, which, beyond all question, none of us was acquainted with, of raising an invincible army of his father's soldiers, and so hindering the frenzy of Antonius, spurred on, as it was, by the most inhuman counsels, from the power of doing mischief to the republic.

For who is there who does not see clearly that, if Cæsar had not prepared an army, the return of Antonius must have been accompanied by our destruction? For, in truth, he returned in such a state of mind, burning with hatred of you all, stained with the blood of the Roman citizens, whom he had murdered at Suessa and at Brundisium, that he thought of nothing but the utter destruction of the republic. And what protection could have been found for your safety and for your liberty if the army of Caius Cæsar had not been composed of the bravest of his father's soldiers? And with respect to his

praises and honors—and he is entitled to divine and everlasting honors for his godlike and undying services—the senate has just consented to my proposals, and has decreed that a motion be submitted to it at the very earliest opportunity.

Now who is there who does not see that by this decree Antonius has been adjudged to be an enemy? For what else can we call him, when the senate decides that extraordinary honors are to be devised for those men who are leading armies against him? What? did not the Martial legion (which appears to me by some divine permission to have derived its name from that god from whom we have heard that the Roman people descended) decide by its resolutions that Antonius was an enemy before the senate had come to any resolution? For if he be not an enemy, we must inevitably decide that those men who have deserted the consul are enemies. Admirably and seasonably, O Romans, have you by your cries sanctioned the noble conduct of the men of the Martial legion, who have come over to the authority of the senate, to your liberty, and to the whole republic; and have abandoned that enemy, and robber, and parricide of his country. Nor did they display only their spirit and courage in doing this, but their caution and wisdom also. They encamped at Alba, in a city convenient, fortified, near, full of brave men and loyal and virtuous citizens. The fourth legion imitating the virtue of this Martial legion, under the leadership of Lucius Egnatuleius, whom the senate deservedly praised a little while ago, has also joined the army of Caius Cæsar.

What more adverse decisions, O Marcus Antonius, can you want? Cæsar, who has levied an army against you,

is extolled to the skies. The legions are praised in the most complimentary language, which have abandoned you, which were sent for into Italy by you; and which, if you had chosen to be a consul rather than an enemy, were wholly devoted to you. And the fearless and honest decision of those legions is confirmed by the senate, is approved of by the whole Roman people—unless, indeed, you to-day, O Romans, decide that Antonius is a consul and not an enemy. I thought, O Romans, that you did think as you show you do. What? do you suppose that the municipal towns, and the colonies, and the prefectures have any other opinion? All men are agreed with one mind; so that every one who wishes the state to be saved must take up every sort of arms against that pestilence. What? does, I should like to know, does the opinion of Decimus Brutus, O Romans, which you can gather from his edict, which has this day reached us, appear to any one deserving of being lightly esteemed? Rightly and truly do you say No, O Romans. For the family and name of Brutus has been by some especial kindness and liberality of the immortal gods given to the republic, for the purpose of at one time establishing, and at another of recovering, the liberty of the Roman people. What, then, has been the opinion which Decimus Brutus has formed of Marcus Antonius? He excludes him from his province. He opposes him with his army. He rouses all Gaul to war, which is already roused of its own accord, and in consequence of the judgment which it has itself formed. If Antonius be consul, Brutus is an enemy. Can we, then, doubt which of these alternatives is the fact?

And just as you now with one mind and one voice

affirm that you entertain no doubt, so did the senate just now decree that Decimus Brutus deserved excellently well of the republic, inasmuch as he was defending the authority of the senate and the liberty and empire of the Roman people. Defending it against whom? Why, against an enemy. For what other sort of defence deserves praise? In the next place the province of Gaul is praised, and is deservedly complimented in most honorable language by the senate for resisting Antonius. But if that province considered him the consul, and still refused to receive him, it would be guilty of great wickedness. For all the provinces belong to the consul of right, and are bound to obey him. Decimus Brutus, imperator and consul elect, a citizen born for the republic, denies that he is consul; Gaul denies it; all Italy denies it; the senate denies it; you deny it. Who, then, think that he is consul except a few robbers? Although even they themselves do not believe what they say; nor is it possible that they should differ from the judgment of all men, impious and desperate men though they be. But the hope of plunder and booty blinds their minds; men whom no gifts of money, no allotment of land, nor even that interminable auction has satisfied; who have proposed to themselves the city, the properties and fortunes of all the citizens as their booty; and who, as long as there is something for them to seize and carry off, think that nothing will be wanting to them; among whom Marcus Antonius (O ye immortal gods, avert, I pray you, and efface this omen) has promised to divide this city. May things rather happen, O Romans, as you pray that they should, and may the chastisement of this frenzy fall on him and on his friends. And, indeed, I feel sure that it will be so. For

I think that at present not only men but the immortal gods have all united together to preserve this republic. For if the immortal gods foreshow us the future, by means of portents and prodigies, then it has been openly revealed to us that punishment is near at hand to him, and liberty to us. Or if it was impossible for such unanimity on the part of all men to exist without the inspiration of the gods, in either case how can we doubt as to the inclinations of the heavenly deities?

It only remains, O Romans, for you to persevere in the sentiments which you at present display.

I will act, therefore, as commanders are in the habit of doing when their army is ready for battle, who, although they see their soldiers ready to engage, still address an exhortation to them; and in like manner I will exhort you who are already eager and burning to recover your liberty. You have not—you have not, indeed, O Romans, to war against an enemy with whom it is possible to make peace on any terms whatever. For he does not now desire your slavery, as he did before, but he is angry now and thirsts for your blood. No sport appears more delightful to him than bloodshed, and slaughter, and the massacre of citizens before his eyes. You have not, O Romans, to deal with a wicked and profligate man, but with an unnatural and savage beast. And, since he has fallen into a well, let him be buried in it. For, if he escapes out of it, there will be no inhumanity of torture which it will be possible to avoid. But he is at present hemmed in, pressed, and besieged by those troops which we already have, and will soon be still more so by those which in a few days the new consuls will levy. Apply yourselves, then, to this business, as you are doing. Never have you shown

greater unanimity in any cause; never have you been so cordially united with the senate. And no wonder. For the question now is not in what condition we are to live, but whether we are to live at all, or to perish with torture and ignominy.

Although nature, indeed, has appointed death for all men: but valor is accustomed to ward off any cruelty or disgrace in death. And that is an inalienable possession of the Roman race and name. Preserve, I beseech you, O Romans, this attribute which your ancestors have left you as a sort of inheritance. Although all other things are uncertain, fleeting, transitory; virtue alone is planted firm with very deep roots; it cannot be undermined by any violence; it can never be moved from its position. By it your ancestors first subdued the whole of Italy; then destroyed Carthage, overthrew Numantia, and reduced the most mighty kings and most warlike nations under the dominion of this empire.

And your ancestors, O Romans, had to deal with an enemy who had also a republic, a senate house, a treasury, harmonious and united citizens, and with whom, if fortune had so willed it, there might have been peace and treaties on settled principles. But this enemy of yours is attacking your republic, but has none himself; is eager to destroy the senate, that is to say, the council of the whole world, but has no public council himself; he has exhausted your treasury, and has none of his own. For how can a man be supported by the unanimity of his citizens who has no city at all? And what principles of peace can there be with that man who is full of incredible cruelty, and destitute of faith?

The whole, then, of the contest, O Romans, which is

now before the Roman people, the conqueror of all nations, is with an assassin, a robber, a Spartacus. For as to his habitual boast of being like Catilina, he is equal to him in wickedness, but inferior in energy. He, though he had no army, rapidly levied one. This man has lost that very army which he had. As, therefore, by my diligence, and the authority of the senate, and your own zeal and valor, you crushed Catilina, so you will very soon hear that this infamous piratical enterprise of Antonius has been put down by your own perfect and unexampled harmony with the senate, and by the good fortune and valor of your armies and generals. I, for my part, as far as I am able to labor, and to effect anything by my care, and exertions, and vigilance, and authority, and counsel, will omit nothing which I may think serviceable to your liberty. Nor could I omit it without wickedness after all your most ample and honorable kindness to me. However, on this day, encouraged by the motion of a most gallant man, and one most firmly attached to you, Marcus Servilius, whom you see before you, and his colleagues also, most distinguished men, and most virtuous citizens; and partly, too, by my advice and my example, we have, for the first time after a long interval, fired up again with a hope of liberty.

THE FIFTH PHILIPPIC, OR FIFTH ORATION AGAINST
MARCUS ANTONIUS

NOTHING, O conscript fathers, has ever seemed to me longer than these calends of January; and I think that for the last few days you have all been feeling the same thing. For those who are waging war against the republic have not waited for this day. But we, while it would have been most especially proper for us to come to the aid of the general safety with our counsel, were not summoned to the senate. However, the speech just addressed to us by the consuls has removed our complaints as to what is past, for they have spoken in such a manner that the calends of January seem to have been long wished for rather than really to have arrived late.

And while the speeches of the consuls have encouraged my mind, and have given me a hope, not only of preserving our safety, but even of recovering our former dignity; on the other hand, the opinion of the man who has been asked for his opinion first would have disturbed me, if I had not confidence in your virtue and firmness. For this day, O conscript fathers, has dawned upon you, and this opportunity has been afforded you of proving to the Roman people how much virtue, how much firmness, and how much dignity exists in the counsels of this order. Recollect what a day it was thirteen days ago; how great was then your unanimity, and virtue, and firmness; and what great praise, what great glory, and what great gratitude you earned from the Roman people. And on that

day, O conscript fathers, you resolved that no other alternative was in your power, except either an honorable peace or a necessary war.

Is Marcus Antonius desirous of peace? Let him lay down his arms, let him implore our pardon, let him deprecate our vengeance: he will find no one more reasonable than me; though, while seeking to recommend himself to impious citizens, he has chosen to be an enemy instead of a friend to me. There is, in truth, nothing which can be given to him while waging war; there will, perhaps, be something which may be granted to him if he comes before us as a suppliant.

But to send ambassadors to a man respecting whom you passed a most dignified and severe decision only thirteen days ago, is not an act of lenity, but, if I am to speak my real opinion, of downright madness. In the first place, you praised those generals who, of their own head, had undertaken war against him; in the next place, you praised the veterans who, though they had been settled in those colonies by Antonius, preferred the liberty of the Roman people to the obligations which they were under to him. Is it not so? Why was the Martial legion? why was the fourth legion praised? For if they have deserted the consul, they ought to be blamed; if they have abandoned an enemy to the republic, then they are deservedly praised.

But as at that time you had not yet got any consuls, you passed a decree that a motion concerning the rewards for the soldiers and the honors to be conferred on the generals should be submitted to you at the earliest opportunity. Are you, then, going now to arrange rewards for those men who have taken arms against Antonius, and

to send ambassadors to Antonius? so as to deserve to be ashamed that the legions should have come to more honorable resolutions than the senate: if, indeed, the legions have resolved to defend the senate against Antonius, but the senate decrees to send ambassadors to Antonius. Is this encouraging the spirit of the soldiers, or damping their virtue?

This is what we have gained in the last twelve days, that the man whom no single person except Cotta was then found to defend, has now advocates, even of consular rank. Would that they had all been asked their opinion before me (although I have my suspicions as to what some of those men who will be asked after me are intending to say); I should find it easier to speak against them if any argument appeared to have been advanced.

For there is an opinion in some quarters that some one intends to propose to decree Antonius that further Gaul, which Plancus is at present in possession of. What else is that but supplying an enemy with all the arms necessary for civil war: first of all, with the sinews of war, money in abundance, of which he is at present destitute; and secondly, with as much cavalry as he pleases? Cavalry do I say? He is a likely man to hesitate, I suppose, to bring with him the barbarian nations. A man who does not see this is senseless, he who does see it and still advocates such a measure, is impious. Will you furnish a wicked and desperate citizen with an army of Gauls and Germans, with money, and infantry, and cavalry, and all sorts of resources? All these excuses are no excuse at all:—"He is a friend of mine." Let him first be a friend of his country: "He is a relation of mine." Can any relationship be nearer than that of one's country, in which

even one's parents are comprised?—"He has 'given me money." I should like to see the man who will dare to say that. But when I have explained what is the real object aimed at, it will be easy for you to decide which opinion you ought to agree with and adopt.

The matter at issue is whether power is to be given to Marcus Antonius of oppressing the republic, of massacring the virtuous citizens, of plundering the city, of distributing the lands among his robbers, of overwhelming the Roman people in slavery; or, whether he is not to be allowed to do all this. Do you doubt what you are to do? "Oh, but all this does not apply to Antonius." Even Cotta would not venture to say that. For what does not apply to him? A man who, while he says that he is defending the acts of another, perverts all those laws of his which we might most properly praise. Cæsar wished to drain the marshes: this man has given all Italy to that moderate man, Lucius Antonius, to distribute.—What? has the Roman people adopted this law?—What, could it be passed with a proper regard for the auspices? But this conscientious augur acts in reference to the auspices without his colleagues. Although those auspices do not require any interpretation: for who is there who is ignorant that it is impious to submit any motion to the people while it is thundering? The tribunes of the people carried laws respecting the provinces in opposition to the acts of Cæsar; Cæsar had extended the provisions of his law over two years; Antonius over six years. Has, then, the Roman people adopted this law? What? was it ever regularly promulgated? What? was it not passed before it was even drawn up? Did we not see the deed done before we even suspected that it was going to be done? Where

is the Cæcilian and Didian law? What is become of the law that such bills should be published on three market days? What is become of the penalty appointed by the recent Junian and Licinian law? Can these laws be ratified without the destruction of all other laws? Has any one had a right of entering the forum? Moreover, what thunder, and what a storm that was! so that even if the consideration of the auspices had no weight with Marcus Antonius, it would seem strange that he could endure and bear such exceeding violence of tempest, and rain, and whirlwind. When, therefore, he, as augur, says that he carried a law while Jupiter was not only thundering, but almost uttering an express prohibition of it by his clamor from heaven, will he hesitate to confess that it was carried in violation of the auspices? What? does the virtuous augur think that it has nothing to do with the auspices, that he carried the law with the aid of that colleague whose election he himself vitiated by giving notice of the auspices?

But perhaps we, who are his colleagues, may be the interpreters of the auspices? Do we also want interpreters of arms? In the first place, all the approaches to the forum were so fenced round that even if no armed men were standing in the way, still it would have been impossible to enter the forum except by tearing down the barricades. But the guards were arranged in such a manner, that, as the access of an enemy to a city is prevented, so you might in this instance see the burgesses and the tribunes of the people cut off by forts and works from all entrance to the forum. On which account I give my vote that those laws which Marcus Antonius is said to have carried were all carried by violence, and in violation of

the auspices; and that the people is not bound by them. If Marcus Antonius is said to have carried any law about confirming the acts of Cæsar and abolishing the dictatorship forever, and of leading colonies into any lands, then I vote that those laws be passed over again, with a due regard to the auspices, so that they may bind the people. For although they may be good measures which he passed irregularly and by violence, still they are not to be accounted laws, and the whole audacity of this frantic gladiator must be repudiated by our authority. But that squandering of the public money cannot possibly be endured by which he got rid of seven hundred millions of sesterces by forged entries and deeds of gifts, so that it seems an absolute miracle that so vast a sum of money belonging to the Roman people can have disappeared in so short a time. What? are those enormous profits to be endured which the household of Marcus Antonius has swallowed up? He was continually selling forged decrees; ordering the names of kingdoms and states, and grants of exemptions to be engraved on brass, having received bribes for such orders. And his statement always was, that he was doing these things in obedience to the memoranda of Cæsar, of which he himself was the author. In the interior of his house there was going on a brisk market of the whole republic. His wife, more fortunate for herself than for her husband, was holding an auction of kingdoms and provinces: exiles were restored without any law, as if by law: and unless all these acts are rescinded by the authority of the senate, now that we have again arrived at a hope of recovering the republic, there will be no likeness of a free city left to us.

Nor is it only by the sale of forged memoranda and

autographs that a countless sum of money was collected together in that house, while Antonius, whatever he sold, said that he was acting in obedience to the papers of Cæsar; but he even took bribes to make false entries of the resolutions of the senate; to seal forged contracts; and resolutions of the senate that had never been passed were entered on the records of that treasury. And of all this baseness even foreign nations were witnesses. In the meantime treaties were made; kingdoms given away; nations and provinces released from the burdens of the state; and false memorials of all these transactions were fixed up all over the Capitol, amid the groans of the Roman people. And by all these proceedings so vast a sum of money was collected in one house, that if it were all made available the Roman people would never want money again.

Moreover, he passed a law to regulate judicial proceedings, this chaste and upright man, this upholder of the tribunals and the law. And in this he deceived us. He used to say that he appointed men from the front ranks of the army, common soldiers, men of the *Alauda*, as judges. But he has in reality selected gamesters; he has selected exiles; he has selected Greeks. Oh, the fine bench of judges! Oh, the admirable dignity of that council! I do long to plead in behalf of some defendant before that tribunal—Cyda of Crete; a prodigy even in that island; the most audacious and abandoned of men. But even suppose he were not so. Does he understand Latin? Is he qualified by birth and station to be a judge! Does he—which is most important—does he know anything about our laws and manners? Is he even acquainted with any of the citizens? Why, Crete is better known to you than

Rome is to Cyda. In fact, the selection and appointment of the judges has usually been confined to our own citizens. But who ever knew, or could possibly have known this Gortynian judge? For Lysiades, the Athenian, we most of us do know. For he is the son of Phædrus, an eminent philosopher. And, besides, he is a witty man, so that he will be able to get on very well with Marcus Curius, who will be one of his colleagues, and with whom he is in the habit of playing. I ask if Lysiades, when summoned as a judge, should not answer to his name, and should have an excuse alleged for him that he is an Areopagite, and that he is not bound to act as a judge at both Rome and Athens at the same time, will the man who presides over the investigation admit the excuse of this Greekling judge, at one time a Greek, and at another a Roman? Or will he disregard the most ancient laws of the Athenians?

And what a bench will it be, O ye good gods! A Cretan judge, and he the most worthless of men. Whom can a defendant employ to propitiate him? How is he to get at him? He comes of a hard nation. But the Athenians are merciful. I dare say that Curius, too, is not cruel, inasmuch as he is a man who is himself at the mercy of fortune every day. There are besides other chosen judges who will perhaps be excused. For they have a legitimate excuse, that they have left their country in banishment, and that they have not been restored since. And would that madman have chosen these men as judges, would he have entered their names as such in the treasury, would he have trusted a great portion of the republic to them, if he had intended to leave the least semblance of a republic?

And I have been speaking of those judges who are known. Those whom you are less acquainted with I have been unwilling to name. Know then that dancers, harp-players, the whole troop, in fact, of Antonius's revellers, have all been pitchforked into the third decury of judges. Now you see the object of passing so splendid and admirable a law, amid excessive rain, storm, wind, tempest, and whirlwind, amid thunder and lightning; it was that he might have those men for our judges whom no one would like to have for guests. It is the enormity of his wickedness, the consciousness of his crimes, the plunder of that money of which the account was kept in the temple of Ops, which have been the real inventors of this third decury. And infamous judges were not sought for, till all hope of safety for the guilty was despaired of, if they came before respectable ones. But what must have been the impudence, what must have been the iniquity of a man who dared to select those men as judges, by the selection of whom a double disgrace was stamped on the republic: one, because the judges were so infamous; the other, because by this step it was revealed and published to the world how many infamous citizens we had in the republic? These then, and all other similar laws, I should vote ought to be annulled, even if they had been passed without violence, and with all proper respect for the auspices. But now why need I vote that they ought to be annulled, when I do not consider that they were ever legally passed?

Is not this, too, to be marked with the deepest ignominy, and with the severest animadversion of this order, so as to be recollected by all posterity, that Marcus Antonius (the first man who has ever done so since the foun-

dition of the city) has openly taken armed men about with him in this city? A thing which the kings never did, nor those men who, since the kings have been banished, have endeavored to seize on kingly power. I can recollect Cinna; I have seen Sylla; and lately Cæsar. For these three men are the only ones, since the city was delivered by Lucius Brutus, who have had more power than the entire republic. I cannot assert that no man in their trains had weapons. This I do say, that they had not many, and that they concealed them. But this pest was attended by an army of armed men. Classitius, Mustela, and Tiro, openly displaying their swords, led troops of fellows like themselves through the forum. Barbarian archers occupied their regular place in the army. And when they arrived at the temple of Concord, the steps were crowded, the litters full of shields were arranged; not because he wished the shields to be concealed, but that his friends might not be fatigued by carrying the shields themselves.

And what was most infamous not only to see, but even to hear of, armed men, robbers, assassins were stationed in the temple of Concord; the temple was turned into a prison; the doors of the temple were closed, and the conscript fathers delivered their opinions while robbers were standing among the benches of the senators. And if I did not come to a senate house in this state, he, on the first of September, said that he would send carpenters and pull down my house. It was an important affair, I suppose, that was to be discussed. He made some motion about a supplication. I attended the day after. He himself did not come. I delivered my opinion about the republic, not indeed with quite so much freedom as usual, but still with more than the threats of personal danger

to myself made perhaps advisable. But that violent and furious man (for Lucius Piso had done the same thing with great credit thirty days before) threatened me with his enmity, and ordered me to attend the senate on the nineteenth of September. In the meantime he spent the whole of the intervening seventeen days in the villa of Scipio, at Tibur, declaiming against me to make himself thirsty. For this is his usual object in declaiming. When the day arrived on which he had ordered me to attend, then he came with a regular army in battle array to the temple of Concord, and out of his impure mouth vomited forth an oration against me in my absence. On which day, if my friends had not prevented me from attending the senate as I was anxious to do, he would have begun a massacre by the slaughter of me. For that was what he had resolved to do. And when once he had dyed his sword in blood, nothing would have made him leave off but pure fatigue and satiety. In truth, his brother, Lucius Antonius, was present, an Asiatic gladiator, who had fought as a Mirmillo, at Mylasa; he was thirsting for my blood, and had shed much of his own in that gladiatorial combat. He was now valuing our property in his mind, taking notice of our possessions in the city and in the country; his indigence united with his covetousness was threatening all our fortunes; he was distributing our lands to whomsoever and in whatever shares he pleased; no private individual could get access to him, or find any means to propitiate him, and induce him to act with justice. Every former proprietor had just so much property as Antonius left him after the division of his estate. And although all these proceedings cannot be ratified, if you annul his laws, still I think that they ought all to be separately taken

note of, article by article; and that we ought formally to decide that the appointment of septemvirs was null and void; and that nothing is ratified which is said to have been done by them.

But who is there who can consider Marcus Antonius a citizen, rather than a most foul and barbarous enemy, who, while sitting in front of the temple of Castor, in the hearing of the Roman people, said that no one should survive except those who were victorious? Do you suppose, O conscript fathers, that he spoke with more violence than he would act? And what are we to think of his having ventured to say that, after he had given up his magistracy, he should still be at the city with his army; that he should enter the city as often as he pleased? What else was this but threatening the Roman people with slavery? And what was the object of his journey to Brundisium? and of that great haste? What was his hope, except to lead that vast army to the city, or rather into the city? What a proceeding was that selection of the centurions! What unbridled fury of an intemperate mind!

For when those gallant legions had raised an outcry against his promises, he ordered those centurions to come to him to his house, whom he perceived to be loyally attached to the republic, and then he had them all murdered before his own eyes and those of his wife, whom this noble commander had taken with him to the army. What disposition do you suppose that this man will display toward us whom he hates, when he was so cruel to those men whom he had never seen? And how covetous will he be with respect to the money of rich men, when he thirsted for even the blood of poor men? whose prop-

erty, such as it was, he immediately divided among his satellites and boon companions.

And he in a fury was now moving his hostile standards against his country from Brundisium, when Caius Cæsar, by the kind inspiration of the immortal gods, by the greatness of his own heavenly courage, and wisdom, and genius, of his own accord, indeed, and prompted by his own admirable virtue, but still with the approbation of my authority, went down to the colonies which had been founded by his father; convoked the veteran soldiery; in a few days raised an army; and checked the furious advance of this bandit. But after the Martial legion saw this admirable leader, it had no other thoughts but those of securing our liberty. And the fourth legion followed its example.

And Antonius, on hearing of this news, after he had summoned the senate, and provided a man of consular rank to declare his opinion that Caius Cæsar was an enemy of his country, immediately fainted away. And afterward, without either performing the usual sacrifices, or offering the customary vows, he, I will not say went forth, but took to flight in his robe as a general. But which way did he flee? To the province of our most resolute and bravest citizens; men who could never have endured him if he had not come bringing war in his train, an intemperate, passionate, insolent, proud man, always making demands, always plundering, always drunk. But he, whose worthlessness even when quiet was more than any one could endure, has declared war upon the province of Gaul; he is besieging Mutina, a valiant and splendid colony of the Roman people; he is blockading Decimus Brutus, the general, the consul elect, a citizen born not for himself, but

for us and the republic. Was then Hannibal an enemy, and is Antonius a citizen? What did the one do like an enemy, that the other has not done, or is not doing, or planning, and thinking of? What was there in the whole of the journey of the Antonii; except depopulation, devastation, slaughter, and rapine? Actions which Hannibal never did, because he was reserving many things for his own use, these men do, as men who live merely for the present hour; they never have given a thought not only to the fortunes and welfare of the citizens, but not even to their own advantage.

Are we then, O ye good gods, to resolve to send ambassadors to this man? Are those men who propose this acquainted with the constitution of the republic, with the laws of war, with the precedents of our ancestors? Do they give a thought to what the majesty of the Roman people and the severity of the senate require? Do you resolve to send ambassadors? If to beg his mercy, he will despise you; if to declare your commands, he will not listen to them; and last of all, however severe the message may be which we give the ambassadors, the very name of ambassadors will extinguish this ardor of the Roman people which we see at present, and break the spirit of the municipal towns and of Italy. To say nothing of these arguments, though they are weighty, at all events that sending of an embassy will cause delay and slowness to the war. Although those who propose it should say, as I hear that some intend to say—"Let the ambassadors go, but let war be prepared for all the same." Still the very name of ambassadors will damp men's courage and delay the rapidity of the war.

The most important events, O conscript fathers, are

often determined by very trivial moving influences in every circumstance that can happen in the republic, and also in war, and especially in civil war, which is usually governed a great deal by men's opinions and by reports. No one will ask what is the commission with which we have sent the ambassadors; the mere name of an embassy, and that sent by us of our own accord, will appear an indication of fear. Let him depart from Mutina; let him cease to attack Brutus; let him retire from Gaul. He must not be begged in words to do so; he must be compelled by arms. For we are not sending to Hannibal to desire him to retire from before Saguntum; to whom the senate formerly sent Publius Valerius Flaccus and Quintus Bæbius Tampilius; who, if Hannibal did not comply, were ordered to proceed to Carthage. Whither do we order our ambassadors to proceed, if Antonius does not comply? Are we sending an embassy to our own citizen, to beg him not to attack a general and a colony of the Roman people? Is it so? Is it becoming to us to beg this by means of ambassadors? What is the difference, in the name of the immortal gods, whether he attacks this city itself, or whether he attacks an outpost of this city, a colony of the Roman people, established for the sake of its being a bulwark and protection to us? The siege of Saguntum was the cause of the second Punic war, which Hannibal carried on against our ancestors. It was quite right to send ambassadors to him. They were sent to a Carthaginian, they were sent on behalf of those who were the enemies of Hannibal, and our allies. What is there resembling that case here? We are sending to one of our own citizens to beg him not to blockade a general of the Roman army, not to attack our army and our col-

ony—in short, not to be an enemy of ours. Come; suppose he obeys, shall we either be inclined, or shall we be able, by any possibility, to treat him as one of our citizens?

On the nineteenth of December, you overwhelmed him with your decrees; you ordained that this motion should be submitted to you on the first of January, which you see is submitted now, respecting the honors and rewards to be conferred on those who have deserved or do deserve well of the republic. And the chief of those men you have adjudged to be the man who really has done so, Caius Cæsar, who had diverted the nefarious attacks of Marcus Antonius against this city, and compelled him to direct them against Gaul; and next to him you consider the veteran soldiers who first followed Cæsar; then those excellent and heavenly-minded legions the Martial and the fourth, to whom you have promised honors and rewards, for having not only abandoned their consul, but for having even declared war against him. And on the same day, having a decree brought before you and published on purpose, you praised the conduct of Decimus Brutus, a most excellent citizen, and sanctioned with your public authority this war which he had undertaken of his own head.

What else, then, did you do on that day except pronounce Antonius a public enemy? After these decrees of yours, will it be possible for him to look upon you with equanimity, or for you to behold him without the most excessive indignation? He has been excluded and cut off and wholly separated from the republic, not merely by his own wickedness, as it seems to me, but by some especial good fortune of the republic. And if he should comply with the demands of the ambassadors and return to Rome,

do you suppose that abandoned citizens will ever be in need of a standard around which to rally? But this is not what I am so much afraid of. There are other things which I am more apprehensive of and more alarmed at. He never will comply with the demands of the ambassadors. I know the man's insanity and arrogance; I know the desperate counsels of his friends, to which he is wholly given up. Lucius his brother, as being a man who has fought abroad, leads on his household. Even suppose him to be in his senses himself, which he never will be; still he will not be allowed by these men to act as if he were so. In the meantime time will be wasted. The preparations for war will cool. How is it that the war has been protracted as long as this, if it be not by procrastination and delay?

From the very first moment after the departure, or rather after the hopeless flight of that bandit, that the senate could have met in freedom, I have always been demanding that we should be called together. The first day that we were called together, when the consuls elect were not present, I laid, in my opinion, amid the greatest unanimity on your part, the foundations of the republic; later, indeed, than they should have been laid; for I could not do so before; but still if no time had been lost after that day, we should have no war at all now. Every evil is easily crushed at its birth; when it has become of long standing, it usually gets stronger. But then everybody was waiting for the first of January; perhaps not very wisely.

However, let us say no more of what is past. Are we still to allow any further delay while the ambassadors are on their road to him? and while they are coming back

again? and the time spent in waiting for them will make men doubt about the war. And while the fact of the war is in doubt, how can men possibly be zealous about the levies for the army?

Wherefore, O conscript fathers, I give my vote that there should be no mention made of ambassadors. I think that the business that is to be done must be done without any delay, and instantly. I say that it is necessary that we should decree that there is sedition abroad, that we should suspend the regular courts of justice, order all men to wear the garb of war, and enlist men in all quarters, suspending all exemptions from military service in the city and in all Italy, except in Gaul. And if this be done, the general opinion and report of your severity will overwhelm the insanity of that wicked gladiator. He will feel that he has undertaken a war against the republic; he will experience the sinews and vigor of a unanimous senate. For at present he is constantly saying that it is a mere struggle between parties. Between what parties? One party is defeated; the other is the heart of Caius Cæsar's party. Unless, indeed, we believe that the party of Cæsar is attacked by Pansa and Hirtius the consuls, and by Caius Cæsar's son. But this war has been kindled, not by a struggle between parties, but by the nefarious hopes of the most abandoned citizens; by whom all our estates and properties have been marked down, and already distributed according as every one has thought them desirable.

I have read the letter of Antonius which he sent to one of the septemviri, a thorough-paced scoundrel, a colleague of his own. "Look out, and see what you take a fancy to; what you do fancy you shall certainly have." See to what a man we are sending ambassadors; against what a man

we are delaying to make war; a man who does not even let us draw lots for our fortunes, but hands us over to each man's caprice in such a way that he has not left even himself anything untouched, or which has not been promised to somebody. With this man, O conscript fathers, we must wage war—war, I say, and that instantly. We must reject the slow proceedings of ambassadors.

Therefore, that we may not have a number of decrees to pass every day, I give my vote that the whole republic should be committed to the consuls; and that they should have a charge given them to defend the republic, and to take care "that the republic suffer no injury." And I give my vote that those men who are in the army of Antonius be not visited with blame, if they leave him before the first of February.

If you adopt these proposals of mine, O conscript fathers, you will in a short time recover the liberty of the Roman people and your own authority. But if you act with more mildness, still you will pass those resolutions, but perhaps you will pass them too late. As to the general welfare of the republic, on which you, O consuls, have consulted us, I think that I have proposed what is sufficient.

The next question is about honors. And to this point I perceive that I must speak next. But I will preserve the same order in paying respect to brave men that is usually preserved in asking their opinions.

Let us, therefore, according to the usages of our ancestors, begin with Brutus, the consul elect; and, to say nothing of his former conduct—which has indeed been most admirable, but still such as has been praised by the individual judgments of men, rather than by public author-

ity—what words can we find adequate to his praise at this very time? For such great virtue requires no reward except this one of praise and glory; and even if it were not to receive that, still it would be content with itself, and would rejoice at being laid up in the recollection of grateful citizens, as if it were placed in the full light. The praise then of our deliberate opinion, and of our testimony in his favor, must be given to Brutus. Therefore, O conscript fathers, I give my vote that a resolution of the senate be passed in these words:

“As Decimus Brutus, imperator, consul elect, is maintaining the province of Gaul in obedience to the senate and people of Rome; and as he has enlisted and collected in so short a time a very numerous army, being aided by the admirable zeal of the municipal towns and colonies of the province of Gaul, which has deserved and still does deserve admirably well of the republic; he has acted rightly and virtuously, and greatly for the advantage of the republic. And that most excellent service done by Decimus Brutus to the republic is and always will be grateful to the senate and people of Rome. Therefore, the senate and the Roman people is of opinion that the exertions, and prudence, and virtue of Decimus Brutus, imperator and consul elect, and the incredible zeal and unanimity of the province of Gaul, have been a great assistance to the republic at a most critical time.”

What honor, O conscript fathers, can be too great to be due to such a mighty service as this of Brutus, and to such important aid as he has afforded the republic? For if Gaul had been open to Marcus Antonius—if after having overwhelmed the municipal towns and colonies unprepared to resist him, he had been able to penetrate

into that further Gaul—what great danger would have hung over the republic! That most insane of men, that man so headlong and furious in all his courses, would have been likely, I suppose, to hesitate at waging war against us, not only with his own army, but with all the savage troops of barbarism; so that even the wall of the Alps would not have enabled us to check his frenzy. These thanks then will be deservedly paid to Decimus Brutus, who, before any authority of yours had been interposed, acting on his own judgment and responsibility, refused to receive him as consul, but repelled him from Gaul as an enemy, and preferred to be besieged himself rather than to allow this city to be so. Let him therefore have, by your decree, an everlasting testimony to this most important and glorious action; and let Gaul, which always is and has been a protection to this empire and to the general liberty, be deservedly and truly praised for not having surrendered herself and her power to Antonius, but for having opposed him with them.

And, furthermore, I give my vote that the most ample honors be decreed to Marcus Lepidus, as a reward for his eminent services to the republic. He has at all times wished the Roman people to be free; and he gave the greatest proof of his inclination and opinion on that day, when, while Antonius was placing the diadem on Cæsar's head, he turned his face away, and by his groans and sorrow showed plainly what a hatred of slavery he had, how desirous he was for the Roman people to be free, and how he had endured those things which he had endured, more because of the necessity of the times than because they harmonized with his sentiments. And who of us can forget with what great moderation he behaved

during that crisis of the city which ensued after the death of Cæsar? These are great merits; but I hasten to speak of greater still. For (O ye immortal gods!) what could happen more to be admired by foreign nations, or more to be desired by the Roman people, than, at a time when there was a most important civil war, the result of which we were all dreading, that it should be extinguished by prudence rather than that arms and violence should be able to put everything to the hazard of a battle? And if Cæsar had been guided by the same principles in that odious and miserable war, we should have—to say nothing of their father—the two sons of Cnæus Pompeius, that most illustrious and virtuous man, safe among us; men whose piety and filial affection certainly ought not to have been their ruin. Would that Marcus Lepidus had been able to save them all! He showed that he would have done so, by his conduct in cases where he had the power; when he restored Sextus Pompeius to the state, a great ornament to the republic, and a most illustrious monument of his clemency. Sad was that picture, melancholy was the destiny then of the Roman people. For after Pompeius the father was dead, he who was the light of the Roman people, the son, too, who was wholly like his father, was also slain. But all these calamities appear to me to have been effaced by the kindness of the immortal gods, Sextus Pompeius being preserved to the republic.

For which cause, reasonable and important as it is, and because Marcus Lepidus, by his humanity and wisdom, has changed a most dangerous and extensive civil war into peace and concord, I give my vote, that a resolution of the senate be drawn up in these words:

“Since the affairs of the republic have repeatedly been

well and prosperously conducted by Marcus Lepidus, imperator, and Pontifex Maximus, and since the Roman people is fully aware that kingly power is very displeasing to him; and since by his exertions, and virtue, and prudence, and singular clemency and humanity, a most bitter civil war has been extinguished; and Sextus Pompeius Magnus, the son of Cnæus, having submitted to the authority of this order and laid down his arms, and, in accordance with the perfect goodwill of the senate and people of Rome, has been restored to the state by Marcus Lepidus, imperator, and Pontifex Maximus; the senate and people of Rome, in return for the important and numerous services of Marcus Lepidus to the republic, declares that it places great hopes of future tranquillity and peace and concord, in his virtue, authority, and good fortune; and the senate and people of Rome will ever remember his services to the republic; and it is decreed by the vote of this order, That a gilt equestrian statue be erected to him in the Rostra, or in whatever other place in the forum he pleases."

And this honor, O conscript fathers, appears to me a very great one, in the first place, because it is just; for it is not merely given on account of our hopes of the future, but it is paid, as it were, in requital of his ample services already done. Nor are we able to mention any instance of this honor having been conferred on any one by the senate by their own free and voluntary judgment before.

I come now to Caius Cæsar, O conscript fathers; if he had not existed, which of us could have been alive now? That most intemperate of men, Antonius, was flying from Brundisium to the city, burning with hatred, with a disposition hostile to all good men, with an army. What was

there to oppose to his audacity and wickedness? We had not as yet any generals, or any forces. There was no public council, no liberty; our necks were at the mercy of his nefarious cruelty; we were all preparing to have recourse to flight, though flight itself had no escape for us. Who was it—what god was it, who at that time gave to the Roman people this godlike young man, who, while every means for completing our destruction seemed open to that most pernicious citizen, rising up on a sudden, beyond every one's hope, completed an army fit to oppose to the fury of Marcus Antonius before any one suspected that he was thinking of any such step? Great honors were paid to Cnæus Pompeius when he was a young man, and deservedly; for he came to the assistance of the republic; but he was of a more vigorous age, and more calculated to meet the eager requirements of soldiers seeking a general. He had also been already trained in other kinds of war. For the cause of Sylla was not agreeable to all men. The multitude of the proscribed, and the enormous calamities that fell on so many municipal towns, show this plainly. But Cæsar, though many years younger, armed veterans who were now eager to rest; he has embraced that cause which was most agreeable to the senate, to the people, to all Italy—in short, to gods and men. And Pompeius came as a reinforcement to the extensive command and victorious army of Lucius Sylla; Cæsar had no one to join himself to. He, of his own accord, was the author and executor of his plan of levying an army, and arraying a defence for us. Pompeius found the whole Picene district hostile to the party of his adversaries; but Cæsar has levied an army against Antonius from men who were Antonius's own friends, but still greater friends to liberty. It was

owing to the influence of Pompeius that Sylla was enabled to act like a king. It is by the protection afforded us by Cæsar that the tyranny of Antonius has been put down.

Let us then confer on Cæsar a regular military command, without which the military affairs cannot be directed, the army cannot be held together, war cannot be waged. Let him be made proprætor with all the privileges which have ever been attached to that appointment. That honor, although it is a great one for a man of his age, still is not merely of influence as giving dignity, but it confers powers calculated to meet the present emergency. Therefore, let us seek for honors for him which we shall not easily find at the present day.

But I hope that we and the Roman people shall often have an opportunity of complimenting and honoring this young man. But at the present moment I give my vote that we should pass a decree in this form:

“As Caius Cæsar, the son of Caius, pontiff and proprætor, has at a most critical period of the republic exhorted the veteran soldiers to defend the liberty of the Roman people, and has enlisted them in his army; and as the Martial legion and the fourth legion, with great zeal for the republic, and with admirable unanimity, under the guidance and authority of Caius Cæsar, have defended and are defending the republic and the liberty of the Roman people; and as Caius Cæsar, proprætor, has gone with his army as a reinforcement to the province of Gaul; has made cavalry, and archers, and elephants, obedient to himself and to the Roman people, and has, at a most critical time for the republic, come to the aid of the safety and dignity of the Roman people;

on these accounts, it seems good to the senate that Caius Cæsar, the son of Caius, pontiff and proprætor, shall be a senator, and shall deliver his opinions from the bench occupied by men of prætorian rank; and that, on occasion of his offering himself for any magistracy, he shall be considered of the same legal standing and qualification as if he had been quæstor the preceding year."

For what reason can there be, O conscript fathers, why we should not wish him to arrive at the highest honors at as early an age as possible? For when, by the laws fixing the age at which men might be appointed to the different magistracies, our ancestors fixed a more mature age for the consulship, they were influenced by fears of the precipitation of youth; Caius Cæsar, at his first entrance into life, has shown us that, in the case of his eminent and unparalleled virtue, we have no need to wait for the progress of age. Therefore our ancestors, those old men, in the most ancient times, had no laws regulating the age for the different offices; it was ambition which caused them to be passed many years afterward, in order that there might be among men of the same age different steps for arriving at honors. And it has often happened that a disposition of great natural virtue has been lost before it had any opportunity of benefiting the republic.

But among the ancients, the Rulli, the Decii, the Corvini, and many others, and in more modern times the elder Africanus and Titus Flaminus were made consuls very young, and performed such exploits as greatly to extend the empire of the Roman people, and to embellish its name. What more? Did not the Macedonian Alexander, having begun to perform mighty deeds from his earliest youth, die when he was only in his thirty-

third year? And that age is ten years less than that fixed by our laws for a man to be eligible for the consulship. From which it may be plainly seen that the progress of virtue is often swifter than that of age.

For as to the fear which those men, who are enemies of Cæsar, pretend to entertain, there is not the slightest reason to apprehend that he will be unable to restrain and govern himself, or that he will be so elated by the honors which he receives from us as to use his power without moderation. It is only natural, O conscript fathers, that the man who has learned to appreciate real glory, and who feels that he is considered by the senate and by the Roman knights and the whole Roman people a citizen who is dear to, and a blessing to the republic, should think nothing whatever deserving of being compared to this glory. Would that it had happened to Caius Cæsar—the father, I mean—when he was a young man, to be beloved by the senate and by every virtuous citizen; but, having neglected to aim at that, he wasted all the power of genius which he had in a most brilliant degree in a capricious pursuit of popular favor. Therefore, as he had not sufficient respect for the senate and the virtuous part of the citizens, he opened for himself that path for the extension of his power which the virtue of a free people was unable to bear.

But the principles of his son are widely different; who is not only beloved by every one, but in the greatest degree by the most virtuous men. In him is placed all our hope of liberty; from him already has our safety been received; for him the highest honors are sought out and prepared. While, therefore, we are admiring his singular prudence, can we at the same time fear his folly?

For what can be more foolish than to prefer useless power, such influence as brings envy in its train, and a rash and slippery ambition of reigning, to real, dignified, solid glory? Has he seen this truth as a boy, and when he has advanced in age will he cease to see it? "But he is an enemy to some most illustrious and excellent citizens." That circumstance ought not to cause any fear. Cæsar has sacrificed all those enmities to the republic; he has made the republic his judge; he has made her the directress of all his counsels and actions. For he is come to the service of the republic in order to strengthen her, not to overturn her. I am well acquainted with all the feelings of the young man: there is nothing dearer to him than the republic, nothing which he considers of more weight than your authority; nothing which he desires more than the approbation of virtuous men; nothing which he accounts sweeter than genuine glory.

Wherefore you not only ought not to fear anything from him, but you ought to expect greater and better things still. Nor ought you to apprehend with respect to a man who has already gone forward to release Decimus Brutus from a siege, that the recollection of his domestic injury will dwell in his bosom, and have more weight with him than the safety of the city. I will venture even to pledge my own faith, O conscript fathers, to you, and to the Roman people, and to the republic, which, in truth, if no necessity compelled me to do so, I would not venture to do, and in doing which on slight grounds, I should be afraid of giving rise to a dangerous opinion of my rashness in a most important business; but I do promise, and pledge myself, and undertake, O conscript fathers, that Caius Cæsar will always be such a citizen as

he is this day, and as we ought, above all things, to wish and desire that he may turn out.

And as this is the case, I shall consider that I have said enough at present about Cæsar.

Nor do I think that we ought to pass over Lucius Egnatuleius, a most gallant and wise and firm citizen, and one thoroughly attached to the republic, in silence; but that we ought to give him our testimony to his admirable virtue, because it was he who led the fourth legion to Cæsar, to be a protection to the consuls, and senate, and people of Rome, and the republic. And for these acts I give my vote:

"That it be made lawful for Lucius Egnatuleius to stand for, and be elected to, and discharge the duties of any magistracy, three years before the legitimate time."

And by this motion, O conscript fathers, Lucius Egnatuleius does not get so much actual advantage as honor. For in a case like this it is quite sufficient to be honorably mentioned.

But concerning the army of Caius Cæsar, I give my vote for the passing of a decree in this form:

"The senate decrees that the veteran soldiers who have defended and are defending . . . of Cæsar, pontiff . . . and the authority of this order, should, and their children after them, have an exemption from military service. And that Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius the consuls, one or both of them, as they think fit, shall inquire what land there is in those colonies in which the veteran soldiers have been settled, which is occupied in defiance of the provisions of the Julian law, in order that that may be divided among these veterans. That they shall institute a separate inquiry about the Campanian district, and

devise a plan for increasing the advantages enjoyed by these veteran soldiers; and with respect to the Martial legion, and to the fourth legion, and to those soldiers of the second and thirty-fifth legions who have come over to Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls, and have given in their names, because the authority of the senate and the liberty of the Roman people is and always has been most dear to them, the senate decrees that they and their children shall have exemption from military service, except in the case of any Gallic and Italian sedition; and decrees further, that those legions shall have their discharge when this war is terminated; and that whatever sum of money Caius Cæsar, pontiff and proprætor, has promised to the soldiers of those legions individually, shall be paid to them. And that Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls, one or both of them, as it seems good to them, shall make an estimate of the land which can be distributed without injury to private individuals; and that land shall be given and assigned to the soldiers of the Martial legion and of the fourth legion, in the largest shares in which land has ever been given and assigned to soldiers."

I have now spoken, O consuls, on every point concerning which you have submitted a motion to us; and if the resolutions which I have proposed be decreed without delay, and seasonably, you will the more easily prepare those measures which the present time and emergency demand. But instant action is necessary. And if we had adopted that earlier, we should, as I have often said, now have no war at all.

THE SIXTH PHILIPPIC, OR SIXTH ORATION AGAINST
MARCUS ANTONIUS

ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE

I IMAGINE that you have heard, O Romans, what has been done in the senate, and what has been the opinion delivered by each individual. For the matter which has been in discussion ever since the first of January, has been just brought to a conclusion; with less severity, indeed, than it ought to have been, but still in a manner not altogether unbecoming. The war has been subjected to a delay, but the cause has not been removed. Wherefore, as to the question which Publius Appuleius—a man united to me by many kind offices and by the closest intimacy, and firmly attached to your interests—has asked me, I will answer in such a manner that you may be acquainted with the transactions at which you were not present.

The cause which prompted our most fearless and excellent consuls to submit a motion on the first of January, concerning the general state of the republic, arose from the decree which the senate passed by my advice on the nineteenth of December. On that day, O Romans, were the foundations of the republic first laid. For then, after a long interval, the senate was free in such a manner that you, too, might become free. On which day, indeed—even if it had been to bring to me the end of my life—I received a sufficient reward for my exertions, when you all with one heart and one voice cried out together that

the republic had been a second time saved by me. Stimulated by so important and so splendid a decision of yours in my favor, I came into the senate on the first of January, with the feeling that I was bound to show my recollection of the character which you had imposed upon me, and which I had to sustain.

Therefore, when I saw that a nefarious war was waged against the republic, I thought that no delay ought to be interposed to our pursuit of Marcus Antonius; and I gave my vote that we ought to pursue with war that most audacious man, who, having committed many atrocious crimes before, was at this moment attacking a general of the Roman people, and besieging your most faithful and gallant colony; and that a state of civil war ought to be proclaimed; and I said further, that my opinion was that a suspension of the ordinary forms of justice should be declared, and that the garb of war should be assumed by the citizens, in order that all men might apply themselves with more activity and energy to avenging the injuries of the republic, if they saw that all the emblems of a regular war had been adopted by the senate. Therefore, this opinion of mine, O Romans, prevailed so much for three days, that although no division was come to, still all, except a very few, appeared inclined to agree with me. But to-day—I know not owing to what circumstance—the senate was more indulgent. For the majority decided on our making experiment, by means of ambassadors, how much influence the authority of the senate and your unanimity will have upon Antonius.

I am well aware, O Romans, that this decision is disapproved of by you; and reasonably, too. For to whom are we sending ambassadors? Is it not to him who, after having dissipated and squandered the public money, and

imposed laws on the Roman people by violence and in violation of the auspices—after having put the assembly of the people to flight and besieged the senate, sent for the legions from Brundisium to oppress the republic? who, when deserted by them, has invaded Gaul with a troop of banditti? who is attacking Brutus? who is besieging Mutina? How can you offer conditions to, or expect equity from, or send an embassy to, or, in short, have anything in common with, this gladiator? although, O Romans, it is not an embassy, but a denunciation of war if he does not obey. For the decree has been drawn up as if ambassadors were being sent to Hannibal. For men are sent to order him not to attack the consul elect, not to besiege Mutina, not to lay waste the province, not to enlist troops, but to submit himself to the power of the senate and people of Rome. No doubt he is a likely man to obey this injunction, and to submit to the power of the conscript fathers and to yours, who has never even had any mastery over himself. For what has he ever done that showed any discretion, being always led away wherever his lust, or his levity, or his frenzy, or his drunkenness has hurried him? He has always been under the dominion of two very dissimilar classes of men, pimps and robbers; he is so fond of domestic adulteries and forensic murders that he would rather obey a most covetous woman than the senate and people of Rome.

Therefore, I will do now before you what I have just done in the senate. I call you to witness, I give notice, I predict beforehand, that Marcus Antonius will do nothing whatever of those things which the ambassadors are commissioned to command him to do; but that he will lay waste the lands, and besiege Mutina, and enlist sol-

diars, wherever he can. For he is a man who has at all times despised the judgment and authority of the senate, and your inclinations and power. Will he do what it has been just now decreed that he shall do—lead his army back across the Rubicon, which is the frontier of Gaul, and yet at the same time not come nearer Rome than two hundred miles? Will he obey this notice? will he allow himself to be confined by the river Rubicon, and by the limit of two hundred miles? Antonius is not that sort of man. For if he had been, he would never have allowed matters to come to such a pass as for the senate to give him notice, as it did to Hannibal at the beginning of the Punic war not to attack Saguntum. But what ignominy it is to be called away from Mutina, and at the same time to be forbidden to approach the city as if he were some fatal conflagration! what an opinion is this for the senate to have of a man! What? As to the commission which is given to the ambassadors to visit Decimus Brutus and his soldiers, and to inform them that their excellent zeal in behalf of, and services done to the republic, are acceptable to the senate and people of Rome, and that that conduct shall tend to their great glory and to their great honor; do you think that Antonius will permit the ambassadors to enter Mutina? and to depart from thence in safety? He never will allow it, believe me. I know the violence of the man, I know his impudence, I know his audacity.

Nor, indeed, ought we to think of him as of a human being, but as of a most ill-omened beast. And as this is the case, the decree which the senate has passed is not wholly improper. The embassy has some severity in it; I only wish it had no delay. For as in the conduct of almost every affair slowness and procrastination are hate-

ful, so above all things does this war require promptness of action. We must assist Decimus Brutus; we must collect all our forces from all quarters; we cannot lose a single hour in effecting the deliverance of such a citizen without wickedness. Was it not in his power, if he had considered Antonius a consul, and Gaul the province of Antonius, to have given over the legions and the province to Antonius? and to return home himself? and to celebrate a triumph? and to be the first man in this body to deliver his opinion, until he entered on his magistracy? What was the difficulty of doing that? But as he remembered that he was Brutus, and that he was born for your freedom, not for his own tranquillity, what else did he do but—as I may almost say—put his own body in the way to prevent Antonius from entering Gaul? Ought we then to send ambassadors to this man, or legions? However, we will say nothing of what is past. Let the ambassadors hasten, as I see that they are about to do. Do you prepare your robes of war. For it has been decreed, that, if he does not obey the authority of the senate, we are all to betake ourselves to our military dress. And we shall have to do so. He will never obey. And we shall lament that we have lost so many days, when we might have been doing something.

I have no fear, O Romans, that when Antonius hears that I have asserted, both in the senate and in the assembly of the people, that he never will submit himself to the power of the senate, he will, for the sake of disproving my words, and making me to appear to have had no foresight, alter his behavior and obey the senate. He will never do so. He will not grudge me this part of my reputation; he will prefer letting me be thought wise by

you to being thought modest himself. Need I say more? Even if he were willing to do so himself, do you think that his brother Lucius would permit him? It has been reported that lately at Tibur, when Marcus Antonius appeared to him, to be wavering, he, Lucius, threatened his brother with death. And do we suppose that the orders of the senate, and the words of the ambassadors, will be listened to by this Asiatic gladiator? It will be impossible for him to be separated from a brother, especially from one of so much authority. For he is another Africanus among them. He is considered of more influence than Lucius Trebellius, of more than Titus Plancus . . . a noble young man. As for Plancus, who, having been condemned by the unanimous vote of every one, amid the overpowering applause of you yourselves, somehow or other got mixed up in this crowd, and returned with a countenance so sorrowful that he appeared to have been dragged back rather than to have returned, he despises him to such degree, as if he were interdicted from fire and water. At times he says that that man who set the senate house on fire has no right to a place in the senate house. For at this moment he is exceedingly in love with Trebellius. He hated him some time ago, when he was opposing an abolition of debts; but now he delights in him, ever since he has seen that Trebellius himself cannot continue in safety without an abolition of debts. For I think that you have heard, O Romans, what indeed you may possibly have seen, that the sureties and creditors of Lucius Trebellius meet every day. Oh, confidence! for I imagine that Trebellius has taken this surname; what can be greater confidence than defrauding one's creditors? than flying from one's house? than, because of one's

debts, being forced to go to war? What has become of the applauses which he received on the occasion of Cæsar's triumph, and often at the games? Where is the ædileship that was conferred on him by the zealous efforts of all good men? who is there who does not now think that he acted virtuously by accident?

.

However, I return to your love and especial delight, Lucius Antonius, who has admitted you all to swear allegiance to him. Do you deny it? is there any one of you who does not belong to a tribe? Certainly not. But thirty-five tribes have adopted him for their patron. Do you again cry out against my statement? Look at that gilt statue of him on the left: what is the inscription upon it? "The thirty-five tribes to their patron." Is then Lucius Antonius the patron of the Roman people? Plague take him! For I fully assent to your outcry. I won't speak of this bandit whom no one would choose to have for a client; but was there ever a man possessed of such influence, or illustrious for mighty deeds, as to dare to call himself the patron of the whole Roman people, the conqueror and master of all nations? We see in the forum a statue of Lucius Antonius; just as we see one of Quintus Tremulus, who conquered the Hernici, before the temple of Castor. Oh, the incredible impudence of the man! Has he assumed all this credit to himself, because as a mirmillo at Mylasa he slew the Thracian, his friend? How should we be able to endure him, if he had fought in this forum before the eyes of you all? But, however, this is but one statue. He has another erected by the Roman knights who received horses from the state; and they too inscribe on that, "To their patron." Who was ever before adopted

by that order as its patron? If it ever adopted any one as such, it ought to have adopted me. What censor was ever so honored? what imperator? "But he distributed land among them." Shame on their sordid natures for accepting it! shame on his dishonesty for giving it!

Moreover, the military tribunes who were in the army of Cæsar have erected him a statue. . . . What order is that? There have been plenty of tribunes in our numerous legions in so many years. Among them he has distributed the lands of Semurium. The Campus Martius was all that was left, if he had not first fled with his brother. But this allotment of lands was put an end to a little while ago, O Romans, by the declaration of his opinion by Lucius Cæsar, a most illustrious man and a most admirable senator. For we all agreed with him and annulled the acts of the septemvirs. So all the kindness of Nucula goes for nothing; and the patron Antonius is at a discount. For those who had taken possession will depart with more equanimity. They had not been at any expense; they had not yet furnished or stocked their domains, partly because they did not feel sure of their title, and partly because they had no money.

But as for that splendid statue, concerning which, if the times were better, I could not speak without laughing, "To Lucius Antonius, patron of the middle of Janus." Is it so? Is the middle of Janus a client of Lucius Antonius? Who ever was found in that Janus who would have lent Lucius Antonius a thousand sesterces?

However, we have been spending too much time in trifles. Let us return to our subject and to the war. Although it was not wholly foreign to the subject for some characters to be thoroughly appreciated by you, in

order that you might in silence think over who they were against whom you were to wage war.

But I exhort you, O Romans, though perhaps other measures might have been wiser, still now to wait with calmness for the return of the ambassadors. Promptness of action has been taken from our side; but still some good has accrued to it. For when the ambassadors have reported what they certainly will report, that Antonius will not submit to you nor to the senate, who then will be so worthless a citizen as to think him deserving of being accounted a citizen? For at present there are men, few indeed, but still more than there ought to be, or than the republic deserves that there should be, who speak in this way—"Shall we not even wait for the return of the ambassadors?" Certainly the republic itself will force them to abandon that expression and that pretence of clemency. On which account, to confess the truth to you, O Romans, I have less striven to-day, and labored all the less to-day, to induce the senate to agree with me in decreeing the existence of a seditious war, and ordering the apparel of war to be assumed. I preferred having my sentiments applauded by every one in twenty days' time, to having it blamed to-day by a few. Wherefore, O Romans, wait now for the return of the ambassadors, and devour your annoyance for a few days. And when they do return, if they bring back peace, believe me that I have been desirous that they should; if they bring back war, then allow me the praise of foresight. Ought I not to be provident for the welfare of my fellow-citizens? Ought I not day and night to think of your freedom and of the safety of the republic? For what do I not owe to you, O Romans, since you have preferred for all the honors

of the state a man who is his own father to the most nobly born men in the republic? Am I ungrateful? Who is less so? I, who, after I had obtained those honors, have constantly labored in the forum with the same exertions as I used while striving for them. Am I inexperienced in state affairs? Who has had more practice than I, who have now for twenty years been waging war against impious citizens?

Wherefore, O Romans, with all the prudence of which I am master, and with almost more exertion than I am capable of, will I put forth my vigilance and watchfulness in your behalf. In truth, what citizen is there, especially in this rank in which you have placed me, so forgetful of your kindness, so unmindful of his country, so hostile to his own dignity, as not to be roused and stimulated by your wonderful unanimity? I, as consul, have held many assemblies of the people; I have been present at many others; I have never once seen one so numerous as this one of yours now is. You have all one feeling, you have all one desire, that of averting the attempts of Marcus Antonius from the republic, of extinguishing his frenzy and crushing his audacity. All orders have the same wish. The municipal towns, the colonies, and all Italy are laboring for the same end. Therefore you have made the senate, which was already pretty firm of its own accord, firmer still by your authority. The time has come, O Romans, later altogether than for the honor of the Roman people it should have been, but still so that the things are now so ripe that they do not admit of a moment's delay. There has been a sort of fatality, if I may say so, which we have borne as it was necessary to bear it. But hereafter if any disaster happens to us it will be of our own seeking.

It is impossible for the Roman people to be slaves; that people whom the immortal gods have ordained should rule over all nations. Matters are now come to a crisis. We are fighting for our freedom. Either you must conquer, O Romans, which indeed you will do if you continue to act with such piety and such unanimity, or you must do anything rather than become slaves. Other nations can endure slavery. Liberty is the inalienable possession of the Roman people.

THE TENTH PHILIPPIC, OR TENTH ORATION AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

THE ARGUMENT

DESPATCHES were received from Brutus by the consuls, giving an account of his success against Caius Antonius in Macedonia; stating that he had secured Macedonia, Illyricum and Greece, with the armies in those countries; that Caius Antonius had retired to Apollonia with seven cohorts; that a legion under Lucius Piso had surrendered to young Cicero, who was commanding his cavalry; that Dolabella's cavalry had deserted to him; and that Vatinius had surrendered Dyrrachium and its garrison to him. He likewise praised Quintus Hortensius, the proconsul of Macedonia, as having assisted him in gaining over the Grecian provinces and the armies in those districts.

As soon as Pansa received the despatches, he summoned the senate to have them read; and in a set speech greatly extolled Brutus, and moved a vote of thanks to him; but Calenus, who followed him, declared his opinion that as Brutus had acted without any public commission or authority, he should be required to give up his army to the proper governors of the provinces, or to whoever the senate should appoint to receive it. After he had sat down, Cicero rose, and delivered the following speech.

WE ALL, O Pansa, ought both to feel and to show the greatest gratitude to you, who—though we did not expect that you would hold any senate to-day—the moment that you received the letters of Marcus Brutus, that most excellent citizen, did not interpose even

the slightest delay to our enjoying the most excessive delight and mutual congratulation at the earliest opportunity. And not only ought this action of yours to be grateful to us all, but also the speech which you addressed to us after the letters had been read. For you showed plainly that that was true which I have always felt to be so, that no one envied the virtue of another who was confident of his own. Therefore I, who have been connected with Brutus by many mutual good offices and by the greatest intimacy, need not say so much concerning him; for the part that I had marked out for myself your speech has anticipated me in. But, O conscript fathers, the opinion delivered by the man who was asked for his vote before me, has imposed upon me the necessity of saying rather more than I otherwise should have said; and I differ from him so repeatedly at present, that I am afraid (what certainly ought not to be the case) that our continual disagreement may appear to diminish our friendship.

What can be the meaning of this argument of yours, O Calenus? what can be your intention? How is it that you have never once since the first of January been of the same opinion with him who asks you your opinion first? How is it that the senate has never yet been so full as to enable you to find one single person to agree with your sentiments? Why are you always defending men who in no point resemble you? why, when both your life and your fortune invite you to tranquillity and dignity, do you approve of those measures, and defend those measures, and declare those sentiments, which are adverse both to the general tranquillity and to your own individual dignity?

For to say nothing of former speeches of yours, at all

events I cannot pass over in silence this which excites my most especial wonder. What war is there between you and the Bruti? Why do you alone attack those men whom we are all bound almost to worship? Why are you not indignant at one of them being besieged, and why do you—as far as your vote goes—strip the other of those troops which by his own exertions and by his own danger he has got together by himself, without any one to assist him, for the protection of the republic, not for himself? What is your meaning in this? What are your intentions? Is it possible that you should not approve of the Bruti, and should approve of Antonius? that you should hate those men whom every one else considers most dear? and that you should love with the greatest constancy those whom every one else hates most bitterly? You have a most ample fortune; you are in the highest rank of honor; your son, as I both hear and hope, is born to glory—a youth whom I favor not only for the sake of the republic, but for your sake also. I ask, therefore, would you rather have him like Brutus or like Antonius? and I will let you choose whichever of the three Antonii you please. God forbid! you will say. Why, then, do you not favor those men and praise those men whom you wish your own son to resemble? For by so doing you will be both consulting the interests of the republic, and proposing him an example for his imitation.

But in this instance, I hope, O Quintus Fufius, to be allowed to expostulate with you, as a senator who greatly differs from you, without any prejudice to our friendship. For you spoke in this matter, and that too from a written paper; for I should think you had made a slip from want of some appropriate expression, if I were not acquainted

with your ability in speaking. You said "that the letters of Brutus appeared properly and regularly expressed." What else is this than praising Brutus's secretary, not Brutus? You both ought to have great experience in the affairs of the republic, and you have. When did you ever see a decree framed in this manner? or in what resolution of the senate passed on such occasions (and they are innumerable) did you ever hear of its being decreed that the letters had been well drawn up? And that expression did not—as is often the case with other men—fall from you by chance, but you brought it with you written down, deliberated on, and carefully meditated on.

If any one could take from you this habit of disparaging good men on almost every occasion, then what qualities would not be left to you which every one would desire for himself? Do, then, recollect yourself; do at last soften and quiet that disposition of yours; do take the advice of good men, with many of whom you are intimate; do converse with that wisest of men, your own son-in-law, oftener than with yourself; and then you will obtain the name of a man of the very highest character. Do you think it a matter of no consequence (it is a matter in which I, out of the friendship which I feel for you, constantly grieve in your stead) that this should be commonly said out of doors, and should be a common topic of conversation among the Roman people, that the man who delivered his opinion first did not find a single person to agree with him? And that I think will be the case to-day.

You propose to take the legions away from Brutus— which legions? Why, those which he has gained over from the wickedness of Caius Antonius, and has by his own authority gained over to the republic. Do you wish

then that he should again appear to be the only person stripped of his authority, and as it were banished by the senate? And you, O conscript fathers, if you abandon and betray Marcus Brutus, what citizen in the world will you ever distinguish? Whom will you ever favor? Unless, indeed, you think that those men who put a diadem on a man's head deserve to be preserved, and those who have abolished the very name of kingly power deserve to be abandoned. And of this divine and immortal glory of Marcus Brutus I will say no more; it is already embalmed in the grateful recollection of all the citizens, but it has not yet been sanctioned by any formal act of public authority. Such patience! O ye good gods! such moderation! such tranquillity and submission under injury! A man who, while he was prætor of the city, was driven from the city, was prevented from sitting as judge in legal proceedings, when it was he who had restored all law to the republic; and, though he might have been hedged round by the daily concourse of all virtuous men, who were constantly flocking round him in marvellous numbers, he preferred to be defended in his absence by the judgment of the good, to being present and protected by their force—who was not even present to celebrate the games to Apollo, which had been prepared in a manner suitable to his own dignity and to that of the Roman people, lest he should open any road to the audacity of most wicked men.

Although, what games or what days were ever more joyful than those on which at every verse that the actor uttered the Roman people did honor to the memory of Brutus, with loud shouts of applause? The person of their liberator was absent, the recollection of their liberty was

present, in which the appearance of Brutus himself seemed to be visible. But the man himself I beheld on those very days of the games, in the country-house of a most illustrious young man, Lucullus, his relation, thinking of nothing but the peace and concord of the citizens. I saw him again afterward at Velia, departing from Italy, in order that there might be no pretext for civil war on his account. Oh, what a sight was that! grievous, not only to men but to the very waves and shores. That its savior should be departing from his country; that its destroyers should be remaining in their country! The fleet of Cassius followed a few days afterward; so that I was ashamed, O conscript fathers, to return into the city from which those men were departing. But the design with which I returned you heard at the beginning, and since that you have known by experience. Brutus, therefore, bided his time. For, as long as he saw you endure everything, he himself behaved with incredible patience; after that he saw you roused to a desire of liberty, he prepared the means to protect you in your liberty.

But what a pest, and how great a pest was it which he resisted? For if Caius Antonius had been able to accomplish what he intended in his mind (and he would have been able to do so if the virtue of Marcus Brutus had not opposed his wickedness), we should have lost Macedonia, Illyricum, and Greece. Greece would have been a refuge for Antonius if defeated, or a support to him in attacking Italy; which at present, being not only arrayed in arms, but embellished by the military command and authority and troops of Marcus Brutus, stretches out her right hand to Italy, and promises it her protection. And the man who proposes to deprive him of his army, is taking away

a most illustrious honor, and a most trustworthy guard from the republic. I wish, indeed, that Antonius may hear this news as speedily as possible, so that he may understand that it is not Decimus Brutus whom he is surrounding with his ramparts, but he himself who is really hemmed in.

He possesses three towns only on the whole face of the earth. He has Gaul most bitterly hostile to him; he has even those men the people beyond the Po, in whom he placed the greatest reliance, entirely alienated from him; all Italy is his enemy. Foreign nations, from the nearest coast of Greece to Egypt, are occupied by the military command and armies of most virtuous and intrepid citizens. His only hope was in Caius Antonius; who being in age the middle one between his two brothers, rivalled both of them in vices. He hastened away as if he were being driven away by the senate into Macedonia, not as if he were prohibited from proceeding thither. What a storm, O ye immortal gods! what a conflagration! what a devastation! what a pestilence to Greece would that man have been, if incredible and godlike virtue had not checked the enterprise and audacity of that frantic man. What promptness was there in Brutus's conduct! what prudence! what valor! Although the rapidity of the movement of Caius Antonius also is not despicable; for if some vacant inheritances had not delayed him on his march, you might have said that he had flown rather than travelled. When we desire other men to go forth to undertake any public business, we are scarcely able to get them out of the city; but we have driven this man out by the mere fact of our desiring to retain him. But what business had he with Apollonia? what business had he with Dyrrachium? or

with Illyricum? What had he to do with the army of Publius Vatinius, our general? He, as he said himself, was the successor of Hortensius. The boundaries of Macedonia are well defined; the condition of the proconsul is well known; the amount of his army, if he has any at all, is fixed. But what had Antonius to do at all with Illyricum and with the legions of Vatinius?

But Brutus had nothing to do with them either. For that, perhaps, is what some worthless man may say. All the legions, all the forces which exist anywhere, belong to the Roman people. Nor shall those legions which have quitted Marcus Antonius be called the legions of Antonius rather than of the republic; for he loses all power over his army, and all the privileges of military command, who uses that military command and that army to attack the republic.

But if the republic itself could give a decision, or if all rights were established by its decrees, would it adjudge the legions of the Roman people to Antonius or to Brutus? The one had flown with precipitation to the plunder and destruction of the allies, in order, wherever he went, to lay waste, and pillage, and plunder everything, and to employ the army of the Roman people against the Roman people itself. The other had laid down this law for himself, that wherever he came he should appear to come as a sort of light and hope of safety. Lastly, the one was seeking aids to overturn the republic; the other to preserve it. Nor, indeed, did we see this more clearly than the soldiers themselves; from whom so much discernment in judging was not to have been expected.

He writes that Antonius is at Apollonia with seven cohorts, and he is either by this time taken prisoner (may

the gods grant it!) or, at all events, like a modest man, he does not come near Macedonia, lest he should seem to act in opposition to the resolution of the senate. A levy of troops has been held in Macedonia, by the great zeal and diligence of Quintus Hortensius; whose admirable courage, worthy both of himself and of his ancestors, you may clearly perceive from the letters of Brutus. The legion which Lucius Piso, the lieutenant of Antonius, commanded, has surrendered itself to Cicero, my own son. Of the cavalry, which was being led into Syria in two divisions, one division has left the quæstor who was commanding it, in Thessaly, and has joined Brutus; and Cnæus Domitius, a young man of the greatest virtue and wisdom and firmness, has carried off the other from the Syrian lieutenant in Macedonia. But Publius Vatinius, who has before this been deservedly praised by us, and who is justly entitled to further praise at the present time, has opened the gates of Dyrrachium to Brutus, and has given him up his army.

The Roman people then is now in possession of Macedonia, and Illyricum, and Greece. The legions there are all devoted to us, the light-armed troops are ours, the cavalry is ours, and, above all, Brutus is ours, and always will be ours—a man born for the republic, both by his own most excellent virtues, and also by some especial destiny of name and family, both on his father's and on his mother's side.

Does any one then fear war from this man, who, until we commenced the war, being compelled to do so, preferred lying unknown in peace to flourishing in war? Although he, in truth, never did lie unknown, nor can this expression possibly be applied to such great eminence

in virtue. For he was the object of regret to the state; he was in every one's mouth, the subject of every one's conversation. But he was so far removed from an inclination to war, that, though he was burning with a desire to see Italy free, he preferred being wanting to the zeal of the citizens; to leading them to put everything to the issue of war. Therefore, those very men, if there be any such, who find fault with the slowness of Brutus's movements, nevertheless at the same time admire his moderation and his patience.

But I see now what it is they mean: nor, in truth, do they use much disguise. They say that they are afraid how the veterans may endure the idea of Brutus having an army. As if there were any difference between the troops of Aulus Hirtius, of Caius Pansa, of Decimus Brutus, of Caius Cæsar, and this army of Marcus Brutus. For if these four armies which I have mentioned are praised because they have taken up arms for the sake of the liberty of the Roman people, what reason is there why this army of Marcus Brutus should not be classed under the same head? Oh, but the very name of Marcus Brutus is unpopular among the veterans.—More than that of Decimus Brutus?—I think not; for although the action is common to both the Bruti, and although their share in the glory is equal, still those men who were indignant at that deed were more angry with Decimus Brutus, because they said that it was more improper for it to be executed by him. What now are all those armies laboring at, except to effect the release of Decimus Brutus from a siege? And who are the commanders of those armies? Those men, I suppose, who wish the acts of Caius Cæsar to be overturned, and the cause of the veterans to be betrayed.

If Cæsar himself were alive, could he, do you imagine, defend his own acts more vigorously than that most gallant man Hirtius defends them? or, is it possible that any one should be found more friendly to the cause than his son? But the one of these, though not long recovered from a very long attack of a most severe disease, has applied all the energy and influence which he had to defending the liberty of those men by whose prayers he considered that he himself had been recalled from death; the other, stronger in the strength of his virtue than in that of his age, has set out with those very veterans to deliver Decimus Brutus. Therefore, those men who are both the most certain and at the same time the most energetic defenders of the acts of Cæsar, are waging war for the safety of Decimus Brutus; and they are followed by the veterans. For they see that they must fight to the uttermost for the freedom of the Roman people, not for their own advantages. What reason, then, is there why the army of Marcus Brutus should be an object of suspicion to those men who with the whole of their energies desire the preservation of Decimus Brutus?

But, moreover, if there were anything which were to be feared from Marcus Brutus, would not Pansa perceive it? Or if he did perceive it, would not he, too, be anxious about it? Who is either more acute in his conjectures of the future, or more diligent in warding off danger? But you have already seen his zeal for, and inclination toward Marcus Brutus. He has already told us in his speech what we ought to decree, and how we ought to feel with respect to Marcus Brutus. And he was so far from thinking the army of Marcus Brutus dangerous to the republic, that he considered it the most important and the most trusty bul-

wark of the republic. Either, then, Pansa does not perceive this (no doubt he is a man of dull intellect), or he disregards it. For he is clearly not anxious that the acts which Cæsar executed should be ratified—he, who in compliance with our recommendation is going to bring forward a bill at the comitia centuriata for sanctioning and confirming them.

Let those, then, who have no fear, cease to pretend to be alarmed, and to be exercising their foresight in the cause of the republic. And let those who really are afraid of everything, cease to be too fearful, lest the pretence of the one party and the inactivity of the other be injurious to us. What, in the name of mischief! is the object of always opposing the name of the veterans to every good cause? For even if I were attached to their virtue, as indeed I am, still, if they were arrogant I should not be able to tolerate their airs. While we are endeavoring to break the bonds of slavery, shall any one hinder us by saying that the veterans do not approve of it? For they are not, I suppose, beyond all counting, who are ready to take up arms in defence of the common freedom! There is no man, except the veteran soldiers, who is stimulated by the indignation of a freeman to repel slavery! Can the republic then stand, relying wholly on veterans, without a great reinforcement of the youth of the state? Whom, indeed, you ought to be attached to, if they be assistants to you in the assertion of your freedom, but whom you ought not to follow if they be the advisers of slavery.

Lastly (let me at last say one true word, one word worthy of myself!)—if the inclinations of this order are governed by the nod of the veterans, and if all our words and actions are to be referred to their will, death is what

we should wish for, which has always, in the minds of Roman citizens, been preferable to slavery. All slavery is miserable; but some may have been unavoidable. Do you think, then, that there is never to be a beginning of our endeavors to recover our freedom? Or, when we would not bear that fortune which was unavoidable, and which seemed almost as if appointed by destiny, shall we tolerate the voluntary bondage? All Italy is burning with a desire for freedom. The city cannot endure slavery any longer. We have given this warlike attire and these arms to the Roman people much later than they have been demanded of us by them.

We have, indeed, undertaken our present course of action with a great and almost certain hope of liberty. But even if I allow that the events of war are uncertain, and that the chances of Mars are common to both sides, still it is worth while to fight for freedom at the peril of one's life. For life does not consist wholly in breathing; there is literally no life at all for one who is a slave. All nations can endure slavery. Our state cannot. Nor is there any other reason for this, except that those nations shrink from toil and pain, and are willing to endure anything so long as they may be free from those evils; but we have been trained and bred up by our forefathers in such a manner as to measure all our designs and all our actions by the standard of dignity and virtue. The recovery of freedom is so splendid a thing that we must not shun even death when seeking to recover it. But if immortality were to be the result of our avoidance of present danger, still slavery would appear still more worthy of being avoided, in proportion as it is of longer duration. But as all sorts of death surround us on all sides night

and day, it does not become a man, and least of all a Roman, to hesitate to give up to his country that breath which he owes to nature.

Men flock together from all quarters to extinguish a general conflagration. The veterans were the first to follow the authority of Cæsar, and to repel the attempts of Antonius; afterward the Martial legion checked his frenzy; the fourth legion crushed it. Being thus condemned by his own legions, he burst into Gaul, which he knew to be adverse and hostile to him both in word and deed. The armies of Aulus Hirtius and Caius Cæsar pursued him; and afterward the levies of Pansa roused the city and all Italy. He is the one enemy of all men. Although he has with him Lucius his brother, a citizen very much beloved by the Roman people, the regret for whose absence the city is unable to endure any longer! What can be more foul than that beast? what more savage? who appears born for the express purpose of preventing Marcus Antonius from being the basest of all mortals. They have with them Trebellius, who, now that all debts are cancelled, is become reconciled to them; and Titus Plancus, and others like them; who are striving with all their hearts, and whose sole object is to appear to have been restored against the will of the republic. Saxa and Capho, themselves rustic and clownish men, men who never have seen and who never wish to see this republic firmly established, are tampering with the ignorant classes; men who are not upholding the acts of Cæsar but those of Antonius; who are led away by the unlimited occupation of the Campanian district; and who I marvel are not somewhat ashamed when they see that they have actors and actresses for their neighbors.

Why then should we be displeased that the army of Marcus Brutus is thrown into the scale to assist us in overwhelming these pests of the commonwealth? It is the army, I suppose, of an intemperate and turbulent man. I am more afraid of his being too patient; although in all the counsels and actions of that man there never has been anything either too much or too little. The whole inclinations of Marcus Brutus, O conscript fathers, the whole of his thoughts, the whole of his ideas, are directed toward the authority of the senate and the freedom of the Roman people. These are the objects which he proposes to himself; these are what he desires to uphold. He has tried what he could do by patience; as he did nothing, he has thought it necessary to encounter force by force. And, O conscript fathers, you ought at this time to grant him the same honors which on the nineteenth of December you conferred by my advice on Decimus Brutus and Caius Cæsar, whose designs and conduct in regard to the republic, while they also were but private individuals, were approved of and praised by your authority. And you ought to do the same now with respect to Marcus Brutus, by whom an unhopèd-for and sudden reinforcement of legions and cavalry, and numerous and trusty bands of allies, have been provided for the republic.

Quintus Hortensius also ought to have a share of your praise, who, being governor of Macedonia, joined Brutus as a most faithful and untiring assistant in collecting that army. For I think that a separate motion ought to be made respecting Marcus Apuleius, to whom Brutus bears witness in his letters that he has been a prime assistant to him in his endeavors to get together and equip his army. And since this is the case—

"As Caius Pansa the consul has addressed to us a speech concerning the letters which have been received from Quintus Cæpio Brutus,¹ proconsul, and have been read in this assembly, I give my vote in this matter thus:

"Since, by the exertions and wisdom and industry and valor of Quintus Cæpio Brutus, proconsul, at a most critical period of the republic, the province of Macedonia, and Illyricum, and all Greece, and the legions and armies and cavalry, have been preserved in obedience to the consuls and senate and people of Rome; Quintus Cæpio Brutus, proconsul, has acted well, and in a manner advantageous to the republic, and suitable to his own dignity and to that of his ancestors, and to the principles according to which, alone the affairs of the republic can be properly managed; and that conduct is and will be grateful to the senate and people of Rome.

"And moreover, as Quintus Cæpio Brutus, proconsul, is occupying and defending and protecting the province of Macedonia, and Illyricum, and all Greece, and is preserving them in safety; and as he is in command of an army which he himself has levied and collected, he is at liberty, if he has need of any, to exact money for the use of the military service, which belongs to the public, and can lawfully be exacted, and to use it, and to borrow money for the exigencies of the war from whomsoever he thinks fit, and to exact corn, and to endeavor to approach Italy as near as he can with his forces. And as it has been understood from the letters of Quintus Cæpio Brutus, pro-

¹ Brutus had been adopted by his maternal uncle Quintus Servilius Cæpio; so that his legal designation was what is given in the text now, as Cicero is proposing a formal vote—though at all other times we see that he calls him Marcus Brutus.

consul, that the republic has been greatly benefited by the energy and valor of Quintus Hortensius, proconsul, and that all his counsels have been in harmony with those of Quintus Cæpio Brutus, proconsul, and that that harmony has been of the greatest service to the republic; Quintus Hortensius has acted well and becomingly, and in a manner advantageous to the republic. And the senate decrees that Quintus Hortensius, proconsul, shall occupy the province of Macedonia with his quæstors, or proquæstors and lieutenants, until he shall have a successor regularly appointed by a resolution of the senate."

THE FOURTEENTH PHILIPPIC, OR FOURTEENTH (AND LAST) ORATION AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

THE ARGUMENT

BRUTUS gained great advantages in Macedonia over Caius Antonius, and took him prisoner. He treated him with great lenity, so much so as to displease Cicero, who remonstrated with him strongly on his design of setting him at liberty. He was also under some apprehension as to the steadiness of Plancus's loyalty to the senate; but on his writing to that body to assure them of his obedience, Cicero procured a vote of some extraordinary honors to him.

Cassius also about the same time was very successful in Syria, of which he wrote Cicero a full account. Meantime reports were being spread in the city by the partisans of Antonius, of his success before Mutina; and even of his having gained over the consuls. Cicero too was personally much annoyed at a report which they spread of his having formed the design of making himself master of the city and assuming the title of Dictator; but when Apuleius, one of his friends, and a tribune of the people, proceeded to make a speech to the people in Cicero's justification, the people all cried out that he had never done anything which was not for the advantage of the republic. About the same time news arrived of a victory gained over Antonius at Mutina.

Pansa was now on the point of joining Hirtius with four new legions, and Antonius endeavored to surprise him on the road before he could effect

that junction. A severe battle ensued, in which Hirtius came to Pansa's aid, and Antonius was defeated with great loss. On the receipt of the news the populace assembled about Cicero's house, and carried him in triumph to the Capitol. The next day Marcus Cornutus, the prætor, summoned the senate to deliberate on the letters received from the consul and Octavius, giving an account of the victory. Servilius declared his opinion that the citizens should relinquish the *sagum*, or robe of war; and that a supplication should be decreed in honor of the consuls and Octavius. Cicero rose next and delivered the following speech, objecting to the relinquishment of the robe of war, and blaming Servilius for not calling Antonius an enemy.

The measures which he himself proposed were carried.

IF, O conscript fathers, while I learned from the letters which have been read that the army of our most wicked enemies had been defeated and routed, I had also learned what we all wish for above all things, and which we do suppose has resulted from that victory which has been achieved—namely, that Decimus Brutus had already quitted Mutina—then I should without any hesitation give my vote for our returning to our usual dress out of joy at the safety of that citizen on account of whose danger it was that we adopted the robe of war. But before any news of that event which the city looks for with the greatest eagerness arrives, we have sufficient reason, indeed, for joy at this most important and most illustrious battle; but reserve, I beg you, your return to your usual dress for the time of complete victory. But the completion of this war is the safety of Decimus Brutus.

But what is the meaning of this proposal that our dress shall be changed just for to-day, and that to-morrow we should again come forth in the garb of war? Rather when we have once turned to that dress which we wish and desire to assume, let us strive to retain it forever;

for this is not only discreditable, but it is displeasing also to the immortal gods, to leave their altars, which we have approached in the attire of peace, for the purpose of assuming the garb of war. And I notice, O conscript fathers, that there are some who favor this proposal: whose intention and design is, as they see that that will be a most glorious day for Decimus Brutus on which we return to our usual dress out of joy for his safety, to deprive him of this great reward, so that it may not be handed down to the recollection of posterity that the Roman people had recourse to the garb of war on account of the danger of one single citizen, and then returned to their gowns of peace on account of his safety. Take away this reason, and you will find no other for so absurd a proposal. But do you, O conscript fathers, preserve your authority, adhere to your own opinions, preserve in your recollection what you have often declared, that the whole result of this entire war depends on the life of one most brave and excellent man.

For the purpose of effecting the liberation of Decimus Brutus, the chief men of the state were sent as ambassadors, to give notice to that enemy and parricidal traitor to retire from Mutina; for the sake of preserving that same Decimus Brutus, Aulus Hirtius, the consul, went by lot to conduct the war; a man the weakness of whose bodily health was made up for by the strength of his courage, and encouraged by the hope of victory; Cæsar, too, after he, with an army levied by his own resources and on his own authority, had delivered the republic from the first dangers that assailed it, in order to prevent any subsequent wicked attempts from being originated, departed to assist in the deliverance of the same Brutus,

and subdued some family vexation which he may have felt by his attachment to his country. What other object had Caius Pansa in holding the levies which he did, and in collecting money, and in carrying the most severe resolutions of the senate against Antonius, and in exhorting us, and in inviting the Roman people to embrace the cause of liberty, except to insure the deliverance of Decimus Brutus? For the Roman people in crowds demanded at his hands the safety of Decimus Brutus with such unanimous outcries that he was compelled to prefer it not only to any consideration of his own personal advantage, but even to his own necessities. And that end we now, O conscript fathers, are entitled to hope is either at the point of being achieved, or is actually gained; but it is right for the reward of our hopes to be reserved for the issue and event of the business, lest we should appear either to have anticipated the kindness of the gods by our over precipitation, or to have despised the bounty of fortune through our own folly.

But since the manner of your behavior shows plainly enough what you think of this matter, I will come to the letters which have arrived from the consuls and the pro-prætor, after I have said a few words relating to the letters themselves.

The swords, O conscript fathers, of our legions and armies have been stained with, or rather, I should say, dipped deep in blood in two battles which have taken place under the consuls, and a third, which has been fought under the command of Cæsar. If it was the blood of enemies, then great is the piety of the soldiers; but it is nefarious wickedness if it was the blood of citizens. How long, then, is that man, who has sur-

passed all enemies in wickedness, to be spared the name of enemy? unless you wish to see the very swords of our soldiers trembling in their hands while they doubt whether they are piercing a citizen or an enemy. You vote a supplication; you do not call Antonius an enemy. Very pleasing, indeed, to the immortal gods will our thanksgiving be, very pleasing, too, the victims, after a multitude of our citizens has been slain! "For the victory," says the proposer of the supplication, "over wicked and audacious men." For that is what this most illustrious man calls them; expressions of blame suited to lawsuits carried on in the city, not denunciations of searing infamy such as deserved by internecine war. I suppose they are forging wills, or trespassing on their neighbors, or cheating some young men; for it is men implicated in these and similar practices that we are in the habit of terming wicked and audacious. One man, the foulest of all banditti, is waging an irreconcilable war against four consuls. He is at the same time carrying on war against the senate and people of Rome. He is (although he is himself hastening to destruction, through the disasters which he has met with) threatening all of us with destruction, and devastation, and torments, and tortures. He declares that that inhuman and savage act of Dolabella's, which no nation of barbarians would have owned, was done by his advice; and what he himself would do in this city, if this very Jupiter, who now looks down upon us assembled in his temple, had not repelled him from this temple and from these walls, he showed, in the miseries of those inhabitants of Parma, whom, virtuous and honorable men as they were, and most intimately connected with the authority of this order, and with the dignity of

the Roman people, that villain and monster, Lucius Antonius, that object of the extraordinary detestation of all men, and (if the gods hate those whom they ought) of all the gods also, murdered with every circumstance of cruelty. My mind shudders at the recollection, O conscript fathers, and shrinks from relating the cruelties which Lucius Antonius perpetrated on the children and wives of the citizens of Parma. For whatever infamy the Antonii have willingly undergone in their own persons to their own infamy, they triumph in the fact of having inflicted on others by violence. But it is a miserable violence which they offered to them; most unholy lust, such as the whole life of the Antonii is polluted with.

Is there, then, any one who is afraid to call those men enemies, whose wickedness he admits to have surpassed even the inhumanity of the Carthaginians? For in what city, when taken by storm, did Hannibal even behave with such ferocity as Antonius did in Parma, which he filched by surprise? Unless, mayhap, Antonius is not to be considered the enemy of this colony, and of the others toward which he is animated with the same feelings. But if he is beyond all question the enemy of the colonies and municipal towns, then what do you consider him with respect to this city which he is so eager for, to satiate the indigence of his band of robbers? which that skilful and experienced surveyor of his, Saxa, has already marked out with his rule. Recollect, I entreat you, in the name of the immortal gods, O conscript fathers, what we have been fearing for the last two days, in consequence of infamous rumors carefully disseminated by enemies within the walls. Who has been

able to look upon his children or upon his wife without weeping? who has been able to bear the sight of his home, of his house, and his household gods? Already all of us were expecting a most ignominious death, or meditating a miserable flight. And shall we hesitate to call the men at whose hands we feared all these things enemies? If any one should propose a more severe designation I will willingly agree to it; I am hardly content with this ordinary one, and will certainly not employ a more moderate one.

Therefore, as we are bound to vote, and as Servilius has already proposed a most just supplication for those letters which have been read to you; I will propose altogether to increase the number of the days which it is to last, especially as it is to be decreed in honor of three generals conjointly. But, first of all, I will insist on styling those men imperator by whose valor, and wisdom, and good fortune we have been released from the most imminent danger of slavery and death. Indeed, who is there within the last twenty years who has had a supplication decreed to him without being himself styled imperator, though he may have performed the most insignificant exploits, or even almost none at all. Wherefore, the senator who spoke before me ought either not to have moved for a supplication at all, or he ought to have paid the usual and established compliment to those men to whom even new and extraordinary honors are justly due.

Shall the senate, according to this custom which has now obtained, style a man imperator if he has slain a thousand or two of Spaniards, or Gauls, or Thracians; and now that so many legions have been routed, now

that such a multitude of enemies has been slain—ay, enemies, I say, although our enemies within the city do not fancy this expression—shall we pay to our most illustrious generals the honor of a supplication, and refuse them the name of imperator? For with what great honor, and joy, and exultation ought the deliverers of this city themselves to enter into this temple, when yesterday, on account of the exploits which they have performed, the Roman people carried me in an ovation, almost in a triumph from my house to the Capitol, and back again from the Capitol to my own house? That is, indeed, in my opinion a just and genuine triumph, when men who have deserved well of the republic receive public testimony to their merits from the unanimous consent of the senate. For if, at a time of general rejoicing on the part of the Roman people, they addressed their congratulations to one individual, that is a great proof of their opinion of him; if they gave him thanks, that is a greater still; if they did both, then nothing more honorable to him can be possibly imagined.

Are you saying all this of yourself? some will ask. It is indeed against my will that I do so; but my indignation at injustice makes me boastful, contrary to my usual habit. Is it not sufficient that thanks should not be given to men who have well earned them, by men who are ignorant of the very nature of virtue? And shall accusations and odium be attempted to be excited against those men who devote all their thoughts to insuring the safety of the republic? For you well know that there has been a common report for the last few days, that the day before the wine feast, that is to say, on this very day, I was intending to come forth with the fasces as dictator. One would think

that this story was invented against some gladiator, or robber, or Catiline, and not against a man who had prevented any such step from ever being taken in the republic. Was I, who defeated and overthrew and crushed Catiline, when he was attempting such wickedness, a likely man myself all on a sudden to turn out Catiline? Under what auspices could I, an augur, take those fasces? How long should I have been likely to keep them? to whom was I to deliver them as my successor? The idea of any one having been so wicked as to invent such a tale! or so mad as to believe it! In what could such a suspicion, or rather such gossip, have originated?

When, as you know, during the last three or four days a report of bad news from Mutina has been creeping abroad, the disloyal part of the citizens, inflated with exultation and insolence, began to collect in one place, at that senate house which has been more fatal to their party than to the republic. There, while they were forming a plan to massacre us, and were distributing the different duties among one another, and settling who was to seize on the Capitol, who on the rostra, who on the gates of the city, they thought that all the citizens would flock to me. And in order to bring me into unpopularity, and even into danger of my life, they spread abroad this report about the fasces. They themselves had some idea of bringing the fasces to my house; and then, on pretence of that having been done by my wish, they had prepared a band of hired ruffians to make an attack on me as on a tyrant, and a massacre of all of you was intended to follow. The fact is already notorious, O conscript fathers, but the origin of all this wickedness will be revealed in its fitting time.

Therefore Publius Apuleius, a tribune of the people, who ever since my consulship has been the witness and partaker of, and my assistant in all my designs and all my dangers, could not endure the grief of witnessing my indignation. He convened a numerous assembly, as the whole Roman people were animated with one feeling on the subject. And when in the harangue which he then made, he, as was natural from our great intimacy and friendship, was going to exculpate me from all suspicion in the matter of the fasces, the whole assembly cried out with one voice, that I had never had any intentions with regard to the republic which were not excellent. After this assembly was over, within two or three hours, these most welcome messengers and letters arrived; so that the same day not only delivered me from a most unjust odium, but increased my credit by that most extraordinary act with which the Roman people distinguished me.

I have made this digression, O conscript fathers, not so much for the sake of speaking of myself (for I should be in a sorry plight if I were not sufficiently acquitted in your eyes without the necessity of making a formal defence), as with the view of warning some men, of too grovelling and narrow minds, to adopt the line of conduct which I myself have always pursued, and to think the virtue of excellent citizens worthy of imitation, not of envy. There is a great field in the republic, as Crassus used very wisely to say; the road to glory is open to many.

Would that those great men were still alive, who, after my consulship, when I myself was willing to yield to them, were themselves desirous to see me in the post of leader. But at the present moment, when there is such a dearth of wise and fearless men of consular rank, how great do you

not suppose must be my grief and indignation, when I see some men absolutely disaffected to the republic, others wholly indifferent to everything, others incapable of persevering with any firmness in the cause which they have espoused; and regulating their opinions not always by the advantage of the republic, but sometimes by hope, and sometimes by fear. But if any one is anxious and inclined to struggle for the leadership—though struggle there ought to be none—he acts very foolishly, if he proposes to combat virtue with vices. For as speed is only outstripped by speed, so among brave men virtue is only surpassed by virtue. Will you, if I am full of excellent sentiments with respect to the republic, adopt the worst possible sentiments yourself for the purpose of excelling me? Or if you see a race taking place for the acquisition of honors, will you summon all the wicked men you can find to your banner? I should be sorry for you to do so; first of all, for the sake of the republic, and secondly, for that of your own dignity. But if the leadership of the state were at stake, which I have never coveted, what could be more desirable for me than such conduct on your part? For it is impossible that I should be defeated by wicked sentiments and measures—by good ones perhaps I might be, and I willingly would be.

Some people are vexed that the Roman people should see, and take notice of, and form their opinion on these matters. Was it possible for men not to form their opinion of each individual as he deserved? For as the Roman people forms a most correct judgment of the entire senate, thinking that at no period in the history of the republic was this order ever more firm or more courageous; so also they all inquire diligently concerning every individual

among us; and especially in the case of those among us who deliver our sentiments at length in this place, they are anxious to know what those sentiments are; and in that way they judge of each one of us as they think that he deserves. They recollect that on the nineteenth of December I was the main cause of recovering our freedom; that from the first of January to this hour I have never ceased watching over the republic; that day and night my house and my ears have been open to the instruction and admonition of every one; that it has been by my letters, and my messengers, and my exhortations, that all men in every part of the empire have been roused to the protection of our country; that it is owing to the open declaration of my opinion ever since the first of January, that no ambassadors have been ever sent to Antonius; that I have always called him a public enemy, and this a war; so that I, who on every occasion have been the adviser of genuine peace, have been a determined enemy to this pretence of fatal peace.

Have not I also at all times pronounced Ventidius an enemy, when others wished to call him a tribune of the people? If the consuls had chosen to divide the senate on my opinion, their arms would long since have been wrested from the hands of all those robbers by the positive authority of the senate.

But what could not be done then, O conscript fathers, at present not only can be, but even must be done. I mean, those men who are in reality enemies must be branded in plain language, must be declared enemies by our formal resolution. Formerly, when I used the words War or Enemy, men more than once objected to record my proposition among the other propositions. But that

cannot be done on the present occasion. For in consequence of the letters of Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls, and of Caius Cæsar, proprætor, we have all voted that honors be paid to the immortal gods. The very man who lately proposed and carried a vote for a supplication, without intending it pronounced those men enemies; for a supplication has never been decreed for success in civil war. Decreed, do I say? It has never even been asked for in the letters of the conqueror. Sylla as consul carried on a civil war; he led his legions into the city and expelled whomsoever he chose; he slew those whom he had in his power: there was no mention made of any supplication. The violent war with Octavius followed. Cinna the conqueror had no supplication voted to him. Sylla as imperator revenged the victory of Cinna, still no supplication was decreed by the senate. I ask you yourself, O Publius Servilius, did your colleague send you any letters concerning that most lamentable battle of Pharsalia? Did he wish you to make any motion about a supplication! Certainly not. But he did afterward when he took Alexandria; when he defeated Pharnaces; but for the battle of Pharsalia he did not even celebrate a triumph. For that battle had destroyed those citizens whose, I will not say lives, but even whose victory might have been quite compatible with the safety and prosperity of the state. And the same thing had happened in the previous civil wars. For though a supplication was decreed in my honor when I was consul, though no arms had been had recourse to at all, still that was voted by a new and wholly unprecedented kind of decree, not for the slaughter of enemies, but for the preservation of the citizens. Wherefore, a supplication on account of the

affairs of the republic having been successfully conducted must, O conscript fathers, be refused by you even though your generals demand it; a stigma which has never been affixed on any one except Gabinus; or else, by the mere fact of decreeing a supplication, it is quite inevitable that you must pronounce those men, for whose defeat you do decree it, enemies of the state.

What then Servilius did in effect I do in express terms, when I style those men imperators. By using this name, I pronounce those who have been already defeated, and those who still remain, enemies in calling their conquerors imperators. For what title can I more suitably bestow on Pansa? Though he has, indeed, the title of the highest honor in the republic. What, too, shall I call Hirtius? He, indeed, is consul; but this latter title is indicative of the kindness of the Roman people; the other of valor and victory. What? Shall I hesitate to call Cæsar imperator, a man born for the republic by the express kindness of the gods? He who was the first man who turned aside the savage and disgraceful cruelty of Antonius, not only from our throats, but from our limbs and bowels? What numerous and what important virtues, O ye immortal gods, were displayed on that single day. For Pansa was the leader of all in engaging in battle and in combating with Antonius; O general worthy of the Martial legion, legion worthy of its general! Indeed, if he had been able to restrain its irresistible impetuosity, the whole war would have been terminated by that one battle. But as the legion, eager for liberty, had rushed with too much precipitation against the enemy's line of battle, and as Pansa himself was fighting in the front ranks, he received two dangerous wounds, and was borne out of the battle, to

preserve his life for the republic. But I pronounce him not only imperator, but a most illustrious imperator; who, as he had pledged himself to discharge his duty to the republic either by death or by victory, has fulfilled one half of his promise; may the immortal gods prevent the fulfilment of the other half!

Why need I speak of Hirtius? who, the moment he heard of what was going on, with incredible promptness and courage led forth two legions out of the camp; that noble fourth legion, which, having deserted Antonius, formerly united itself to the Martial legion; and the seventh which, consisting wholly of veterans, gave proof in that battle that the name of the senate and people of Rome was dear to those soldiers who preserved the recollection of the kindness of Cæsar. With these twenty cohorts, with no cavalry, while Hirtius himself was bearing the eagle of the fourth legion—and we never heard of a more noble office being assumed by any general—he fought with the three legions of Antonius and with his cavalry, and overthrew, and routed, and put to the sword those impious men who were the real enemies to this temple of the all-good and all-powerful Jupiter, and to the rest of the temples of the immortal gods, and the houses of the city, and the freedom of the Roman people, and our lives and actual existence; so that that chief and leader of robbers fled away with a very few followers, concealed by the darkness of night, and frightened out of all his senses.

Oh, what a most blessed day was that which, while the carcasses of those parricidal traitors were strewed about everywhere, beheld Antonius flying with a few followers, before he reached his place of concealment.

But will any one hesitate to call Cæsar imperator? Most

certainly his age will not deter any one from agreeing to this proposition, since he has gone beyond his age in virtue. And to me, indeed, the services of Caius Cæsar have always appeared the more **thankworthy**, in proportion as they were less to have been expected from a man of his age. For when we conferred military command on him, we were in fact encouraging the hope with which his name inspired us; and now that he has fulfilled those hopes, he has sanctioned the authority of our decree by his exploits. This young man of great mind, as Hirtius most truly calls him in his letters, with a few cohorts defended the camp of many legions, and fought a successful battle. And in this manner the republic has on one day been preserved in many places by the valor, and wisdom, and good fortune of three imperators of the Roman people.

I therefore propose supplications of fifty days in the joint names of the three. The reasons I will embrace in the words of the resolution, using the most honorable language that I can devise.

But it becomes our good faith and our piety to show plainly to our most gallant soldiers how mindful of their services and how grateful for them we are; and accordingly I give my vote that our promises, and those pledges too which we promised to bestow on the legions when the war was finished, be repeated in the resolution which we are going to pass this day. For it is quite fair that the honor of the soldiers, especially of such soldiers as those, should be united with that of their commanders. And I wish, O conscript fathers, that it was lawful for us to dispense rewards to all the citizens; although we will give those which we have promised with the most careful usury. But that remains, as I will hope, to the conquer-

ors, to whom the faith of the senate is pledged; and, as they have adhered to it at a most critical period of the republic, we are bound to take care that they never have cause to repent of their conduct. But it is easy for us to deal fairly by those men whose very services, though mute, appear to demand our liberality. This is a much more praiseworthy and more important duty, to pay a proper tribute of grateful recollection to the valor of those men who have shed their blood in the cause of their country. And I wish more suggestions could occur to me in the way of doing honor to those men. The two ideas which principally do occur to me, I will at all events not pass over; the one of which has reference to the everlasting glory of those bravest of men; the other may tend to mitigate the sorrow and mourning of their relations.

I therefore give my vote, O conscript fathers, that the most honorable monument possible be erected to the soldiers of the Martial legion, and to those soldiers also who died fighting by their side. Great and incredible are the services done by this legion to the republic. This was the first legion to tear itself from the piratical band of Antonius; this was the legion which encamped at Alba; this was the legion that went over to Cæsar; and it was in imitation of the conduct of this legion that the fourth legion has earned almost equal glory for its virtue. The fourth is victorious without having lost a man; some of the Martial legion fell in the very moment of victory. Oh, happy death, which, due to nature, has been paid in the cause of one's country! But I consider you men born for your country; you whose very name is derived from Mars, so that the same god who begot this city for the advantage

of the nations, appears to have begotten you for the advantage of the city. Death in flight is infamous; in victory glorious. In truth, Mars himself seems to select all the bravest men from the battle array. Those impious men whom you slew shall even in the shades below pay the penalty of their parricidal treason. But you, who have poured forth your latest breath in victory, have earned an abode and place among the pious. A brief life has been allotted to us by nature; but the memory of a well-spent life is imperishable. And if that memory were no longer than this life, who would be so senseless as to strive to attain even the highest praise and glory by the most enormous labors and dangers?

You then have fared most admirably, being the bravest of soldiers while you lived, and now the most holy of warriors, because it will be impossible for your virtue to be buried, either through the forgetfulness of the men of the present age, or the silence of posterity, since the senate and Roman people will have raised to you an imperishable monument, I may almost say with their own hands. Many armies at various times have been great and illustrious in the Punic, and Gallic, and Italian wars; but to none of them has honors been paid of the description which are now conferred on you. And I wish that we could pay you even greater honors, since we have received from you the greatest possible services. You it was who turned aside the furious Antonius from this city; you it was who repelled him when endeavoring to return. There shall therefore be a vast monument erected with the most sumptuous work, and an inscription engraved upon it, as the everlasting witness of your godlike virtue. And never shall the most grateful language of all who either see or hear

of your monument cease to be heard. And in this manner you, in exchange for your mortal condition of life, have attained immortality.

But since, O conscript fathers, the gift of glory is conferred on these most excellent and gallant citizens by the honor of a monument, let us comfort their relations, to whom this indeed is the best consolation. The greatest comfort for their parents is the reflection that they have produced sons who have been such bulwarks of the republic; for their children, that they will have such examples of virtue in their family; for their wives, that the husbands whom they have lost are men whom it is a credit to praise, and to have a right to mourn for; and for their brothers, that they may trust that, as they resemble them in their persons, so they do also in their virtues.

Would that we were able by the expression of our sentiments and by our votes to wipe away the tears of all these persons; or that any such oration as this could be publicly addressed to them, to cause them to lay aside their grief and mourning, and to rejoice rather, that, while many various kinds of death impend over men, the most honorable kind of all has fallen to the lot of their friends; and that they are not unburied, nor deserted; though even that fate, when incurred for one's country, is not accounted miserable; nor burned with equable obsequies in scattered graves, but entombed in honorable sepulchres, and honored with public offerings; and with a building which will be an altar of their valor to insure the recollection of eternal ages.

Wherefore it will be the greatest possible comfort to their relations, that by the same monument are clearly displayed the valor of their kinsmen, and also their piety,

and the good faith of the senate, and the memory of this most inhuman war, in which, if the valor of the soldiers had been less conspicuous, the very name of the Roman people would have perished by the parricidal treason of Marcus Antonius. And I think also, O conscript fathers, that those rewards which we promised to bestow on the soldiers when we had recovered the republic, we should give with abundant usury to those who are alive and victorious when the time comes; and that in the case of the men to whom those rewards were promised, but who have died in the defence of their country, I think those same rewards should be given to their parents or children, or wives or brothers.

But that I may reduce my sentiments into a formal motion, I give my vote that,

"As Caius Pansa, consul, imperator, set the example of fighting with the enemy in a battle in which the Martial legion defended the freedom of the Roman people with admirable and incredible valor, and the legions of the recruits behaved equally well; and as Caius Pansa, consul, imperator, while engaged in the middle of the ranks of the enemy received wounds; and as Aulus Hirtius, consul, imperator, the moment that he heard of the battle, and knew what was going on, with a most gallant and loyal soul, led his army out of his camp and attacked Marcus Antonius and his army, and put his troops to the sword, with so little injury to his own army that he did not lose one single man; and as Caius Cæsar, proprætor, imperator, with great prudence and energy defended the camp successfully, and routed and put to the sword the forces of the enemy which had come near the camp:

"On these accounts the senate thinks and declares that

the Roman people has been released from the most disgraceful and cruel slavery by the valor, and military skill, and prudence, and firmness, and perseverance, and greatness of mind and good fortune of these their generals. And decrees that, as they have preserved the republic, the city, the temples of the immortal gods, the property and fortunes and families of all the citizens, by their own exertions in battle, and at the risk of their own lives; on account of these virtuous and gallant and successful achievements, Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls, imperators, one or both of them, or, in their absence, Marcus Cornutus, the city prætor, shall appoint a supplication at all the altars for fifty days. And as the valor of the legions has shown itself worthy of their most illustrious generals, the senate will with great eagerness, now that the republic is recovered, bestow on our legions and armies all the rewards which it formerly promised them. And as the Martial legion was the first to engage with the enemy, and fought in such a manner against superior numbers as to slay many and take some prisoners; and as they shed their blood for their country without any shrinking; and as the soldiers of the other legions encountered death with similar valor in defence of the safety and freedom of the Roman people—the senate does decree that Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, the consuls, imperators, one or both of them if it seems good to them, shall see to the issuing of a contract for, and to the erecting, the most honorable possible monument to those men who shed their blood for the lives and liberties and fortunes of the Roman people, and for the city and temples of the immortal gods; that for that purpose they shall order the city quæstors to furnish and pay money, in order that it may be a witness

for the everlasting recollection of posterity of the wickedness of our most cruel enemies, and the godlike valor of our soldiers. And that the rewards which the senate previously appointed for the soldiers be paid to the parents or children, or wives or brothers of those men who in this war have fallen in defence of their country; and that all honors be bestowed on them which should have been bestowed on the soldiers themselves, if those men had lived who gained the victory by their death."

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ

This book is due on the last **DATE** stamped below.

100m-8,'65 (F6282s8)2373

